

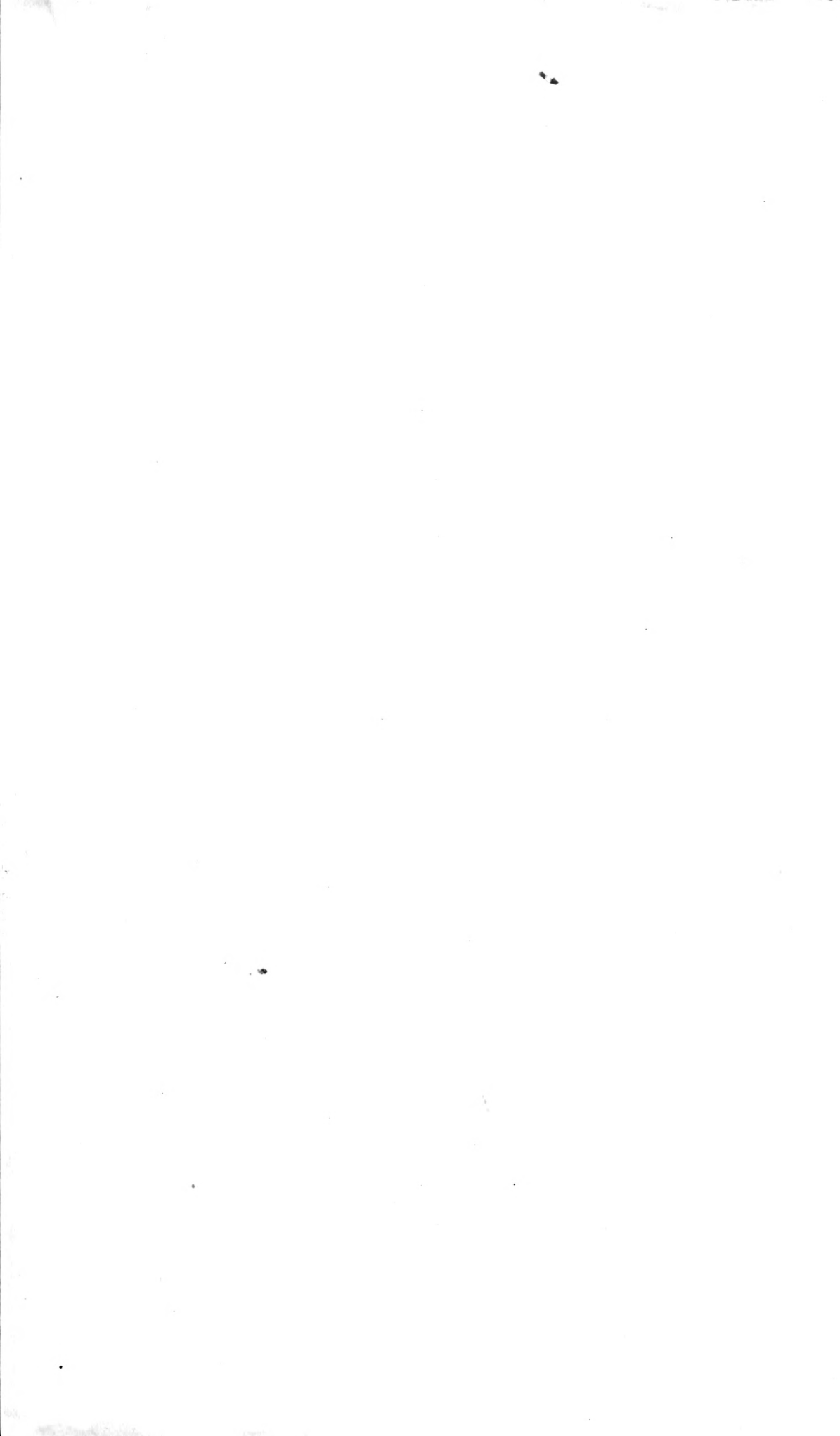


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COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
70857  
SHAKESPEARE.

WITH NOTES BY  
MALONE, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

TOGETHER WITH  
A BIOGRAPHY, CONCORDANCE OF FAMILIAR PAS-  
SAGES, INDEX TO CHARACTERS, AND  
GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE TERMS.

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Illustrated with twenty-three Steel Engravings  
and ten Photogravures.

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IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

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**ROMEO AND JULIET.**

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *Heads of Two Houses, at variance with each other*  
CAPULET, }

An old Man, *Uncle to Capulet.*

ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo*

TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*  
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

*Three Musicians.*

Chorus. Boy, *Page to Paris.* PETER.

An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona ; *several Men and Women, Relations to both Houses ; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *during the greater part of the Play, in Verona ; once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.*



# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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## PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge, break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured, piteous overthrows  
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *A public Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.*

*Sampson.* Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

*Gre.* No, for then we should be colliers.

*Sam.* I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

*Sam.* I strike quickly, being moved.

*Gre.* But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

*Sam.* A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

*Gre.* To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it. Therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

*Sam.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand; I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*Gre.* That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Sam.* True, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall;—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Gre.* The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it in sense, that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Gre.* 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

*Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

*Gre.* How? turn thy back, and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry; I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir?

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Enter* BENVOLIO, *at a distance.*

*Gre.* Say—*better*; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

*Ben.* Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

*Enter* TYBALT. —*with the sword*

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

*Enter several partisans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

*1 Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter* CAPULET, *in his gown*; and LADY CAPULET.

*Cap.* What noise is this?—Give me my long-sword, ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter* MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet,—hold me not, let me go.

*La. Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter* Prince, *with* Attendants.

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts,—  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave besecming ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away.  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, LA. CAP.,*

*TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?  
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.  
I drew to part them; in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;  
Which as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*La. Mon.* O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?  
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun  
Peered forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—  
So early walking did I see your son.  
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood.  
I, measuring his affections by my own,—  
That most are busied when they are most alone,—  
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.  
Black and portentous must this humor prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

*Ben.* Have you importuned him by any means?

*Mon.* Both by myself, and many other friends  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

*Ben.* See, where he comes. So please you, step aside;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

*[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]*

*Ben.* Good merrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ah me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

*Rom.* Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favor, where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.  
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing, of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such is love's transgression.—  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it pressed  
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs!  
Being urged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz.

[*Going*]

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
This is not Romeo; he's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, whom is she you love.

*Rom.* What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

*Ben.* Groan? why, no;  
But sadly tell me who.

*Rom.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.  
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

*Rom.* A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit, you miss; she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;  
And in strong proof of chastity well armed,  
From love's weak, childish bow she lives unharmed.  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,  
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;  
For beauty, starved with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair.

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,  
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O, teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way  
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.  
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;  
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
Where I may read, who passed that passing fair?  
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

*Enter* CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

*Cap.* And Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honorable reckoning are you both;  
And pity 'tis, you lived at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before.  
My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* And too soon marred are those so early made.  
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she;  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
 My will to her consent is but a part;  
 An she agree, within her scope of choice,  
 Lies my consent and fair-according voice.  
 This night I hold an old accustomed feast,  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
 One more, most welcome, makes my number **more**.  
 At my poor house, look to behold this night  
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light  
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel  
 When well-apparelled April on the heel  
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be;  
 Which, on more view of many, mine being one,  
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
 Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about  
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out,  
 Whose names are written there, [*Gives a paper,*] and to  
 them say,  
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.

*Serv.* Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard,—and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

*Enter* BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

*Ben.* Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,  
 One pain is lessened by another's anguish;  
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;  
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish.  
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Rom.* Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken skin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;  
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
 Whipped and tormented, and—Good e'en, good fellow.



*Serv.* God gi' good e'en—I pray, sir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learned it without book. But, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

*Serv.* Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

*Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

*Seignior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Seignior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Seignior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly. [*Gives back the note.*] Whither should they come?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither?

*Serv.* To supper; to our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;  
With all the admired beauties of Verona.  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!  
And these,—who, often drowned, could never die,—  
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself poised with herself in either eye;  
But in those crystal scales, let there be weighed  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you, shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in Capulet's House.**Enter* LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth  
to me.

*Nurse.* Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,  
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—  
God forbid!—where's this girl? what, Juliet!

*Enter* JULIET.

*Jul.* How now; who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here;  
What is your will?

*La. Cap.* This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,  
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again,  
I have remembered me, thou shalt hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,  
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four.—  
She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight, and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—  
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me. But, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was weaned,—I never shall forget it,—  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;  
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,  
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—  
Nay, I do bear a brain;—but, as I said,  
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!  
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug,  
Shake, quoth the dove-house; 'twas no need, I trow,  
To bid me trudge.  
And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,  
She could have run and waddled all about,  
For even the day before, she broke her brow;  
And then my husband—God be with his soul!  
'A was a merry man;—took up the child.  
*Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?* and, by my holy-dam,  
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay*.  
To see now, how a jest shall come about!  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:  
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

*La. Cap.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay*.  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone;  
A parlous knock, and it cried bitterly.  
*Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?* It stinted, and said—*Ay*.

*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed;  
An I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish.

*La. Cap.* Marry, that marry is the very theme  
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honor that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An honor! were not I thine only nurse,  
I'd say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

*La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers; by my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! Lady, such a man,  
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

*La. Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

*La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content;  
And what obscured in this fair volume lies,  
Find written in the margin of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.  
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,  
For fair without the fair within to hide.  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him, making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

*La. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move;  
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,  
you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in  
the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to  
wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt*

#### SCENE IV. *A Street.*

*Enter* ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six  
maskers, torch-bearers, and others.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity.  
We'll have no Cupid hood-winked with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
After the prompter for our entrance;  
But, let them measure us by what they will,  
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch.—I am not for this ambling.  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes,  
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,  
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common ground.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,  
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in. [*Putting on a mask.*]  
A visor for a visor!—What care I,  
What curious eye doth quote deformities?  
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

*Ben.* Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;  
For I am proverbied with a grandsire phrase,—  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.  
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits  
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well, in going to this mask;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask?

*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Rom.* In bed, asleep, while they do dreams things true.

*Mer.* O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:  
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
Her wagoner, a small, grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:  
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:  
O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees:  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:  
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail.  
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep;  
Then dreams he of another benefice:  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear; at which he starts and wakes;  
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul, sluttish hairs,  
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage.  
This, this is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams;  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air;

And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear too early; for my mind misgives,  
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels; and expire the term  
Of a despised life, closed in my breast,  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Hall in Capulet's House. Musicians waiting.*

*Enter Servants.*

*1 Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?  
He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

*2 Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two  
men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

*1 Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-  
cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece  
of marchpane; and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in  
Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

*2 Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

*1 Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and  
sought for, in the great chamber.

*2 Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys;  
be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

*Enter CAPULET, &c. with the guests and the maskers.*

*Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome! Ladies, that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you.—  
Ah ha! my mistresses! which of you all  
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, she  
I'll swear hath corns: am I come near you now?  
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,  
That I have worn a visor; and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.  
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays and they dance.*]

More lights, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.—  
Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.  
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;  
For you and I are past our dancing days.  
How long is't now, since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:  
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we masked.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, sir;  
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?  
His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows;  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague;—  
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave  
Come hither, covered with an antic face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now by the stock and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;  
A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he; that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;  
He bears him like a portly gentleman;



And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.  
I would not for the wealth of all this town,  
Here in my house, do him disparagement;  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;  
It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest;  
I'll not endure him.

*1 Cap.* He shall be endured;  
What, Goodman boy?—I say, he shall.—Go to;—  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

*1 Cap.* Go to, go to.  
You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—  
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.  
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—  
Well said, my hearts.—You are a princ Cox; go:—  
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—  
I'll make you quiet. What! cheerly, my hearts.

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To JULIET.*  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,  
And palm to palm, is holy palmers' kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.  
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged.  
Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor!

Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.  
I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal.  
I tell you,—he that can lay hold of her,  
Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*Ben.* Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*1 Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone:  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—  
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late.

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse; what is yon gentleman?

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*Jul.* What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go ask his name;—if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague,  
The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love, sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rhyme I learned even now  
Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

*Nurse.* Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHORUS.*

Now old Desire doth in his deathbed lie,  
And young Affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair, which Love groaned for, and would die,

With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
But to his foe supposed he must complain,  
And she steal Love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-beloved any where.  
But Passion lends them power, Time, means to meet,  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I. *An open Place adjoining Capulet's Garden.**Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* Can I go forward, when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.  
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

*Enter* BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

*Mer.* He is wise;  
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leaped this orchard wall.  
Call, good Mercutio.

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure, too.—  
Romeo! humors! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove;  
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,  
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,  
When king Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.—  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him; 'twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and conjured it down;  
That were some spite. My invocation  
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous night.  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—  
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.  
Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go, then; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. Capulet's Garden.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

*Jul.*

Ah me!

*Rom.*

She speaks.—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned, wondering eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Rom.*

I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.*

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am.  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out;  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
And, but thou love me, let them find me here.  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By Love, who first did prompt me to inquire:  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;  
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.—  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou mayst think my havior light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion. Therefore pardon me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night.

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say—*It lightens*. Sweet, good night!  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

*Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:  
And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honorable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

*Nurse.* [*Within.*] Madam!

*Jul.* I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee,——

*Nurse.* [*Within.*] Madam!

*Jul.* By and by, I come:—  
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,——

*Jul.* A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light,—  
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;  
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.  
[*Retiring slowly*

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul, that calls upon my name;  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My sweet!

*Jul.* ~~At what o'clock to-morrow~~  
Shall I send to thee!

*Rom.* ~~At the hour of nine.~~

*Jul.* I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* ~~Let me stand here till thou remember it.~~

*Jul.* ~~I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,~~  
Remembering how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone;  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* ~~I would I were thy bird.~~



*Jul.* Sweet, so would I;  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say, *Good night*, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—  
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

*Fri.* The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels.  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must fill up this osier cage of ours,  
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;  
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find;  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
But to the earth some special good doth give;  
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower,  
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power;  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed foes encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;  
And, where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* Good morrow, father!

*Fri.*

*Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—  
Young son, it argues a distempered head,  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
Thou art uproused by some distemperature;  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri.* That's my good son; but where hast thou been,  
then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy;  
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded; both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies.  
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combined, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,  
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us this day.

*Fri.* Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water throw away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;  
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then—  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri.* Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not. She, whom I love now,  
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

*Fri.* O, she knew well,  
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me;  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

*Rom.* O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

*Fri.* Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *A Street.*

*Enter* BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?—  
Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,  
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he  
dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! Stabbed  
with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear  
with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the  
blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man to encounter  
Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he  
is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you  
sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests

me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in; Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Seignior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

*Mer.* That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning—to courtesy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flowered.

*Mer.* Well said. Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

*Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheveral, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word—broad; which, added to the goose, proves thee, far and wide, a broad goose.

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

*Ben.* Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was to come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

*Rom.* Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and Peter.*

*Mer.* A sail, a sail, a sail!

*Ben.* Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

*Nurse.* Peter.

*Peter.* Anon!

*Nurse.* My fan, Peter.

*Mer.* 'Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you?

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said.—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*Rom.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will indite him to some supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar  
Is very good meat in Lent;  
But a hare that is hoar,  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.  
[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

*Nurse.* Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

*Nurse.* An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*Pet.* I saw no man use thee at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part

about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—'Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,——

*Nurse.* Good heart! and i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell,  
Be shrived, and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to; I say you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,  
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—  
'Two may keep counsel, putting one away?'

*Rom.* I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

*Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady,—  
Lord, Lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—  
there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay  
knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad,  
a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell  
her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you,  
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal  
world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a  
letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for

the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

*Pet.* Anon!

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

### SCENE V. Capulet's Garden.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.—

O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills;

Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highest hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm, youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me.

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit PETER.

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord! why look'st thou  
sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am weary; give me leave awhile;—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

*Jul.* I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, what haste? Can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath





J. Smirke R.A.

J. Heath



To say to me—that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.  
Let me be satisfied. Is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no. But all this I did know before;  
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—  
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

*Jul.* I' faith, I am sorry thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

*Nurse.* Your love says like an honest gentleman,  
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,  
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother?—Why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest?

*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—  
Where is your mother?*

*Nurse.* O, God's lady dear!  
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife.  
Now comes the wanton blood up into your cheeks;  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

*Fri.* So smile the Heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight.  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare.  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die! like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite.  
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter* JULIET.

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.  
A lover may bestride the gossamers  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagined happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.  
They are but beggars that can count their worth;  
But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make short work;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [ *Exeunt.* ]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public Place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to?

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee simple? O simple!

*Enter TYBALT and others.*

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men.  
Either withdraw into some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir! Here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery!  
Marry, go before to the field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford  
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting.—Villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; Therefore turn, and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injured thee;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!  
*A la stoccata* carries it away.

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine  
lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall  
use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you  
pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make  
haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you. [*Drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons.—Gentlemen, for shame;  
 Forbear this outrage.—Tybalt—Mercutio—  
 The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying  
 In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his partisans.*

*Mer.* I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped.—  
 Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—  
 Where is my page!—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a  
 church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve; ask for me to-  
 morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pep-  
 pered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your  
 houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch  
 a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights  
 by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you be-  
 tween us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
 Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!  
 They have made worm's meat of me;  
 I have it, and soundly too.—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
 My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
 In my behalf; my reputation stained  
 With Tybalt's slander; Tybalt, that an hour  
 Hath been my kinsman.—O sweet Juliet,  
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
 And in my temper softened valor's steel.

*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;  
 That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth depend;  
 This but begins the woe, others must end.

*Re-enter TYBALT.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
 Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—  
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,  
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company;  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls*

*Ben.* Romeo, away, be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed;—the prince will doom thee death  
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

*Rom.* O! I am fortune's fool!

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay?  
[*Exit ROMEO.*

*Enter Citizens, &c.*

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their wives,  
and others.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*La. Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!  
Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spilled  
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.  
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal  
Your high displeasure.—All this—uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed—  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;



Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
 Retorts it. Romeo, he cries aloud,  
*Hold, friends! friends, part!* and, swifter than his tongue,  
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
 And 'twixt them rushes: underneath whose arm  
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
 Who had but newly entertained revenge,  
 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I  
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;  
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*La. Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague.  
 Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.  
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince; he was Mercutio's friend;  
 His fault concludes but, what the law should end,  
 The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.*                      And, for that offence,  
 Immediately we do exile him hence:  
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,  
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,  
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.  
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,  
 Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,  
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will;  
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.    *A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
 Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a wagoner

As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.—  
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
 That runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo  
 Leap to these arms, untalked of, and unseen!—  
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,  
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
 Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods;  
 Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks,  
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,  
 Think true love acted, simple modesty.  
 Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!  
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
 Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—  
 Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed night.—  
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
 That all the world will be in love with night,  
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.—  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possessed it; and, though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day,  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,  
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

*Enter Nurse, with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks  
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords  
 That Romeo bade thee fetch?

*Nurse.*

Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

*Jul.* Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy  
 hands?

*Nurse.* Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
 Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can Heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.*

Romeo can,  
 Though Heaven cannot. O Romeo! Romeo!—  
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,  
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:  
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;  
Or those eyes shut, that make the answer, *I*.  
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:  
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—  
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast.  
A piteous corse, a bloody, piteous corse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,  
All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

*Jul.* O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at  
once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this, that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughtered? and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?—  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo, that killed him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feathered raven! volvish-ravening lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
A damned saint, an honorable villain!—  
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?  
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.* There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? Give me some *aqua vitæ*.—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.* Blistered be thy tongue,  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame.  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—  
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.  
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I, then?  
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,  
That murdered me; I would forget it fain;  
But, O! it presses to my memory,  
Like damned, guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
*Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;*  
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;  
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,—  
Why followed not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentation might have moved?  
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
*Romeo is banished*,—to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead.—*Romeo is banished*,—  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.--  
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.  
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be  
spent,

When their's are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguiled,  
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled.  
He made you for a highway to my bed;  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you;—I wot well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;  
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

*Jul.* O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

*Fri.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;  
Affliction is enamored of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Rom.* Father, what news? What is the prince's doom?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri.* Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company.  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

*Fri.* A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

*Fri.* Hence from Verona art thou banished.  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death.—Then banishment  
Is death mitermed; calling death banishment,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,  
And turned that black word death to banishment.  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not.—More validity,  
More honorable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo. They may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished.  
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;  
They are free men, but I am banished.  
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But—banished—to kill me; banished?  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,  
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;  
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

*Fri.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Fri.* Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[Knocking within]

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [Knocking.]

*Fri.* Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise. Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile: stand up; [*Knocking.* Run to my study.—By and by;—God's will! What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.* Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

*Nurse.* [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;  
I come from lady Juliet.

*Fri.*                                      Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

*Fri.* There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

*Nurse.* O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

*Fri.*                                      O woful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament!

*Nurse.*                                      Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man.  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*Rom.* Nurse!

*Nurse.* Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

*Rom.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy  
With blood removed but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.*                                      As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

*Fri.*                                      Hold thy desperate hand.  
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out, thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast.  
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!  
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!  
Thou hast amazed me; by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better tempered.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself,  
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.  
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;  
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valor of a man;  
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismembered with thine own defence.  
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead,  
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too.  
The law, that threatened death, becomes thy friend,  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy.  
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—  
Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,



Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,  
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!—

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse.* Here, sir, a ring she bade me give you, sir.  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit Nurse.*]

*Rom.* How well my comfort is revived by this!

*Fri.* Go hence; good night! and here stands all your  
state;

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day, disguised from hence.

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you, that chances here.

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.

Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

*Cap.* Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—

'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night.

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been abed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time to woo.

Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

*La. Cap.* I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
To-night she's mewed up to her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—

But, soft; what day is this?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;  
O' Thursday let it be;—O' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl.—  
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend or two.—  
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much;  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it, then.—  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—  
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!  
Afore me.—It is so very late, that we  
May call it early, by and by.—Good night. [*Exeunt*]

#### SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber.

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET.*

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.  
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads;  
I have more care to stay, than will to go.—  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—  
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away.

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us.  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
O, now I would they had changed voices too!  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light?—more dark and dark our  
woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam!

*Jul.* Nurse?

*Nurse.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber.  
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.  
[*ROMEO descends.*]

*Jul.* Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!  
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days.  
O! by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

*Rom.* Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Jul.* O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God! I have an ill-divining soul.  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

*La. Cap.* [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

*Enter* LADY CAPULET.

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet?

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;  
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend  
Which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his  
death,

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

*Jul.* What villain, madam?

*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* Villain and he are many miles asunder.  
God pardon him! I do with all my heart;  
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

*La. Cap.* That is, because the traitor-murderer lives.

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
'Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—  
Where that same banished runagate doth live,—  
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed:—  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it,  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him named,—and cannot come to him,—  
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt  
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

*La. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needful time.  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear,  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son,  
It rains downright.—  
How now, a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind.  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,  
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?  
Have you delivered to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.  
I would the fool were married to her grave!

*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blessed,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have;  
Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?  
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—  
And yet not proud.—Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow-face!

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blessed,  
That God had sent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her.  
Out on her, hilding!

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her!—  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O, God ye good den!

*Nurse.* May not one speak?

*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad. Day, night, late,  
early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been  
To have her matched; and having now provided  
A gentleman of princely parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,  
Stuffed, (as they say,) with honorable parts,  
Proportioned as one's heart could wish a man,—  
And then to have a wretched, puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*  
*I am too young—I pray you, pardon me;*  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;  
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise;

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,  
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what is mine, shall never do thee good.  
 Trust to't; bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
 Or, if you do not, make my bridal bed  
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word,  
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit

*Jul.* O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?  
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
 How shall that faith return again to earth,  
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
 By leaving earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.—  
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—  
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* 'Faith, here 'tis. Romeo  
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
 I think it best you married with the county.  
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,  
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,  
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match,  
 For it excels your first; or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
 As living here, and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* From my soul too;  
 Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* To what?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
 Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
 Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,  
 To make confession, and to be absolved.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [Exit.

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath praised him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

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## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

*Fri.* On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

*Fri.* You say you do not know the lady's mind:  
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talked of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;  
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society.  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slowed.

[Aside  
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter* JULIET.

*Par.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That may-be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

*Jul.* What must be, shall be.

*Fri.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?

*Jul.* To answer that, were to confess to you.



*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him.

*Par.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that;  
For it was bad enough before their spite.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening-mass?

*Fri.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

*Par.* God shield, I should disturb devotion.—  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you;  
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit PARIS*]

*Jul.* O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

*Fri.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits.  
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,  
Give me some present counsel; or, behold  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honor bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry county Paris,  
Thou hadst the strength of will to slay thyself;  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;  
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble,  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.  
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seize  
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part deprived of supple government,  
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:  
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt remain full two-and-forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then (as the manner of our country is)  
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;

And hither shall he come; and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, give me! O, tell me not of fear.

*Fri.* Hold; get you gone; be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit* Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

*2 Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they  
can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*2 Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his  
own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes  
not with me.

*Cap.* Go, begone.—

[*Exit* Servant.

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her,  
A peevish, self-willed harlotry it is.

*Enter* JULIET.

*Nurse.* See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong? where have you been  
gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learned me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you, and your behests; and am enjoined  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county; go tell him of this;  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;

And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up;  
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
Now, afore God, this reverend, holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

*La. Cap.* No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her;—we'll to church to-morrow.  
[*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

*La. Cap.* We shall be short in our provision;  
'Tis now near night.

*Cap.* Tush! I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!  
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself  
To county Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow; my heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber.

*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best.—But, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the Heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have culled such necessities  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Good night!  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint, cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life;  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—  
Come, phial.—  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Must I of force be married to the county?—  
No, no;—this shall forbid it;—lie thou there.—

*[Laying down a dagger.]*

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead;  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man;  
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festered in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—  
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints;  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

*[She throws herself on the bed.]*

SCENE IV. Capulet's Hall.

*Enter* LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

*La. Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,  
nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.  
*[Exit Nurse.]*

*Enter* CAPULET.

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crowed.  
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.—  
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:  
Spare not for cost.

*La. Cap.* Go, go, you cot-quعان, go,  
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching.

*Cap.* No, not a whit; what! I have watched ere now  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;  
But I will watch you from such watching now.

*[Exit LADY CAPULET.]*

*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,  
What's there?

*Enter* Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

*Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. *[Exit 1 Serv.]*—Sirrah,  
fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

*2 Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter. *[Exit.]*

*Cap.* 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson! ha,  
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, 'tis day;  
The county will be here with music straight,  
*[Music within.]*

For so he said he would. I hear him near.—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho;—what, nurse, I say!

*Enter* Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;  
I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already.

Make haste, I say!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber, JULIET on the bed.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she.—

Why, lamb! why, lady;—fie, you slug-a-bed!—  
 Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!  
 What, not a word?—You take your pennyworths now;  
 Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
 The county Paris hath set up his rest,  
 That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,  
 (Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep!  
 I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!  
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;  
 He'll fright you up, in faith.—Will it not be?  
 What, dressed! and in your clothes! and down again!  
 I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!  
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—  
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—  
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* What is the matter?

*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*La. Cap.* O me, O me!—my child, my only life,  
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—  
 Help, help!—call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

*La. Cap.* Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;  
 Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;  
 Life and these lips have long been separated.  
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field!  
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.*

O woful time!

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath death lain with thy bride.—See, there she lies  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,  
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*La. Cap.* Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw  
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catched it from my sight.

*Nurse.* O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!  
Most lamentable day! most woful day,  
That ever, ever I did yet behold!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this.  
O woful day, O woful day!

*Par.* Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
Most détestable death, by thee beguiled,  
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!—  
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!  
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now  
To murder, murder our solemnity?—  
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!  
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;  
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

*Fri.* Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid.  
Your part in her you could not keep from death;  
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was—her promotion;  
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanced;  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced,



Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.  
She's not well married, that lives married long;  
But she's best married, that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church.  
For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things, that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral;  
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;  
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;  
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
The Heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;  
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.]

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

*Nurse.* Honest, good fellows, ah, put up; put up;  
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*]

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter* PETER.

*Pet.* Musicians, O musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*;  
O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease*?

*Pet.* O musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe*. O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not then?

*Mus.* No.

*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith; but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

*Pet.* Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets; I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* 'Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. — Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music with her silver sound,—*

Why, *silver sound*? why, *music with her silver sound*?  
What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pratest! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

*Pet.* Pratest too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer; I will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound*, because musicians have seldom gold for sunding:—

*Then music with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit, singing.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. Mantua. *A Street.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamed my lady came and found me dead,  
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)  
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,

That I revived, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possessed,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter* BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How doth my Juliet? That I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.  
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives;  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you;  
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!—  
Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceived;  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter; get thee gone,  
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means.—O mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted  
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuffed, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green, earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said—

And if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house;  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—  
What, ho! apothecary.

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud?

*Rom.* Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;  
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have  
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;  
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath  
As violently, as hasty powder fired  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have: but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks;  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes;  
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.  
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.  
Come, cordial; and not poison; go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II. Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter FRIAR JOHN.*

*John.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.

*Lau.* This same should be the voice of friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*John.* Going to find a barefoot brother out,  
One of our order to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

*Lau.* Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

*John.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

*Lau.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,  
Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

*Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.  
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come,  
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Church-yard; in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter* PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

*Par.* Give me my torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof;—  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)  
But thou shalt hear it; whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*]

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed.  
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain  
The perfect model of eternity;  
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,  
Accept this latest favor at my hands;  
That living honored thee, and, being dead,  
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb! [*The boy whistles.*  
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rites?  
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [*Retires.*]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching-iron.  
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;  
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring; a ring that I must use  
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone;—  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.  
The time and my intents are savage-wild;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that;  
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

*Bal.* For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

*Rom.* Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Par.* This is that banished, haughty Montague,  
That murdered my love's cousin;—with which grief,  
It is supposed the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villanous shame  
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.— [*Advances.*  
Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague;  
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;  
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
Heap not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury.—O, be gone!  
By Heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither armed against myself.  
Stay not; begone;—live, and hereafter say—  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations,  
And do attach thee as a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight.*

*Page.* O Lord! they fight. I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*

*Par.* O, I am slain! [*Falls.*—If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

*Rom.* In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face;  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;—  
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughtered youth;  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*

How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death; O, how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks.  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
 O, what more favor can I do to thee,  
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
 And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps  
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;  
 And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again; here, here will I remain  
 With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here  
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!  
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O, you  
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—  
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!  
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing rocks thy seasick, weary bark!  
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*]—O true apothecary!  
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies*]

*Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

*Fri.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?  
 Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

*Fri.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
 What torch is yond' that vainly lends his light  
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
 One that you love.

*Fri.* Who is it?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri.* How long hath he been there?

*Bal.* Full half an hour.

*Fri.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence;



And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Fri.* Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me;  
O, much I fear some ill, unlucky thing.

*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamed my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

*Fri.* Romeo? [*Advances.*  
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolored by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*  
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steeped in blood! Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—  
The lady stirs.

[*JULIET wakes, and stirs.*  
*Jul.* O comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within*

*Fri.* I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet!—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay no  
longer. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—  
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—  
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,  
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him*  
Thy lips are warm!

*Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy.—Which way?  
*Jul.* Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!  
[*Snatching ROMEO'S dagger.*  
This is thy sheath. [*Stabs herself.*] There rust, and let me  
die. [*Falls on ROMEO'S body, and dies.*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

*Page.* This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch*. The ground is bloody; search about the church-yard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach. [*Exeunt some*.  
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;  
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—  
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—  
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen*.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHAZAR.*

2 *Watch*. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch*. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

*Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.*

3 *Watch*. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps.  
We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch*. A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

*Enter the Prince and Attendants.*

*Prince*. What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.*

*Cap*. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

*La. Cap*. The people in the street cry—Romeo,  
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,  
With open outcry, toward our monument.

*Prince*. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch*. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm, and new killed.

*Prince*. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch*. Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's man;  
With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

*Cap*. O Heavens!—O wife! look how our daughter bleeds!  
This dagger hath mista'en,—for lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And is missheathed in my daughter's bosom.

*La. Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excused.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

*Fri.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.  
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city;  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.  
You—to remove that siege of grief from her—  
Betrothed, and would have married her perforce,  
To county Paris.—Then comes she to me;  
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The form of death; meantime I writ to Romeo,  
That he should hither come as this dire night,  
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
But he which bore my letter, friar John,  
Was stayed by accident; and yesternight  
Returned my letter back. Then all alone  
At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.  
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time  
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay  
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.  
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,  
And bear this work of Heaven with patience.  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.  
All this I know; and to the marriage  
Her nurse is privy. And, if aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrificed some hour before his time,  
Unto the rigor of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man.  
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death;  
And then in post he came from Mantua,  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bade me give his father;  
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter; I will look on it.—  
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;  
And bade me stand aloof, and so I did.  
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;  
And, by and by, my master drew on him;  
And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;  
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—  
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
'That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen;—all are punished.

*Cap.* O brother Montague, give me thy hand.  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more.  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
That, while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning with it brings;  
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;  
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.  
For never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*



HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present, King.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *Son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,  
CORNELIUS,  
ROSENCRANTZ,  
GUILDENSTERN, } *Courtiers.*

OSRIC, *a Courtier.*

Another Courtier.

A Priest.

MARCELLUS, }  
BERNARDO, } *Officers.*

FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*

REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*

A Captain    An Ambassador.

Ghost of Hamlet's *Father.*

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet*

OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors,  
Messengers, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE.    Elsinore.



# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him, BERNARDO.

*Bernard.* WHO's there?

*Fran.* Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold Yourself.

*Ber.* Long live the king

*Fran.* Bernardo?

*Ber.* Ay.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Ber.* 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

*Fran.* For this relief, much thanks; 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

*Fran.* I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who's there?

*Hor.* Friends to this ground,

*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* O, farewell, honest soldier;

Who hath relieved you?

*Fran.* Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night. *[Exit FRANCISCO.]*

*Mar.* Holla! Bernardo!

*Ber.*

Say,

What, is Horatio there? *②**Hor.*

A piece of him.

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.*Hor.* What, has this thing appeared again to-night?*Ber.* I have seen nothing.*Mar.* Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy;And will not let belief take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

*Hor.* Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.*Ber.*

Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

*Hor.*

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,

When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!*mental point* — Enter Ghost.*Ber.* In the same figure like the king that's dead.*Mar.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? Mark it, Horatio.*Hor.* Most like;—it harrows me with fear and wonder.*Ber.* It would be spoke to.*Mar.*

Speak to't, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By Heaven, I charge thee, speak.

*Mar.* It is offended.*Ber.* See! it stalks away.*Hor.* Stay; speak: speak, I charge thee speak.

[Exit Ghost.]

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.*Ber.* How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you of it?

*ghost**imag.**in the shape of**what - who would - wish*

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this believe,  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is not this like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armor he had on,  
When he the ambitious Norway combated;  
So fished he once, when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.

'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work, I know not;  
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land; *collection noun*  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day;  
Who is't that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I;  
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appeared to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride,  
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet  
(For so this side of our known world esteemed him)  
Did slay this Fortinbras: *sanctioned* who, by a sealed compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,  
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:  
Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king; which had returned  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,  
And carriage of the article designed,  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
Sharked up a list of landless resolute,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise

*Exactly*

That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,  
 (As it doth well appear unto our state,)  
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,  
 And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands  
 So by his father lost. And this, I take it,  
 Is the main motive of our preparations;  
 The source of this our watch; and the chief head  
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

*Ber.* I think it be no other, but even so.

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure  
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the king  
 That was, and is, the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.  
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

\* \* \* \* \*

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,  
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.  
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,—  
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,  
 And prologue to the omen coming on,  
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

*Re-enter Ghost.*

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!  
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!  
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
 Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,  
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
 Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
 Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,  
 O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.

Speak of it;—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.*

'Tis here !

*Hor.* 'Tis here !

*Mar.* 'Tis gone !

[*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,  
To offer it the show of violence ;  
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to speak when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day ; and at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine ; and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long.  
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad ;  
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,  
9 ~~No fairy takes~~, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it.  
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.  
Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,  
Let us impart what we have seen to night  
Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,  
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
The memory be green ; and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe ;

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,  
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,  
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,  
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;  
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,  
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—  
 Taken to wife; nor have we herein barred  
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
 With this affair along.—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—  
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;  
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,  
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,  
 Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,  
 He hath not failed to pester us with message,  
 Importing the surrender of those lands  
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,  
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.  
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.  
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ  
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—  
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress  
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made  
 Out of his subject:—and we here despatch  
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;  
 Giving to you no further personal power  
 To business with the king, more than the scope  
 Of these related articles allow.  
 Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

*Cor. Vol.* In that, and all things will we show our duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?  
 You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?  
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  
 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes?  
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?  
 The head is not more native to the heart,  
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

*related*

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.  
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

*Laer.* My dread lord,  
Your leave and favor to return to France;  
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,  
To show my duty in your coronation;  
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,  
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,  
By laborsome petition; and, at last,  
Upon his will, I sealed my hard consent.  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,  
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—  
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham.* A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Aside.*

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, forever, with thy veiled lids,  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.*

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam? nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected havior of the visage,

Together with the modes, forms, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within which passeth show;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father,

But you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound

*to closely incubated*

*again*

In filial obligation, for some term,  
 To do <sup>funeral</sup> obsequious sorrow. But to perséver  
 In obstinate condolément, is a course  
 Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:  
 It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven;  
 A heart unfortified, or mind impatient; *not controlled*  
 An understanding simple and unschooled. *unphilosophical*  
 For what we know must be, and is as common  
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
 12 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
 Take it to heart. Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reason most absurd; whose common theme  
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
 From the first <sup>let's go</sup> corse, till he that died to-day,  
 \* This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth  
 This unprevailing woe; and think of us  
 As of a father. For let the world take note,  
 You are the most immediate to our throne;  
 And with no less nobility of love,  
*Publicly* Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
*professes Ham.* Do I impart toward you. For your intent  
*is succession.* In going back to school in Wittenberg,  
 It is most retrograde to our desire;  
 And, we beseech you, bend you to remain  
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;  
 I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

*sarcasm* \* King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;  
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;  
 This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet  
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof  
*joyous* No jotund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,  
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;  
 And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,  
 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, Lords, &c., POLONIUS,  
 and LAERTES.]

\* Ham. O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed  
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!

14  
 Suicide

*getting money*



Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden *uncultured*  
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,  
Possess it merely.<sup>*absolute*</sup> That it should come to this!

*garden of Eden gone wrong*

But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown

*claudius*

By what it fed on. And yet, within a month,—

Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,

With which she followed my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—

O Heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,

Would have mourned longer,—married with my uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,

Than I to Hercules. Within a month,—

Ere the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,—

She married.—O most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!

It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;

But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

*Enter* HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well;  
*Horatio*,—or I do forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you  
And what make you from Wittenberg, *Horatio*?—  
*Marcellus*?

*Mar.* My good lord,—

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.  
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so;  
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

*Ham.* 'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven, *comes near,*  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio! *touches on dea*  
My father,—methinks I see my father. *as further loo, lo*  
*hath etc.*

*Hor.*

Oh where,

My lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw! who?

*Hor.* My lord, the king, your father.

*Ham.* *mitigate wonder.* The king, my father?

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead waste and middle of the night,  
Been thus encountered: A figure like your father,  
Armed at all points, exactly, *head to foot*  
Appears before them, and, with solemn march, *S*  
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked,  
*12* By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled  
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
And I, with them, the third night kept the watch;  
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The apparition comes. I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.*

But where was this?

*Hor.* My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.*

My lord, I did.

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,  
It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;  
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanished from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true;  
And we did think it writ down in our duty,  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  
Hold you the watch to-night?

*All.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Armed, say you?

*All.* Armed, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not  
His face?

*Hor.* O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, looked he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more  
In sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fixed his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I <sup>wish</sup>would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.

*Ham.* Very like,  
Very like. Staid it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might <sup>count</sup>tell a hundred.

*Mar. Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled? no?

*Hor.* It was as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silvered.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night;  
Perchance 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant you it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honor.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play. 'Would the night were come!  
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

### SCENE III. *A Room in Polonius's House.*

*Enter* LAERTES and OPHELIA.

*Laer.* My necessities are embarked; farewell.  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more.

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.* Think it no more.

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. \*Perhaps he loves you now;  
And now no soil, nor cautel doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will; but, you must fear,  
His greatness weighed, his will is not his own;  
For he himself is subject to his birth.  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and health of the whole state;  
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
Whereof he is the head.\* Then if he says he loves you,  
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed; which is no further,  
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs; *BE CAREFUL!*  
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open  
 To his unmastered importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;  
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon.  
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes;

4 The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear;  
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
 As watchman to my heart; but, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious (pastors do,) *hypocrite*

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine, *unrestrained*

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

And reck not his own read. *heads not his own barrel*

Laer. O, fear me not.

I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;  
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;  
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
 And you are staid for. There,—my blessing with you;

*[Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.]*

And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, *memory*

Nor any unproportioned thought his act, *disrespectful*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. *unrefined*

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,

Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. *Be committed*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, *Turn other cheek*

But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;

And they in France, of the best rank and station,  
Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend;

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. *stewardship*

This above all,—to thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man. *profit by*

Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

*Pol.* The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well

What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory locked,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell.

[Exit LAERTES.]

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry; well bethought.

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you; and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behoves my daughter, and your honor.

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,  
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you. Think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

Wrangling it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importuned me with love,  
In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,  
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

*Take care of  
what we have*

26

Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,  
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,  
 Even in their praise, as it is a making,—  
 You must not take for fire. From this time,  
 Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;  
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,  
 Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,  
 Believe so much in him, that he is young;  
 And with a larger tether may he walk,  
 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,  
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,  
 Not of that die which their investments show,  
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,  
 The better to beguile. This is for all;—  
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,  
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.  
 Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Platform.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the  
 season,

Wherein this spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off  
 within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,  
 Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels;  
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
 The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't.  
 But to my mind,—though I am native here,  
 And to the manner born,—it is a custom  
 More honored in the breach, than the observance

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,  
 Makes us traduced, and taxed of other nations. *call us*  
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase  
 Soil our addition; and indeed it takes  
 From our achievements, though performed at height,  
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.  
 So, oft it chances in particular men,  
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
 As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,  
 Since nature cannot choose his ~~his~~ *origin*,)  
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,  
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;  
 Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens  
 The form of plausible manners;—that these men,  
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;  
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—  
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,  
 As infinite as man may undergo)  
 Shall in the general censure take corruption  
 From that particular fault. The dram of bale  
 Doth all the noble substance often doubt *that the force*  
 To his own scandal.

*Save.*  
*Fail* Enter Ghost.

*29* *Fail* Hor.

Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,  
 Bring with the airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,  
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable; *making question*  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,  
 King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me.  
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,  
 Why thy canonised bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,  
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,  
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,  
 So horribly to shake our disposition,  
 With thoughts beyond the regions of our souls?  
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

*new moon glimmers  
thru trees or clouds*  
 Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,



As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more removed ground!  
But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,  
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,  
And draw you into madness? Think of it.  
The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still.  
Go on, I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be ruled; you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—  
Still am I called;—unhand me, gentlemen;—  
[*Ghost beckons.*]

[*Breaking from them.*]  
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:  
I say, away;—go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*]

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after.—To what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A more remote Part of the Platform.**Enter Ghost and HAMLET.**Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.*Ghost.* Mark me.*Ham.* I will.*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.*Ham.* What?*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;  
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;  
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burned and purged away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—*Ham.* O Heaven!*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.*Ham.* Murder*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.*Ham.* Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.*Ghost.* I find thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed34 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.320 'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,  
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.  
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;  
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And with a sudden vigor, it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,

And a most instant tetter barked about,  
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched;  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head.

O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

*original with*

*34 35*

*the answer*

*freedom from care*

*unprepared unaccounted*

*(Hamlet)*

*lured*

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire;  
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit

*ghost from where*  
*three ways left*  
*left*  
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?  
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?  
Yea, from the tables of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by Heaven!  
O most pernicious woman!  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark. [Writing.  
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*

I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

*Enter* HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret,——

*Hor. Mar.* Ay, by Heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,  
But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,  
To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right; you are in the right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part;  
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—  
For every man hath business, and desire,  
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,  
Look you, I will go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words, my lord

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,  
Faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,  
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,  
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.  
For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,  
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is't, my lord?  
We will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to night.

*Hor. Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear't.

*Hor.* In faith,  
My lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-  
penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—  
Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear. *Swear—Hear & remember*

*Ham.* *Hic et ubique!* then we'll shift our ground.—  
Come hither, gentlemen,  
And lay your hands again upon my sword.  
Swear by my sword,  
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

*Hor.* O day and night,—but this is wondrous strange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.  
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,— *foolish*

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know*; — or, *We could, an if we would*;

— or, *If we list to speak*; — or, *There be, an if they might*; —

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me.—This not to do, swear;

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear. *is*

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,  
With all my love I do commend me to you;  
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
May do, to express his love and befriending to you,  
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;  
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

*(The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!*

*That ever I was born to set it right!*

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

*even though  
I act like a fool  
or what not*

*these  
lines tell us  
Hamlet is in the  
grips of melancholia*

*here*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Polonius's House.*

*Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

*Pol.* Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,  
Before you visit him, to make inquiry  
Of his behavior.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

*Pol.* Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir.  
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,  
What company, at what expense; and finding,  
By this encompassment, and drift of question,  
That they do know my son, come you more nearer  
Than your particular demands will touch it.  
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;  
As thus,—*I know his father and his friends,*  
*And, in part, him.*—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.

*Pol.* *And, in part, him;—but, you may say, not well;*  
*But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;*  
*Addicted so and so;—and there put on him*  
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank  
As may dishonor him; take heed of that;  
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,  
As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord.

*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,  
Drabbing;—you may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonor him.

*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.  
You must not put another scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency;  
That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults so quaintly,  
That they may seem the taints of liberty;  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general assault.

*Rey.* But, my good lord,—

*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?

*Rey.* Ay, my lord,  
I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry, sir, here's my drift;  
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.  
You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
As 'twere a thing a little soiled i' the working,  
Mark you,  
Your party in converse, him you would sound,  
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,  
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assured,  
He closes with you in this consequence;  
*Good sir*, or so; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—  
According to the phrase, or the addition,  
Of man and country.

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.

*Pol.* And then, sir, does he this,—He does—  
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was about to  
say something.—Where did I leave?

*Rey.* At, closes in the consequence.

*Pol.* At, closes in the consequence.—*Ay, marry;*  
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*  
*I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,*  
*Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,*  
*There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;*  
*There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,*  
*I saw him enter such a house of sale,*  
(*Videlicet*, a brothel,) *or so forth.*

See you now;  
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;  
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,  
By indirections find directions out;  
So, by my former lecture and advice,  
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.

*Pol.* God be wi' you; fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord,——

*Pol.* Observe his inclination in yourself.

*Rey.* I shall, my lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his music.

*Rey.* Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter OPHELIA.*

*Pol.* Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

*Oph.* O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!



*Pol.* With what, in the name of Heaven?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,  
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;  
No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled,  
Ungartered and down-gyved to his ankle;  
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;  
And with a look so piteous in purport,  
As if he had been loosed out of hell,  
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love?

*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;  
But, truly, I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he?

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;  
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—  
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being. That done, he lets me go;  
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,  
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;  
For out o' doors he went without their help,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.  
This is the very ecstasy of love;—  
Whose violent property foredoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven,  
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—  
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command,  
I did repel his letters, and denied  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,  
I had not quoted him. I feared he did but trifle,  
And meant to wreck thee: but, beshrew my jealousy  
It seems, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king.

This must be known, which, being kept close, might move  
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and  
Attendants.

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!  
Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
The need we have to use you, did provoke  
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,  
Since not the exterior nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What should it be,  
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him  
So much from the understanding of himself,  
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,  
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;  
And, since, so neighbored to his youth and humor,—  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  
Some little time; so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,  
So much as from occasion you may glean,  
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,  
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you;  
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To show us so much gentry and good will,  
As to expend your time with us awhile,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,  
Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey,  
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,  
To lay our service freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.  
And I beseech you instantly to visit

*consultant  
with*

*determined*

My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence, and our practices,  
Pleasant and helpful to him!

*Queen.*

Ay, Amen!

[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., and some Attendants.

*Enter* POLONIUS

*Pol.* The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,  
Are joyfully returned ~~always~~

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,  
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,

Both to my God, and to my gracious king;

And I do think (or else this brain of mine

Hunts not the trail of policy so sure ~~seems~~

As it hath used to do) that I have found

The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy. ~~insane~~

*King.* O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

*Pol.* Give first admittance to the ambassadors;

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit* POLONIUS

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found

The head and source of all your son's distemper.

*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the main;

This father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

*Re-enter* POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

*Vol.* Most fair return of greetings and desires:

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies; which to him appeared

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;

But, better looked into, he truly found

It was against your highness; whereat grieved—

That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;

Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle, never more

To give the assay of arms against your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;

And his commission, to employ those soldiers,

*good plan*

*distraction*

So levied as before, against the Polack;  
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Gives a paper.*

That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise;  
On such regards of safety, and allowance,  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well;  
And, at our more considered time, we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business.  
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labor.  
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together;  
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS

*Pol.* This business is well ended.  
My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste day, night, and time.  
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—  
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.  
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,  
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?  
But, let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with less art.

[*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;  
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains,  
That we find out the cause of this effect;  
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;  
For this effect, defective, comes by cause.  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.

*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified  
Ophelia,—*

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile  
phrase; but you shall hear — Thus:—

*In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.*

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

*Doubt thou the stars are fire;* [Reads.

*Doubt that the sun doth move;*

*Doubt truth to be a liar;*

*But never doubt I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;  
And more above, hath his solicitings,  
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath she  
Received his love?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honorable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might you think,  
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,  
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,  
If I had played the desk or table-book;  
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;  
Or looked upon this love with idle sight;  
What might you think? No, I went round to work,  
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:—  
*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;*  
*This must not be;* and then I precepts gave her,  
That she should lock herself from his resort,  
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;  
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)  
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;  
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;  
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,  
Into the madness wherein now he raves,  
And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,) That I have positively said, 'Tis so,  
When it proved otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know sometimes he walks four hours together.  
Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.  
Be you and I behind an arras then;  
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,  
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,  
Let me be no assistant for a state,  
But keep a farm, and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter HAMLET, reading.*

*Queen.* But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes  
reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you, both away;  
I'll board him presently.—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen. and Attendants.*

How does my good lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, god-'a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be  
one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being  
a god, kissing carrion.—Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun. Conception is a blessing;  
but as your daughter may conceive;—friend, look to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on  
my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was  
a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone; and, truly, in my  
youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this.  
I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*in the  
royal family  
Gardens, 1891  
reduce her*

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.  
[*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave?

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Pol.* You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

*Ros.* God save you, sir!

[*To* POLONIUS.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

*Guil.* My honored lord!—

*Ros.* My most dear lord!—

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not overhappy;  
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?

*Guil.* 'Faith, her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

*Ros.* None, my lord; but that the world is grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near. But your news is not

\* true. Let me question more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ros.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

*Ros. Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter; I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonance of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal,



*Nature*  
*elongated*  
*according to that line of reason*

*hide part*  
*some*  
*with*



be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

*Ros.* What say you?

[To GUILDENSTERN.

*Ham.* Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside*];—if you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh, then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you. We coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target. The lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; [the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;] and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it, they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

get in  
head  
of

good

wonder  
apex

easily  
disturbed

kept  
in  
dark

had

1

*Ham.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace. But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't. These are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality, no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

*Ros.* 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

*Ham.* Is it possible?

*Guil.* O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer. That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

*Ros.* Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buzz, buzz!

*Pol.* Upon my honor,—

*Ham.* *Then came each actor on his ass,—*

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited.—Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light for the law of writ and the liberty. These are the only men.

*Ham.* *O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—*what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What a treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,*

*The which he loved passing well.*

*surpassingly*

*Pol.* Still on my daughter. [Aside.

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, *As by lot, God wot,* and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was,—*The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

*short cut speech*

*Enter four or five Players.*

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well;—welcome, good friends.—O old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last. Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. 'Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

*high heels shot*

*professional skill*

1 *Play*. What speech, my lord?

*Ham*. I heard thee speak me a speech, once—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savory; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection; but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—*  
'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,  
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—  
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared  
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now he is total gules; horridly tricked  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;  
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light  
To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath, and fire,  
And thus o'ersized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks. So proceed you.*

*Pol*. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play*. Anon he finds him

*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,*

*Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;*

*But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,*

*Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash*

*Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for lo! his sword,  
Which was declining on the milky head*

*Of reverend Priam, seemed i' the air to stick.*

So as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
Now falls on Priam.—

*slupy, soft, clouds.*

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,  
In general synod, take away her power;

Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—'Pr'y-  
thee, say on.—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he  
sleeps.—Say on: come to Hecuba.

*X dirty story*

1 Play. But who, ah, woe! had seen the mobled  
queen—

*come song*

*mobled*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. Run barefoot up and down, threatening the  
flames

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,  
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe

About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,  
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up,

*child bearing*

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,

*poison*

'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced.

But if the gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;

The instant burst of clamor that she made,

(Unless things mortal move them not at all),

Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven,

And passion in the gods.

*suffering*

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his color, and has  
tears in his eyes.—'Pry'thee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this  
soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well be-

*ad  
of  
war*

*ing*

*thing*

*logged*  
 stowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* Odd's bodikin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS, with some of the Players

*Ham.* Follow him, friends; we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* Player.]—My good friends, [*To* ROS. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

*Ros.* Good my lord!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

*Ham.* Ay, so, good bye to you;—now I am alone.  
 O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
 That from her working, all his visage wanned;  
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
 With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing?  
 For Hecuba!

*insane*  
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion,  
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,  
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;  
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,  
 The very faculties of eyes and ears:  
 Yet I,

*suffering*  
*free from grief*

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, *mean deer*  
 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, *unready*  
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
 Upon whose property, and most dear life, *possession*  
 A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward? *unmanly*  
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face!  
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,  
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?  
 Ha!

Why, I should take it; for it cannot be,  
 But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall, *noble passion*  
 To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,  
 I should have fatted all the region kites *sons of uncles*  
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain! *immoral*  
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!  
 Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;  
 That I, the son of a dear father murdered,  
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
 And fall a cursing like a very drab,  
 A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! Humph! I have heard,  
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
 Have, by the very cunning of the scene,  
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently *mad duds*  
 They have proclaimed their malefactions;  
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
 Play something like the murder of my father,  
 Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;  
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,  
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,  
 May be a devil; and the devil hath power  
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,  
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)  
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds  
 More relative than this. The play's the thing,  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,  
and GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* And can you, by no drift of conference,  
Get from him why he ~~puts on this~~ confusion; *not put on!*  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

*Ros.* He does confess, he feels himself distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;  
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well?

*Ros.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* Niggard of question; but, of our demands,  
Most free in his reply.

*Queen.* Did you assay him

To any pastime?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We o'er-raught on the way. Of these we told him;  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it. They are about the court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true;  
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties,  
To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much content me  
To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
Affront Ophelia.

Her father and myself, (lawful espials)  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,

*disinclined  
much.*



We may of their encounter frankly judge:  
And gather by him, as he is behaved,  
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,  
That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you;  
And for your part, Ophelia, do I wish,  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope, your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honors.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,  
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book;

[*To OPHELIA.*

That show of such an exercise may color  
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—  
'Tis too much proved,—that with devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King.* O 'tis too true! how smart  
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!  
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
Than is my deed to my most painted word.  
O heavy burden!

[*Aside.*

*Pol.* I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and POLONIUS.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

\* *Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the question;—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—  
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

*remorse of conscience*

*live or not?*

*Went and wish it would*

*nightmare Supernatural (ghost)*

*ed iphns  
quid  
ology  
ntrum*

*Termin*

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turned awry,  
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!  
 The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons  
 Be all my sins remembered.

*Oph.* Good my lord,

How does your honor for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you; well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
 I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I;

I never gave you aught. *anything*

*Oph.* My honored lord, you know right well, you did,  
 And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed  
 As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,  
 Take these again; for to the noble mind,  
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.  
 There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest? *honest*

*Oph.* My lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your honesty  
 should admit no discourse to your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than  
 with honesty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner  
 transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force  
 of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was  
 some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I  
 did love you once. *more*  
*list*

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet Heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

*Oph.* Heavenly powers, restore him!

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of it; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit HAMLET.]

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That sucked the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh;  
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,

face

full bloom

Blasted with ~~ecstasy~~. O, woe is me!  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Re-enter King and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that way tend;  
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,  
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,  
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,  
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,  
I have, in quick determination,  
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute.  
Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
With variable objects, shall expel  
This something-settled matter in his heart;  
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus  
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well; but yet, I do believe,  
The origin and commencement of his grief  
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?  
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;  
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;  
But, if you hold it fit after the play,  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
To show his grief; let her be round with him;  
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference. If she find him not,  
To England send him; or confine him, where  
Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so;  
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A Hall in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it  
to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as  
many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke  
my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand,  
thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest,  
and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must  
acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smooth-  
ness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious  
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags,

to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. 'Pray you, avoid it.

*1 Play.* I warrant your honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form, and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*1 Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

*Pol.* And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste.— [*Exit* POLONIUS.]  
Will you two help to hasten them?

*Both.* Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

*Ham.* What, ho; Horatio!

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

*Hor.* O my dear lord,—

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter;  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revénue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?  
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?  
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish her election, *choice*  
She hath sealed thee for herself. For thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those,  
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—  
There is a play to-night before the king;  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,  
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.  
I pr'ythee when thou seest that act afoot, *started*  
Even with the very comment of thy soul *succeeded*  
Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt *secret*  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech, *back with*  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen; *slip*  
And my imaginations are as foul *do do*  
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;  
And, after, we will both our judgments join  
In censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord;  
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,  
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play; I must be idle:  
Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS,  
OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish. I eat  
the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these  
words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say? [*To* POLONIUS.]

*Pol.* That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact? *took part*

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

*Pol.* O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*]

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA'S feet.]

*Oph.* No, my lord.

*Ham.* I mean my head upon your lap?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Do you think I meant contrary matters?

*Oph.* I think nothing, my lord.

*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

*Oph.* What is, my lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year. But, by'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

*Trumpets sound. The Dumb Show follows.*

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns;*

*finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile; but, in the end, accepts his love.*

[Exeunt.]

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* Marry, this is milching malicho; it means mischief.

*Oph.* Belike, this show imports the argument of the play

*Enter Prologue.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow. The players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this show meant?

*Ham.* Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

*Pro.* *For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.*

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord,—

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter a King and a Queen.*

*P. King.* Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round  
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;  
And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed sheen,  
About the world have times twelve thirties been;  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands, *god of marriage*  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the sun and moon  
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!  
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer, and from your former state,  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;  
For women fear too much, even as they love;  
And women's fear and love hold quantity; *proportion*  
In neither aught, or in extremity.  
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;  
And as my love is sized, my fear is so.



Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

*stop*

*P. King.* 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;  
My operant powers their functions leave to do;  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honored, beloved; and, haply, one as kind  
For husband shalt thou——

*P. Queen.* O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast;  
In second husband let me be accursed!

None wed the second, but who killed the first.

*Ham.* That's wormwood. *considerations*

*P. Queen.* The instances, that second marriage move,  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

*P. King.* I do believe you think what now you speak;  
But, what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory;  
Of violent birth, but poor validity;  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;  
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.

*emotion*

What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy;  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

*happening*

This world is but for aye; nor 'tis not strange,  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change.

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;  
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;  
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.

*develop, logically*

But, orderly to end where I begun,—  
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,—

That our devices still are overthrown;  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.  
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;  
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!  
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!  
To desperation turn my trust and hope! *what he lives on*  
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!  
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,  
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!  
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If she should break it now,—— [To OPH.]

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile *do something in sleep*  
The tedious day with sleep. *gladly* [Sleeps.]

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence *plot.*

in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This *represent*  
play is the image of a murder done in Vienna; Gonzago  
is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista; you shall see anon;  
'tis a knavish piece of work. But what of that? your majesty,  
and we that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the galled jade  
wince, our withers are unwrung.---

*Enter* LUCIANUS. *in guilt*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, *my lord.* *such a*

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

*Oph.* Still better, and worse.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;—

——The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge. *ready*

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands ant, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,



RE-AMOUNT



With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

*[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.]*

*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see, anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The king rises.

*Ham.* What! frightened with false fire!

*Queen.* How fares my lord?

*Pol.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me some light; away!

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights!

*[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.]*

*Ham.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

*Hor.* Half a share.

*Ham.* A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very — peacock.

*Hor.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.* O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

• *Ham.* Ah, ha!—come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Come, some music.

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir,—

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

*— ill*

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with choler. *anger* *delirium*

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir;—pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

*Ros.* Then thus she says: Your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration. *wonder*

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us? *traffic*

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do still, by these pickers and stealers. *hands*

*Ros.* Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend. *grievances*

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark? *vote*

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

*Enter the Players, with recorders.*

O, the recorders;—let me see one.—To withdraw with you.—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil? *trap*

*undertake*

*Guil.* O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these I cannot command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery: you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

*Polonius*

*Enter* POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

*Pol.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or, like a whale.

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then will I come to my mother by and by.—  
They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so. [*Exit* POLONIUS.]

*Ham.* By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;  
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood.  
And do such bitter business as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother,—  
 O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;  
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural.  
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;  
 How in my words soever she be shent,  
 To give them seals, never, my soul, consent! [Exit

SCENE III. *A Room in the same.*

*Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,  
 To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;  
 I your commission will forthwith despatch  
 And he to England shall along with you.  
 The terms of our estate may not endure  
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow  
 Out of his lunacies.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide.  
 Most holy and religious fear it is,  
 To keep those many many bodies safe,  
 That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound,  
 With all the strength and armor of the mind,  
 To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more  
 That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest  
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
 What's near it, with it. It is a massy wheel,  
 Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,  
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
 Are mortised and adjoined; which, when it falls,  
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;  
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
 Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros. Guil.* We will haste us. [Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.  
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
 To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home;



And, as you said,—and wisely was it said,—  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

*King.*

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,  
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will;  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—  
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,  
Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—

That cannot be; since I am still possessed  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
Try what repentance can. What can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!  
O limed soul; that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!  
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;  
All may be well!

[*Retires and kneels.*]

*effects of  
offence  
hand full  
of gold.*

*entangled*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;  
 And now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:  
 And so am I revenged? That would be scanned. *ought*  
 A villain kills my father; and, for that,  
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
 To heaven. *certain now*  
 Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
 He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;  
 And, how his audit stands, who knows, save Heaven?  
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,  
 'Tis heavy with him. And am I then revenged  
 To take him in the purging of his soul,  
 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?  
 No. *prepared, ripened*  
 Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent. *hint*  
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;  
 Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;  
 At gaming, swearing; or about some act  
 That has no relish of salvation in't:  
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;  
 And that his soul may be as damned, and black,  
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;  
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. *medicine* [Exit.

*The King rises and advances.*

*King.* ~~My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;~~  
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.  
*Prayer*

SCENE IV. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Queen and POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him;  
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;  
 And that your grace hath screened and stood between  
 Much heat and him I'll silence me e'en here.  
 'Pray you, be round with him.

*Queen.* I'll warrant you;  
 Fear me not;—withdraw, I hear him coming.  
 [POLONIUS *hides himself.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so.

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And,—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass *mirror*

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

*Ham.* How now! a rat?

[*Draws.*

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

[*Falls and dies.*

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

Is it the king?

[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king! (*Amprised*)

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*To POLONIUS.*

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff; *more of feeling*

If damned custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act,

*undignified*

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;  
 Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose  
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows  
 As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed  
 As from the body of contraction plucks  
 The very soul; and sweet religion makes  
 A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow;  
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,  
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen.

Ah me, what act,  
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow!

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury,  
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows.

Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?]

You cannot call it love; for, at your age,

The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment. And what judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,

Else could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense

Is apoplexed; for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,

But it reserved some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,

That thus hath cozened you at hoodman blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense,

Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire; proclaim no shame,

?

marriage

sad

God of Beauty

entirely  
introd-  
uction

disparate  
duplication

attitude

forehead

(learn)

ungrammatical  
paraphrase

paralyzed

small amount

what - that which

When the compulsive ardor gives the charge;  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
And reason panders will.

*Queen.*

*Hamlet.* O Hamlet, speak no more.  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
And there I see such black and grained spots  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.*

Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;  
Stewed in corruption; honeying, and making love  
Over the nasty sty;—

*Queen.*

O, speak to me no more;  
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears.  
No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer, and a villain;

A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe  
Of your precedent lord;—a viceroy of kings;  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.*

No more.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ham.*

A king

Of shreds and patches.—

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure!

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?  
O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget. This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits.  
O, step between her and her fighting soul;  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.*

How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eyes on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,

*regarded to being  
as one who  
had robbed  
his throne*

*figure of a ghost.*

*used knife to rob.*

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look

*Ham.* On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!  
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;  
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert  
My stern affects: then what I have to do  
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing, but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you, there! look, how it steals away!  
My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.]

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain.  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy! *insanity to amuse state emotion*  
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,  
That I have uttered; bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will reword; which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.  
It will skin and film the ulcerous place;  
Whiles rank corruption mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,  
For in the fatness of these pursy times, *poured pampered.*  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;  
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night; but go not to my uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat  
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,

That ~~aptly~~ <sup>readly</sup> is put on. Refrain to-night;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next ~~abstinence~~; the next more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either quell the devil or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!  
And when you are desirous to be blessed,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[Pointing to POLONIUS.

I do repent. But Heaven hath pleased it so,—  
To punish me with this, and this with me;  
That I must be their ~~scourge~~ and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—  
I must be cruel, only to be kind;  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—  
But one word more, good lady.

Queen.

What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do.  
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch ~~wanton~~ on your cheek; call you his mouse;  
And let him for a pair of ~~reechy~~ kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,  
Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;  
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen.

I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters sealed; and my two school-fellows,—  
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fanged,—

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,  
And marshall me to knavery. Let it work;  
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar; and it shall go hard,

~~refrain~~  
~~refrain~~

~~wipe the~~  
~~sanior~~  
~~used.~~

~~oxymoron~~  
~~latter sheets~~  
~~cruel kindness~~

~~stobbery~~

~~Toad.~~  
~~unacad~~

~~alar~~  
Alack,

~~any machine~~  
~~or machine~~  
~~instrument~~

But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
 And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,  
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.—  
 This man shall set me packing.  
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbor-room.  
 Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor  
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
 Who was in life a foolish, prating knave.  
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.  
 Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* There's matter in these sighs; these profound  
 heaves:

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.  
 Where is your son?

*Queen.* Bestow on us this place a little while.—

[*To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, who  
 go out.*

Ah, my good lord, what I have seen to-night!

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend  
 Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,  
 Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
 Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*  
 And, in his brainish apprehension, kills  
 The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed!  
 It had been so with us, had we been there.

His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answered? *for.*

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept, short, restrained, and out of haunt, *public*

This mad young man: but, so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,



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To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath killed  
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,  
Among a mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O Gertrude, come away!  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged him.  
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* ROS. and GUIL.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;  
And let them know, both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done; so, haply, slander,—  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,  
Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name,  
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* HAMLET.

*Ham.* ——Safely stowed,—[*Ros. &c. within.* Ham-  
let! lord Hamlet!] But soft!—what noise? who calls on  
Hamlet? O, here they come.

*Enter* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,  
And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.  
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—What replication  
should be made by the son of a king?

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his reward, his authorities. But such officers do the king best services in the end. He keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

*Guil.* A thing, my lord?

*Ham.* Of nothing; bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter King, attended.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose! Yet must we not put the strong law on him, He's loved of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weighed, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause. Diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliances are relieved,

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord, We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he?

*Ros.* Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper? Where?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas!

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that hath ate of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

*King.* What dost thou mean by this?

*Ham.* Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven; send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

*King.* Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

*Ham.* He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—  
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence  
With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself;  
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,  
The associates tend, and every thing is bent  
For England.

*Ham.* For England?

*King.*

Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.*

Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou know'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother. Father and mother is man and wife;  
man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

*King.* Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;  
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away; for every thing is sealed and done

That else leans on the affair. Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,

(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us,) thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,  
 By letters conjuring to that effect,  
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;  
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,  
 Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [Exit.

## SCENE IV. A Plain in Denmark.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.*

*For.* Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;  
 Tell him, that, by his license, Fortinbras  
 Claims the conveyance of a promised march  
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
 If that his majesty would aught with us,  
 We shall express our duty in his eye,  
 And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do't, my lord.

*For.* Go softly on. [*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir.

*Ham.* How purposed, sir,

I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who

Commands them, sir?

*Cap.* The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,  
 We go to gain a little patch of ground,  
 That hath in it no profit but the name.  
 To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
 Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,  
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, 'tis already garrisoned.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,  
 Will not debate the question of this straw.

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;  
 That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
 Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

*Cap.* God be wi' you, sir. [Exit Captain

*Ros.* Will't please you go, my lord?

*Ham.* I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And ~~spur~~ my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good, and market of his time,  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before, and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason

To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—

A thought, which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,  
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know

Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me.

Witness, this army of such mass and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,

Makes mouths at the invisible event;

Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,

To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,

Is, not to stir without great argument;

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,

When honor's at the stake. How stand I, then,

That have a father killed, a mother stained,

Excitements of my reason, and my blood,

And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men,

That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,

Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough, and continent,

To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter Queen and HORATIO.*

*Queen.*—I will not speak with her.

*Hor.* She is importunate; indeed, distract;  
Her mood will needs be pitied.

*Queen.*

What would she have?

*Hor.* She speaks much of her father; says she hears  
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;  
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,  
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,  
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;  
Which, as her winks and nods, and gestures yield them,  
Indeed, would make one think there might be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

*Queen.* 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may  
strew ~~quess~~

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Let her come in.

[Exit HORATIO.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *lack of spill*

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.*

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

*Queen.* How now, Ophelia?

*Oph.* *How should I your true love know,  
From another one?*

*By his cockle hat and staff,*

*And his sandal shoon.* *shoes* [Singing.

*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay; 'pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,*

[Sings.

*He is dead and gone;*

*At his head a grass-green turf,*

*At his heels a stone.*

O, ho!

*Queen.* Nay, but Ophelia,—

*Oph.*

'Pray you, mark.

*White his shroud as the mountain snow,*

[Sings.

*Enter King.*

*Queen.* Alas, look here, my lord.

*Oph.* *Larded all with sweet flowers;*

*Which bewept to the grave did go,*

*With true love showers.*

*King.* How do you, pretty lady?

*Oph.* Well, God 'ield you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter! Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* 'Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime;  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.*

*Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,  
And dupped the chamber-door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.*

*King.* Pretty Ophelia!

*Oph.* Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

*By Gis, and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do't if they come to't;  
By cock they are to blame.  
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed;*

[He answers.]

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

*King.* Follow her close! give her good watch, I pray you.

[Exit HORATIO.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death. And now behold,  
O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions! First, her father slain;  
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author  
Of his own just remove. The people muddled,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,  
 For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,  
 In hugger-mugger to inter him. Poor Ophelia  
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgment; *normal*  
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.  
 Last, and as much containing as all these,  
 Her brother is in secret come from France;  
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, *prism*  
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear *whispers*  
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;  
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggared, *not hestid*  
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,  
 Like to a murdering piece, in many places  
 Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.

Queen.                     

Alack! what noise is this!

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* Attend.

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.  
 What is the matter?

*Gent.*

Save yourself, my lord;

The ocean, overpeering of his list *boundary*  
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,  
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, *armed*  
 O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him lord;  
 And, as the world were now but to begin,  
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
 The ratifiers and props of every word,  
 They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*  
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,  
*Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!*

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! *wrong trail*  
 O this is counter you false Danish dogs.

*King.* The doors are broke.

[Noise within.]

*Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.*

*Laer.* Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

*Danes.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.*

I pray you, give me leave.

*Danes.* We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

*Laer.* I thank you;—keep the door.—O thou vile king,  
 Give me my father.



Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me  
bastard; *not husband's child - but he*  
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot  
Even here, between the chaste, unsmirched brow  
Of my true mother. *don't know it,*

King. What ~~is~~ the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—  
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go, Gertrude;—  
Speak, man. *enraged*

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.  
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,—  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged  
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's;  
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,  
If you desire to know the certainty  
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,  
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,  
Winner and loser? *gamble*

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;  
And like the kind, life-rendering pelican, *maternal love*  
Repast them with my blood. *filial ingratitude*

King. Why, now ~~you~~ speak  
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensibly in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment pierce  
As day does to your eye.

*Dances* [Within.] Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

*Enter* OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—

By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,  
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O Heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.

*Oph.* They bore him barefaced on the bier;

Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny;

And in his grave rained many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,  
It could not move thus.

*Oph.* You must sing, *Down-a-down*, an you call him  
*a-down-a*. O, how the wheel becomes it! it is the false  
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray  
you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness; thoughts and remem-  
brance fitted.

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and columbines;—there's  
rue for you; and here's some for me;—we may call it herb  
of grace o' Sundays;—you may wear your rue with a dif-  
ference.—There's a daisy.—I would give you some violets;  
but they withered all, when my father died.—They say he  
made a good end—

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.* [Sings.

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,  
She turns to favor, and to prettiness.

*Oph.* And will he not come again?

[Sings.

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead;

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

*His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll;  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan;  
God'a mercy on his soul!*

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!  
[Exit OPHELIA]

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God?

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your grief,  
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,  
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.  
If by direct or by collateral hand  
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,  
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,  
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,  
Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
And we shall jointly labor with your soul  
To give it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so;  
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—  
No trophy, sword, or hatchment, o'er his bones,  
No noble right, nor formal ostentation,—  
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,  
That I must call't in question.

*King.* So you shall;  
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.  
I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt]

SCENE VI. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.*

*Hor.* What are they that would speak with me;

*Serv.* Sailors, sir;

They say they have letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in.—

[Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world  
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let his bless thee, too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter

for you, sir. It comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

*Hor. [Reads.]* Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor; and in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

*He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.*

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;  
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter King and LAERTES.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,  
And you must put me in your heart for friend;  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he, which hath your noble father slain,  
Pursued my life.

*Laer.* It well appears.—But tell me,  
Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,  
You mainly were stirred up.

*King.* O, for two special reasons;  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinewed,  
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,  
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,  
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)  
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere.

I could not but by her. The other motive,  
 Why to a public count I might not go,  
 Is, the great love the general gender bear him;  
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
 Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
 Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,  
 Too slightly timbered for so loud a wind,  
 Would have reverted to my bow again,  
 And not where I had aimed them.

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost;  
 A sister driven into desperate terms;  
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,  
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
 For her perfections.—But my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think  
 we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
 But we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.  
 I loved your father, and we love ourself;  
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—  
 How now! what news?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.  
 This to your majesty; this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not;  
 They were given me by Claudio; he received them  
 Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them.—  
 Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

*[Reads.]* *High and mighty, you shall know I am set  
 naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to  
 see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon  
 thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more  
 strange return.*  
 Hamlet.

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back?  
 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,—*  
 And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone.*  
 Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;  
 It warms the very sickness in my heart,

*hand writing*

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
Thus diddest thou.

King. *can* If it be so, Laertes,  
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—  
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now returned,—  
As checking at his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it,—I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall.  
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;  
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it accident. *will p*

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;  
The rather, if you could devise it so,  
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.  
You have been talked of since your travel much,  
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine. Your sum of parts  
Did not together pluck such envy from him,  
As did that one; and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege. *accomplish here opinion*

Laer. What part is that, my lord!

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears,  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,  
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—  
I have seen myself, and served against the French,  
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant  
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;  
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured  
With the brave beast. So far he topped my thought,  
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,  
Come short of what he did. *delivered*

Laer. *magic fine* A Norman was't? *imagine what he'd*

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King.

The very same.

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,  
And gem of all the nation

*King.* He made confession of you;  
And gave you such a masterly report,  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your rapier most especial,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you. The scrimers of their nation,  
He swore, had neither motion, guard, or eye,  
If you opposed them. ~~Sir~~ this report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.  
Now, out of this,—

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father,  
But that I know love is begun by time,  
And that I see, in passages of proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;  
And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,  
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,  
We should do when we would; for this would changes,  
And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this should is like a spendthrift's sigh,  
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:  
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake,  
To show yourself in deed your father's son  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i'the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,  
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber;  
Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home.  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,  
And wager o'er your heads. He, being remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice,  
Requite him for your father.

*Laer.*

I will do't;

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.

*poison*  
*poison*  
*poison*  
I bought an unction of a mountebank, *climb on a bench*  
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,  
That is but scratched withal. I'll touch my point  
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;

Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,  
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail, *plan*  
And that our drift look through our bad performance, *purpose*  
'Twere better not assayed; therefore this project *let us*  
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in proof.—Soft, let me see;—  
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—  
I ha't.

*Cup*  
When in your motion you are hot and dry,  
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,) *drink*  
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him *room*  
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venomed stuck, *poison*  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

*Enter Queen.*

How now, sweet queen?

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drowned, Laertes.

*Laer.* Drowned! O where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:  
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;  
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:  
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;  
As one incapable of her own distress,



Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element; but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas, then, she is drowned?

*Queen.* Drowned, drowned.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet  
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
The women will be out.—Adieu, my lord!  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
Now fear I, this will give it start again;  
Therefore, let's follow.

[*Exeunt*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. A Church-yard.

*Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully  
seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee she is; therefore make her grave straight.  
The crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in  
her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be ~~so~~ *offendando*; it cannot be else. For  
here lies the point. If I drown myself wittingly, it argues  
an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do,  
and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good; here  
stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and  
drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you  
that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he  
drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own  
death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

✓ 1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged. Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if J thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend your pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

1 Clown digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,  
Methought it was very sweet,  
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,  
O, methought there was nothing meet.*

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

\* 1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath clawed me in his clutch,  
And hath shipped me into the land,  
As if I had never been such.*

[Throws up a skull.

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that might circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so; and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. *A pickaxe and a spade, a spade, [Sings.  
For—and a shrouding sheet,  
O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

[Throws up a skull.

*Ham.* There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddets now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands

will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

*1 Clo.* Mine, sir.—

*O, a pit of clay for to be made* [Sings.  
*For such a guest is meet.*

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

*1 Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine. 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

*1 Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*1 Clo.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman, then?

*1 Clo.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*1 Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

*1 Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long's that since?

*1 Clo.* Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was that very day young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

*1 Clo.* Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*1 Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the man are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*1 Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*1 Clo.* 'Faith, c'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*1 Clo.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

*1 Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that scarce will hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*1 Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*1 Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*1 Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This?

[*Takes the skull.*]

*1 Clo.* E'en that.

\**Ham.* Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that.—'Prythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Fantasy,  
imagination*

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah! [*Throws down the skull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

† Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!  
But soft! but soft! aside.—Here comes the king, †

*Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES, and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers! Who is this they follow,  
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,  
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand  
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:

Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with HORATIO.*

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is Laertes,

A very noble youth. Mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged  
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful;  
And, but that great command o'ersways the order  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged  
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,  
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;  
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done!  
We should profane the service of the dead,  
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth;—  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia!

*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet. Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*

Different  
Professional  
Suicide  
graveyard for  
unbelievers &  
suicides

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;  
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet-maid,  
And not have strewed thy grave.

*Laer.* O, treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

*[Leaps into the grave.]*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made  
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* *[Advancing.]* What is he, whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.

*[Leaps into the grave.]*

*Laer.* The devil take thy soul!

*[Grappling with him.]*

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.  
I pry'thee, take thy fingers from my throat;  
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Queen.* Hamlet, Hamlet!

*All.* Gentlemen,—

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

*[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]*

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O my son! what theme?

*Ham.* I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers  
Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* Zounds, show me what thou'lt do  
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?  
Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?  
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?  
To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.  
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,  
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,  
 I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness;  
 And thus awhile the fit will work on him;  
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
 When that her golden couplets are disclosed,  
 His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir;  
 What is the reason that you use me thus?  
 I loved you ever. But it is no matter;  
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
 The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

*King.* I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—  
 [*Exit HORATIO.*  
 Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;  
 [*To LAERTES.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.—  
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—  
 This grave shall have a living monument.  
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;  
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

*Ham.* So much for this, sir; now shall you see the  
 other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord!

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting  
 That would not let me sleep; methought I lay  
 Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,  
 And praised be rashness for it,—Let us know,  
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
 When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us,  
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
 Rough-hew them how we will.

*Hor.* That is most certain

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
 My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark  
 Groped I to find out them; had my desire;  
 Fingered their packet; and, in fine, withdrew  
 To mine own room again; making so bold,



My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,  
A royal knavery; an exact command,—  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,—  
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—  
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible?

*Ham.* Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.  
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

*Hor.* Ay, 'beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with villanies,  
Or could I make a prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the play.—I sat me down;  
Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:  
I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labored much  
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know  
The effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the king,—  
As England was his faithful tributary;  
As love between them like the palm might flourish;  
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,  
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;  
And many such like as's of great charge,—  
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,  
Without debatement further, more, or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving time allowed.

*Hor.* How was this sealed?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant;  
I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal;  
Folded the writ up in form of the other;  
Subscribed it; gave't the impression; placed it safely,  
The changeling never known. Now, the next day  
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this employment;  
They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
Does by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the <sup>thrust</sup>pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this?

*Ham.* Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?  
He that hath killed my king, and whored my mother;  
Popped in between the election and my hopes;  
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,  
To quit him with this arm; and is't not to be damned,  
To let this canker of our nature come  
In further evil?

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him from England,  
What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short; the interim is mine;  
And a man's life, no more than to say, one.  
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
For by the image of my cause, I see  
The portraiture of his. I'll count his favors.  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace; who comes here?

*Enter OSRIC.*

*Osr.* Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to  
know him. He hath much land and fertile; let a beast be  
lord of beasts, and this crib shall stand at the king's mess.  
'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession  
of dirt.

*Osr.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should  
impart a thing to you from his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.  
Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

*Osr.* I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, sir, 'tis very cold; the wind is  
northerly.

*Osr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or  
my complexion—

*Osr.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,  
—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify

to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,——

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember——

[*HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.*

*Osr.* Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

*Osr.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Osr.* Sir?

*Hor.* Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

*Osr.* Of Laertes?

*Hor.* His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Osr.* I know you are not ignorant——

*Ham.* I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

*Osr.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well, were to know himself.

*Osr.* I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Osr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons; but, well.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, halgers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very

dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

*Osr.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on. Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this impawned, as you call it?

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How, if I answer no?

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me. Let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

*Osr.* Shall I deliver you so?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

*Lord.* The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord*

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord,——

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit; we defy augury. There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves,—knows;—what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

*Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with foils, &c.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong;  
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.  
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,  
How I am punished with a sore distraction.  
What I have done,  
That might your nature, honor, and exception,  
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.  
Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never, Hamlet.  
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,  
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,  
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.  
Who does it then? His madness.—If't be so,  
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;  
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.  
Sir, in this audience,  
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil  
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most  
To my revenge; but in my terms of honor,  
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,  
Till by some elder masters, of known honor,  
I have a voice and precedent of peace,  
To keep my name ungorged. But till that time,  
I do receive your offered love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely,  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—  
Give us the foils; come on.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,  
Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give him the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,  
You know the wager?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord;  
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

*King.* I do not fear it. I have seen you both.—  
But since he's bettered, we have therefore odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy; let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

*Os.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—  
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;  
And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,  
*Now the king drinks to Hamlet.*—Come, begin;—  
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well,—again.

*King.* Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;  
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*]

*Ham.* I'd play this bout first; set it by awhile.  
Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*]

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath —  
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin; rub thy brows.  
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good madam,—

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

*King.* It is the poisoned cup; it is too late. [*Aside.*]

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think it.

*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but dally.  
I pray you, pass with your best violence;  
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so? come on. [*They play*]

*Osr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET, then, in scuffling, they  
change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

*King.* Part them; they are incensed.

*Ham.* Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*]

*Osr.* Look to the queen there, ho!

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides;—how is it, my lord?

*Osr.* How is't, Laertes?

*Laer.* Why, as the woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice;  
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!  
The drink, the drink;—I am poisoned! [*Dies.*

*Ham.* O villany!—Ho! let the door be locked.  
Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet; Hamlet, thou art slain;  
No medicine in the world can do thee good;  
In thee there is not half an hour's life.  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated, and envenomed. The foul practice  
Hath turned itself on me; lo, here I lie,  
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned;  
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point  
Envenomed too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King*

*Osr. and Lords.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,  
Drink off this potion.—Is the union here?  
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

*Laer.* He is justly served;  
It is a poison tempered by himself. *mixed*  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;  
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.  
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—  
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it;  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,  
Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,—  
Give me the cup: let go; by Heaven, I'll have it.—  
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,



Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain  
To tell my story.— [*March afar off, and shot within.*  
What warlike noise is this?

*Osr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,  
To the ambassadors of England gives  
This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.  
I cannot live to hear the news from England;  
But I do prophesy the election lights *selection*  
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,  
*ted* Which have solicited,—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet  
prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.*

*Fort.* Where is this sight?

*Hor.* What is it you would see?  
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*Fort.* This quarry cries on havoc!—*killings* O proud death!  
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes, at a shot, *pending*  
So bloodily hast struck?

*1 Amb.* The sight is dismal;  
And our affairs from England come too late.  
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,  
To tell him, his commandment is fulfilled,  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:  
Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth.  
Had it the ability of life to thank you;  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so jump upon this bloody question, *exactly, wish*  
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,  
Are here arrived; give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view;  
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,  
*now* How these things came about. So shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause;

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fallen on the inventors' heads. All this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune;  
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,  
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more;  
But let this same be presently performed,  
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance  
On plots and errors happen.

*Fort.* Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have proved most royally; and, for his passage,  
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,  
Speak loudly for him.—  
Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this,  
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.  
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [A dead march.]

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which  
a peal of ordnance is shot off within.*]

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.

BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*

Two other Senators.

GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio.*

OTHELLO, *the Moor :*

CASSIO, *his Lieutenant :*

IAGO, *his Ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman.*

MONTANO, *Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*

Clown, *Servant to Othello.*

Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*

BIANCA, *a Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors,  
Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the  
Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus.*

*Iago wears impenetrable mask*  
*Time elapse only 2 days*

# OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

*Roderigo.* TUSH, never tell me; I take it much unkindly,

That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,  
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me.—  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the  
city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Oft capped to him;—and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes  
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,  
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion, nonsuits  
My mediators; *for, certes*, says he,  
*I have already chose my officer.*

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife;  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,

*cotton wadding*  
*cram Cocution.*  
*1. Round about manner*

Wherein the toged consuls can propose  
As masterly as he. Mere prattle, without practice,  
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election.  
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,  
Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calmed  
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.

*Rod.* By Heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

*Iago.* But there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service;  
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,  
Not by the old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
Whether I in any just term am affined  
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him, then.

*Iago.* O sir, content you;  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender; and, when he's old, cashiered;  
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,  
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their  
coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;  
And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.  
In following him, I follow but myself:  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
Fer daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,  
If he can carry't thus!

*I have seen  
can get it.*

*Iago.* Call up her father,  
Rouse him; make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,  
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some color.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What, ho! Brabantio! seignior Brabantio! ho!

*Iago.* Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!  
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!  
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

*Rod.* Seignior, is all your family within?

*Iago.* Are your doors locked?

*Bra.* Why, wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you are robbed; for shame, put on  
your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise;  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.  
Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reverend seignior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I; what are you?

*Rod.* My name is—Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worse welcome;

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,  
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir, sir,—

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirit, and my place, have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;  
My house is not a grange.

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not  
serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do  
you service, you think we are ruffians. You'll have your  
daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your  
nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins,  
and genets for germans.

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter  
and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,  
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,  
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier—  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—  
If this be known to you and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,  
That, from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.  
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,  
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself;  
If she be in her chamber, or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!  
Give me a taper;—call up all my people.—  
This accident is not unlike my dream;  
Belief of it oppresses me already.—  
Light, I say! light! [Exit, from above.

*Iago.* Farewell; for I must leave you.  
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall)



Against the Moor. For, I do know, the state—  
 However this may gall him with some check—  
 Cannot with safety cast him! for he's embarked  
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,  
 (Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,  
 Another of his fathom they have not,  
 To lead their business; in which regard,  
 Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,  
 Yet, for necessity of present life,  
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
 Which is, indeed, but sign. That you shall surely find  
                   him,  
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;  
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil; gone she is;  
 And what's to come of my despised time,  
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,  
 Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—  
 With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—  
 How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou deceiv'st me  
 Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;  
 Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think they are.

*Bra.* O Heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of  
                   the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
 By what you see them act.—Is there not charms,  
 By which the property of youth and maidhood  
 May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
 Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—O that you had had her!—  
 Some one way, some another.—Do you know  
 Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think I can discover him; if you please  
 To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* 'Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
 I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!  
 And raise some special officers of night.—  
 On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.**Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,  
 To do no contrived murder; I lack iniquity  
 Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times  
 I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
 Against your honor,  
 That, with the little godliness I have,  
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,  
 Are you fast married? for, be assured of this,—  
 That the magnifico is much beloved;  
 And hath, in his effect, a voice potential  
 As double as the duke's. He will divorce you;  
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
 The law (with all his might, to enforce it on)  
 Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite;  
 My services, which I have done the seignory,  
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,  
 (Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,  
 I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being  
 From men of royal siege; and my demerits  
 May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune  
 As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,  
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
 I would not my unhoused, free condition  
 Put into circumscription and confine  
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder!

*Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.*

*Iago.* These are the raised father, and his friends.  
 You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I; I must be found;  
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

X *Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general;  
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may devine;  
It is a business of some heat. The galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels:  
And many of the consuls, raised, and met,  
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly called for;  
When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests,  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,

And go with you. [Exit.

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack:  
If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to—come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of night,  
with torches and weapons.*

*Iago.* It is Brabantio.—General, be advised;  
He comes to bad intent.

*Oth.* Hola! stand there!

*Rod.* Seignior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust  
them.—

Good seignior, you shall more command with years,  
Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my  
daughter?

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;  
So opposite to marriage, that she shunned  
The wealthy, curled darlings of our nation—  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.  
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms;  
Abused her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,  
That waken motion.—I'll have it disputed on;  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—  
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go,  
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison; till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him?

*Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy seignior,  
The duke's in council; and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!  
In this time of the night?—Bring him away.  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own.  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Council Chamber.*

*The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news,  
That gives them credit.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportioned;  
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*2 Sen.* And mine, two hundred.  
But though they jump not on a just account,  
(As in these cases where the aim reports,  
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [*Within.*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

*Enter an Officer with a Sailor.*

*Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Duke.* Now; the business!

*Sailor.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By seignior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*1 Sen.* This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;  
And let ourselves again but understand,  
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dressed in; —if we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first;  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake, and wage a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course to the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injointed them with an after-fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail; and now do they restem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Seignior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—  
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us; wish him post-post-haste; despatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

*Enter* BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers.

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle seignior; †  
[*To* BRABANTIO.]

We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;  
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O my daughter!

*Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not—

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,  
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.* We are sorry for it.

*Duke.* What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[To OTHELLO.]

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little blessed with the set-phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
(For such proceeding I am charged withal,)  
I won his daughter with.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blushed at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—  
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!  
It is a judgment maimed, and most imperfect,  
That will confess—perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof;  
Without more certain and more overt test,  
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

*1 Sen.* But, Othello, speak.  
Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father.  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.--  
[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*

And till she come, as truly as to Heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
Still questioned me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have passed.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history:  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,  
Devour up my discourse; which I, observing,  
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,



But not intently. I did consent;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;  
 She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished  
 That Heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;  
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed;  
 And I loved her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used;  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter too.—  
 Good Brabantio,  
 Take up this mangled matter at the best.  
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
 Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak;  
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
 Lights on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;  
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,  
 Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father,  
 I do perceive here a divided duty.  
 To you I am bound for life and education;  
 My life and education both do learn me  
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;  
 I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;  
 And so much duty as my mother showed  
 To you, preferring you before her father,  
 So much I challenge that I may profess  
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you!—I have done.—  
 Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;  
 I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—  
 Come hither, Moor.  
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,

I am glad at soul I have no other child;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,  
Which has a grise, or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favor.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robbed, that smiles, steals something from the thief;  
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.  
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal;  
But words are words; I never yet did hear  
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.  
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes  
for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best  
known to you; and though we have there a substitute of  
most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress  
of effects, throws a more safer voice on you; you must  
therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new for-  
tunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity,  
I find in hardness; and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife;  
Due reference of place, and exhibition,  
With such accommodation, and besort,  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,  
Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I; I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke.  
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord.  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honors, and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords;—'beseech you, let her will  
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, Heaven; I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite;  
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects,  
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.  
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant,  
For she is with me. No, when light-winged toys  
Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dulness  
My speculative and active instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,  
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

*Des.* To-night, my lord?

*Duke.*

This night.

*Oth.*

(With all my heart,

*Duke.* At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.  
Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you:

With such things else of quality and respect,  
As doth import you.

*Oth.* Please your grace, my ancient;  
A man he is of honesty and trust;  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.—  
Good night to every one.—And, noble seignior,  
[To BRABANTIO.

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*1 Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;  
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

*Oth.* My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee.  
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;  
And bring them after in the best advantage.  
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
To spend with thee; we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

*Rod.* Iago—

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.  
Why, thou silly gentleman.

*Rod.* It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and  
then have we a prescription to die, when death is our phy-  
sician.

*Iago.* O, villanous! I have looked upon the world for  
four times seven years, and since I could distinguish between  
a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how  
to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself  
for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity  
with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be  
so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus,  
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our  
wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow  
lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one

gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man; drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favor with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money; the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must; therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it in a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money;—I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow.—Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago's Plan. - That I have  
I can be hanged.*

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning; do you hear?

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;  
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,  
If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;  
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets  
He has done my office. I know not if't be true;  
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;  
The better shall my purpose work on him.

*Cassio's* a proper man. Let me see now;  
To get his place, and to plume up my will;  
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see.—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,

That he is too familiar with his wife.—

He hath a person; and a smooth dispose  
To be suspected; framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
As asses are.

*His Plan* → I have't;—it is engendered.—Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport town in Cyprus. A Platform.*

*Enter* MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?

*1 Gent.* Nothing at all. It is a high-wrought flood;  
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.  
If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,

*Descriptive  
sea  
Language*

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* ~~A segregation of the Turkish fleet.~~

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous main,  
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned;  
It is impossible they bear it out.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;  
The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks,  
That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,  
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of  
comfort,  
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* 'Pray Heaven, he be;  
For I have served him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello!  
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,  
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor. O, let the Heavens

Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

*Mon.* Is he well shipped?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approved allowance;  
(?) Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*]

A sail, a sail, a sail!

*Enter another Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise?

4 *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—*A sail.*

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy;

[*Guns heard.*]

Our friends, at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

2 *Gent.* I shall.

[*Exit.*]

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

*Cas.* Most fortunately. He hath achieved a maid  
That paragon's description, and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation,  
Does bear all excellently.—How now? who has put in?

*Re-enter second Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favorable and happy speed.  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,—  
Traitors ensteeped to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit <sup>sunken</sup>  
Their mortal natures, letting go <sup>guns up</sup> safely by <sup>they about it</sup>  
The divine Desdemona. <sup>pathetic fallacy</sup>

*Mon.*

What is she?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
A se'ennight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits, <sup>prayer</sup>  
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,



*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

~~The riches of the ship is come on shore!~~  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of Heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
~~Enwheel~~ thee round!

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail! then guns heard.*

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;  
This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news.—

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome;—welcome, mistress.—

[*To EMILIA.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her lips  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much;  
I find it still, when I have list to sleep.

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,  
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.*

No, let me not.

*Des.* What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst  
praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
For I am nothing, if not critical. *See Iago's*

*Des.* Come on, assay;—there's one gone to the harbor?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile *pretend*  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize, *See Iago's*  
It plucks it out brains and all. But my  muse labors,  
And thus she is delivered:—

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit, *that which*  
The one's for use, the other useth it. *See Iago's*

*Des.* Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How, if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair,  
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old, fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh  
i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her  
that's foul and foolish? *See Iago's*

*Iago.* There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best.  
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman  
indeed! one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly  
put on the vouch of very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud; *never too*  
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay; *much*  
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*Now I may*;  
She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;  
She, that in wisdom never was so frail, *See Iago's*  
To change the cod's head for a salmon's tail; *See Iago's*  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind;  
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what? *See Iago's*

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer. *Keep a*

*Des.* O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not  
learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How  
say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal  
counsellor? *See Iago's*

*Cas.* He speaks <sup>to point</sup> home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] He takes her by the <sup>hand</sup> palm. Ay, well <sup>do me</sup> said, whisper; with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor—I know his trumpet.

*Cas.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes! <sup>look see where he comes</sup>

*Enter* OTHELLO, and Attendants.

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder, great as my content,

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,

May the winds blow till they have wakened death!

And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,

Olympus-high; and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,

My soul hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The Heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!—

I cannot speak enough of this content;

It stops me here; it is too much of joy.

And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* O, you are well tuned now!

But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,

As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let's to the castle.—

News, friends; our wars are done; the Turks are drowned.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—

*my joy makes  
myself  
myself*  
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona;  
Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and  
Attendants.]

*even*  
*even*  
Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbor. Come  
hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as (they say) base men,  
being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than  
is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches  
on the court of guard.—First, I must tell thee this.—Des-  
demona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

*attractive  
to the eye.  
handsome man  
are feed.*  
Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed.  
Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but  
for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies; and will she  
love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet heart think  
it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have  
to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the  
act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to  
give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favor; sympathy  
in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is de-  
fective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences  
her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave  
the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will  
instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice.  
Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced  
position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this for-  
tune, as Cassio does? a knave, very voluble; no further  
conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and  
humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and  
most hidden, loose affection. Why, none; why, none. A  
slippery and subtle knave: a finder out of occasions; that  
has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though  
true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave!  
besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those  
requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: a  
pestilent, complete knave; and the woman hath found him  
already.

*love*  
*follow*  
Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most  
blessed condition.

*disposition*

*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed <sup>padding!</sup> ~~padding!~~ Didst thou not see her pad- *carried*  
dle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure *nature*  
prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They *✓*  
met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced  
together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mu-  
tualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master  
and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish!—  
But, sir, be you ruled by me. I have brought you from  
Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't  
upon you. Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from  
you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by  
speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what  
other course you please, which the time shall more favorably  
minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden *quick temper* in choler; and,  
haply, with his truncheon may strike at you. Provoke him,  
that he may; for, even out of that, will I *disposition* cause these of  
Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualifications shall come into no  
true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall  
you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I  
shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most  
profitably removed, without the which there were no expecta-  
tion of our prosperity. *seen*

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I *arrange* warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the cita-  
del; I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

[Exit.

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.

The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—

Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;

And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;

Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,

I stand accountant for as great a sin,)

But partly led to diet my revenge. *cast full*

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor

Hath leaped into my seat; the thought whereof

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul,

Till I am even with him, wife for wife;

Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor

At least into a jealousy so strong

That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—

\* If this <sup>poor trash</sup> of Venice, whom I trace <sup>Handy can't see</sup>  
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, <sup>so he will not</sup>  
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; <sup>out other</sup>

<sup>affair</sup> Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,

For I fear <sup>Cassio</sup> with my nightcap too;

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,

For making him egregiously an ass,

And practising upon his peace and quiet,

Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused; <sup>in my mind</sup>

Knavery's plain face is never seen, till used. [Exit. <sup>distinctly</sup>

## SCENE II. A Street.

*Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; People following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere <sup>perdition of the Turkish fleet</sup> ~~perdition of the Turkish fleet~~, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III. A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night. Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop, Not to outsport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest. Michael, good night; to-morrow, with our earliest, Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[To DESDEMONA

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—

Good night. [Exit OTH., DES., and Attend.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch. *time*

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley of provocation. *provoking challenge parley*

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a ~~stoup~~ *cup* of wine; and here without are a brace of *Wine. a pair* Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello. *Wine*

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends. But one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night; and that was *slightly* ~~craftily~~ *qualified* too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo, Whom love has turned almost the wrong side outward, To Desdemona, hath to-night caroused Potations *quite* ~~potable~~ *deep*; and he's to watch. Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits, That hold their honors in a *careless* ~~war~~ distance, The very elements of this warlike eye, Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this <sup>crowd</sup> flock of drunkards,  
Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle.—But here they come:  
If consequence do but <sup>fit</sup> approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream. *My place*

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.*

*Cas.* 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

*And let me the canakin clink, clink;*

[Sings.

*And let me the canakin clink:*

*A soldier's a man;*

*A life's but a span;*

*Why, then, let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys!

[Wine brought in.

*Cas.* 'Fore Heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled. *celebrated*

*Cas.* To the health of our general.

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice. *man*

*Iago.* O, sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,*

*His breeches cost him but a crown;*

*He held them sixpence all to dear,*

*With that he called the tailor—lown.* *man's*

*He was a wight of high renown,*

*And thou art but of low degree;*

*'Tis pride that pulls the country down;*

*Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear it again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and



there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ~~ancient~~ <sup>ensign</sup>. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ~~ancient~~ <sup>ensign</sup>;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [Exit.]

*Mon.* To the platform, masters; come, let's see the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow, that is gone before.—

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar

And give direction; and do but see his vice; <sup>faults</sup>

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, <sup>equal</sup>

The one as long as the other; 'tis pity of him.

I fear the trust Othello puts him in,

On some odd time of his infirmity <sup>imperfection, weakness</sup>

Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep. <sup>introduction</sup>  
He'll watch the horologe a double set, <sup>clock = twenty four hours</sup>  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,

And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo?

[Aside.]

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit RODERIGO.]

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,

With one of an ingraft infirmity; <sup>grafted in - settled</sup>

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island.

I do love Cassio well; and would do much

To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

[Cry within—Help! help!]

*Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.*

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave!—teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle. *Look like a bo*

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost ~~thou~~ prate, rogue?

[*Striking RODERIGO.*

*Mon.*

Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard. *head*

*Mon.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk!

[*They fight.*

*Iago.* Away, I say! go out, and cry—A mutiny.

[*Aside to ROD., who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant! hold;

You will be shamed forever.

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* I bleed still; I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives. *mortal wound*

*Iago.* Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turned Turks; and to ourselves do that,

Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl.

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage, *indulge*

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—*if he mo*

Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle *he dies*

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters? *from*

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving, *from*

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,

ACT II.] OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

(As if some planet had unwitting men,)  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds; *foolish*  
And 'would in action glorious I had lost  
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil; *well behaved*  
The gravity and stillness of your youth *used to be*  
The world hath noted, and your name is great *reputation of being*  
In mouths of wisest *censure*. What's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion, for the name  
Of a night brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—*somewhat*  
While I spare speech, (which something now offends me)—  
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught *surely*  
By me that's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;—  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,  
When violence assails us.

Oth. *passion* *anger* *my daughter* *darkened*  
Now, by Heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
And passion, having my best judgment collied,  
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is approved in this offence,  
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel, *internal*  
In night, and on the court of guard and safety!  
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office, *bond, connected*  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

Iago *and* *Touch me not so near. Don't come so near to me*  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow, crying out for help;  
 And Cassio following with determined sword, *sword drawn*  
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;  
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
 Lest, by his clamor, (as it so fell out,)  
 The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,  
 Outran my purpose; and I returned the rather *because*  
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords, *clash*  
 And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,  
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back  
 (For this was brief) I found them close together,  
 At blow, and thrust; even as again they were  
 When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report;—

But men are men; the best sometimes forget.—

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received,

From him that fled, some strange indignity, *insult*

Which patience could not pass. *make*

*Self-control*  
 Oth.

I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter, *make*

Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;

But never more be officer of mine.—

*Enter* DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up;—

I'll make thee an example.

Des.

What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon:—Lead him off.

[To MONTANO, who is led off.

Iago, look with care about the town;

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,

To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but* IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have  
 lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of  
 myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago,  
 my reputation.

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian, with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is it possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moralist. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a familiar good creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for

talk nonsense  
parrot talk  
fustian talk

moralist  
substitution  
vers. talk

great thing

that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: <sup>qualit</sup> Confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help <sup>sole</sup> to put you in your place again; she is of so free, so kind, so <sup>apt</sup> so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, <sup>was</sup> entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against <sup>any</sup> lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and <sup>early</sup> ~~betimes~~ in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here. <sup>holding</sup>

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I <sup>will</sup> must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.]

*Iago.* And what's he, then, that says,—I play the villain? When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again? for, 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any <sup>honorable</sup> honest suit; she's framed as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so <sup>bound</sup> enfettered to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, <sup>will</sup> Even as her <sup>passion</sup> appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain, To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, <sup>incite</sup> As I do now; for while this honest fool Plies Desdemona, to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeals him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice. *intelligence*

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, *dismissed*

And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashiered Cassio;

Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe.

Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted. *appointed*

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter;

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be done, *urgent*

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way;

Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.*

*Cas.* Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's brief; and bid—good morrow, general?

[*Music.*]

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

*1 Mus.* How, sir, how!

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillet. There's a poor piece of gold for thee; if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech. Wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been abed, then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, To send in to your wife. My suit to her Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. [*Exit.*]

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant; I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will soon be well. The general, and his wife, are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies, That he you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom, He might not but refuse you. But, he protests, he loves you;



And needs no other suitor, but his likings,  
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,  
To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* 'Pray you, come in;  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;  
And, by him, do my duties to the state.  
That done, I will be walking on the works;  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

*Des.* Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,  
As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* O sir, I thank you. You do love my lord;  
You have known him long; and be you well assured  
He shall in strangeness stand no further off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, *substantial*  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,

That, I being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place; assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift; *absolved*  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die,  
Than give thy cause away. *up*

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes  
My lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay,  
And hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease;  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, well,  
Do your discretion.

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that. *[Exit CASSIO. first and stayed Iago.]*

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,  
That he would steal away so guiltylike,  
Secing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How now, my lord?  
I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,  
If I have any <sup>power</sup> grace or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take;  
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,  
I have no judgment in an honest face.  
I pr'ythee call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me;  
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

*Des.* But shall't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner, then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn.—

I pray thee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of their best,) is not almost a fault

To incur a private ~~check~~ <sup>rebuke</sup>. When shall he come? *rebuke - jealousy*

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What, Michael Cassio,

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Pr'ythee, no more. Let him come when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon; *favor*

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit

To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit,

Wherein I mean to touch <sup>test</sup> your love indeed.

It shall be full of poize and difficulty, *weight*

And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona; I will come to thee straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with EMILIA.*]

*Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,  
Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction in my thought;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

✕ *Oth.* O yes; and went between us very oft. *mediator*

*Iago.* Indeed?

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed.—Discern'st thou aught in that?  
Is he not honest? *honorable*

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?

*Oth.* Think, my lord!

By Heaven he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something;

I heard thee say but now—Thou lik'dst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?

And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed?*

And didst contract and *purse* thy brow together

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost;

And—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's *just*, *good*

They are close denotements, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule. *control*

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest. *honorable*

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

*(in Othello's report)  
in honest  
warning  
just  
honest*

As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts *ponder*  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me;  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—  
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions *ideas*  
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago.  
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,—  
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy *suspensions*  
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you, then,  
From one that so imperfectly conjects,  
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing.  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name, *petty stealing*  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By Heaven, I'll know thy thought.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make *make*  
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

*Oth.* O, misery!

*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter, *limitless*

*"cat, make money"*

*make  
by some other  
person  
Be betrayed*

To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—  
Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why! why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt  
Is—once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufficate and blown surmises, *guesses*  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,  
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous; *anything good*  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw *itself is his*  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;  
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*Iago.* I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason  
To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me.—I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure.  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't. *beguiled*  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And, when she seemed to shake, and fear your looks,  
She loved them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—  
He thought 'twas witchcraft.—But I am much to blame;  
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee forever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.  
I hope you will consider, what is spoke  
Comes from my love;—but I do see you are moved.—  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To ~~grosser~~ issues, nor to larger reach, *larger*  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* *would* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.—  
My lord, I see you are moved.

*Oth.* No, not much moved;—  
I do not think but Desdemona's honest. *charmed*

*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

*Oth.* And yet, how nature, erring from itself,— *wondering*  
*Iago.* Ay, there's the point.—As,—to be bold with you,— *a natural self.*

Not to affect many proposed matches,  
Of her own *country* ~~clime~~, ~~complexion~~ and degree;  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:  
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.  
But pardon me; I do not, in position,  
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment, *going back*  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And (happily) repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell.  
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;  
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

*Oth.* Why did I marry? This honest creature, doubt-  
less,

Sees, and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* My lord, I would I might entreat your honor  
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time;  
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,  
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)  
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means.  
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment *take back into service*  
With any strong or vehement importunity; *sollicitations*  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have to fear—I am,)  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor *innocent*

*Oth.* Fear not my government. *self control*

*Iago.* I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,

*And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit*  
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her ~~esses~~ <sup>essence</sup> were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune. Haply, ~~for~~ <sup>because</sup> I am black;  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have;—or, for I am declined  
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—  
She's gone; I am abused; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
For others' use. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,  
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes.

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

If she be false, O, then Heaven mocks itself!—  
I'll not believe it.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?

Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? Are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again.

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin;  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor.  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Wooded me to steal it; but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjured her she would ever keep it,)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,



And give't Iago.

What he'll do with it, Heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me?—It is a common thing—

*Emil.* Ha!

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.* What handkerchief?

*Emil.* What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her?

*Emil.* No, faith; she let it drop by negligence, carelessness  
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with it, that you have been so  
earnest  
To have me filch it? *snatching*

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you?

*[Snatching it.]*

*Emil.* If it be not for some purpose of import,  
Give it me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad,  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not you known of't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me.

*[Exit EMILIA]*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison.

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so;—

*Enter OTHELLO.*

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. *poisoned*

*He sees Othello.  
= plant + cause  
insanity*

*Oth.*

Ha! ha! false to me?

To me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general? No more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.—

I swear 'tis better to be much abused, *deceived*  
Than but to know't a little.

*Iago.*

How now, my lord?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

I saw it not, thought it not; it harmed not me;

I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, *sucking*

Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,

*\*Pioneers* and all, had tasted her sweet body, *lowest rank*

So I had nothing known. O, now, forever,

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

*deadly* And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is it possible!—My lord,—

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore; *has it*  
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Taking him by the throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,

Than answer my waked wrath.

*Iago.*

Is it come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,

To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse; *pity*

On horror's head horrors accumulate;

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;— *stand dumb*

For nothing canst thou to damnation add,

Greater than that.

*Iago.*

O grace, O Heaven, defend me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?  
 God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,—  
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—  
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world, *survive*.  
 To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,  
 I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should, be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
 And loses that <sup>which</sup> it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;  
 I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh  
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
 As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,  
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
 I'll not endure it.—'Would I were satisfied!

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.  
 I do repent me that I put it to you.  
 You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would? nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?  
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
 Behold her tupp'd?

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
 To bring them to that prospect. Damn them, then,  
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
 More than their own! What then? how then?  
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
 It is impossible you should see this,  
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,—  
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—  
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office;  
 But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,—  
 Pricked to it by foolish honesty and love,—  
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
 I could not sleep.  
 There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;  
One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*  
*Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!*

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,  
Cry,—*O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard.

As if he plucked up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sighed, and kissed; and then  
Cried,—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!*

*Oth.* O, monstrous! monstrous!

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion;  
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* ~~control my self.~~ I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that; but such a handkerchief  
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.*

If it be that,— *never a*

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers, *woman a*

It speaks against her with the other proofs. *under sh*

*Oth.* O that the slave had forty thousand lives; *one. He*

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge! *used as a*

Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago; *term.*

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.

'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,

To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught;

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

*Iago.* Pray, be content.

*Oth.*

O blood, Iago, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

Referring to  
Cassio

foolish

That all  
which  
are far

W  
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Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven, *looks like marble*  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.  
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
You elements that clip us round about!  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse, *pity.*  
What bloody work soever. *meet*

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to't.  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request.  
But let her live. *term of contempt*

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx; O, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own forever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

*Clo.* I dare not say he lies anywhere.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is  
stabbing.

*Des.* Go to; where lodges he? *enough said*

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where  
I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise  
a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to  
lie in my own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report? *instructed*

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make  
questions, and by them answer.

*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have  
moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.  
*provoked.*

*Clo.* To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.]

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam. *have.*

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humors from him.

*Emil.* *no is there* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio Be called to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* Well, my good lady. [Aside.] O, hardness to dissemble! *conceal*  
How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my lady. *signi*

*Des.* It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow. *signi*

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart; *proves*  
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout; *purify body*  
For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A frank one. *given to every lover that is*

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so; For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands; But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come, now, your promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

*Oth.* I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me; Lend me thy handkerchief. *Cold in head*

*Des.* Here, my lord. *unpays*

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

\* She was a charmer, and could almost read *in charmers*  
 The thoughts of people. . . She told her, while she kept it,  
 'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father *lovable*  
 Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,  
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
 Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt  
 After new fancies. *flames* She, dying, gave it me;  
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
 To give it her. I did so; and take heed of 't,  
 Make it a darling, like your precious eye:  
 To lose or giv't away, were such perdition, *loss*  
 As nothing else could match. *equal*

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it.  
 A sibyl, that had numbered in the world  
 The sun to make two hundred compasses,  
 In her prophetic fury sewed the work.  
 The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk; *silk worms*  
 And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful  
 Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well. *true*

Des. Then would to Heaven that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash? *quick*

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? Speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't; let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief; my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—— *sufficient*

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shared dangers with you;——

Oth. The handkerchief,——

*Des.*You are to blame.

Away!

In sooth,

*Oth.*

[Exit OTHELLO.]

*Emil.*

Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

*Enter IAGO and CASSIO.**Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;  
And, lo, the happiness! Go, and importune her.*Des.* How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?*Cas.* Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,That, by your virtuous means, I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,

Entirely honor; I would not be delayed.

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That neither service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purposed merit in futurity,

Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit;

So shall I clothe me in a forced content,

And shut myself up in some other course,

To fortune's alms.

*Des.*

Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,

My advocation is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,

Were he in favor, as in humor, altered.

So help me, every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best;

And stood within the blank of his displeasure,

For my free speech! You must awhile be patient;

What I can do, I will; and more I will,

Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?*Emil.*

He went hence but now,

And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;

And, like the devil, from his very arm

Puffed his own brother;—And can he be angry?



Something of moment, then. I will go meet him;  
There is matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.* I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—

[*Exit* IAGO.]

Either from Venice; or some unhatched practice, *plot*  
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—  
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members even to that sense  
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods:  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was, (unhandsome warrior as I am)  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find I had suborned the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

*Emil.* Pray Heaven it be state matters, as you think;  
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answered so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous. 'Tis a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here about;  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA]

*Enter* BIANCA

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?  
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eightscore hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?  
O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed:

But I shall, in a more continue time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
[Giving her DESDEMONA'S handkerchief]  
Take me this work out.

*Bian.* O Cassio, whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend.  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.  
Is it come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to! woman,  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous, now,  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance.  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?

*Cas.* I know not, sweet; I found it in my chamber.  
I like the work well, ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied.  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish, *credit*  
To have him see me womaned.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?

*Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;  
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,  
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.  
*gowned* [Exeunt]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

*Iago.* Will you think so?

*Oth.* Think so, Iago?

*Iago.* What?  
To kiss in private?

*Oth.* An unauthorized kiss. \*

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,  
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?  
~~It is hypocrisy against the devil.~~ *\* made him think you were his then you did not go to him.*  
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,  
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honor too;  
May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honor is an essence that's not seen;  
They have it very oft, that have it not.  
But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By Heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.—  
Thou saidst,—O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief. *signifying*

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That's not so good, now.

*Iago.* What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?  
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,  
Who having, by their own importunate suit, *voluntary dotage*  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  
But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,  
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when  
they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handker-  
chief,—confessions,—handkerchief,—To confess, and be  
hanged for his labor.—First to be hanged, and then to con-  
fess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in  
such shadowing passion, without some instruction.—It is  
not words that shake me thus.—Pish!—Noses, ears,  
and lips.—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—  
O devil!—

[Falls in a trance.]

*Iago.* Work on,  
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,  
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

*Enter CASSIO.*

My lord, I say! Othello! How now, Cassio?

*Cas.* What is the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* <sup>it</sup> No, forbear.

The lethargy must have his quiet course;  
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight; when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[*Exit CASSIO.*

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by Heaven;  
'Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,  
And many a civil monster. <sup>+ Oxymerian</sup>

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;  
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked,  
May draw with you; there's millions now alive,  
That nightly lie in those unproper beds, <sup>not their own</sup>  
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.  
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;  
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart:  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.  
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,  
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)  
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away, <sup>fit</sup>  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;  
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;  
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself, <sup>hid</sup>  
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;  
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,—  
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife.  
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;  
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,  
 And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?  
 I will be found most cunning in my patience;  
 But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

*Iago.* That's not amiss;  
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO *withdraws*.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
 A housewife, that, by selling her desires,  
 Buys herself bread and clothes. *It is a creature*  
 That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,  
 To beguile many, and be beguiled by one;  
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
 From the excess of laughter!—Here he comes.—

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;  
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe  
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behavior  
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas.* The worser, that you give me the addition,  
 Whose ~~you~~ even kills me. *lack*

*Iago.* ~~Alas~~ Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.  
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*  
 How quickly should you speed?

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff! [*Aside.*

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already!

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[*Aside.*

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him  
 To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

*Iago.* She gives it out that you shall marry her.  
 Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

[*Aside.*

*Cas.* I marry her!—what? a customer! I pr'ythee, bear

*Indesdemonas*

some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome  
Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so. They laugh that win. [*Aside*

*Iago.* 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out; she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

\* *Oth.* Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

*notions.*

[*Aside.*

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bawble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;—

*Oth.* Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps, upon me; so hales, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!— *pulls him*

*Oth.* Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look where she comes.

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, —give it your hobby-horse. Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no more work on't. *new fane & contempt, ten*

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

*Oth.* By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

[*Aside.*

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[*Exit.*

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* 'Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more.

[*Exit CASSIO*

*Oth.* How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is.—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

*Iago.* She is the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand, a thousand times.—And then, of so gentle a condition! *disposition.*

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago! —O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes!—Cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago, this night.—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.

*Iago.* And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A trumpet within*

*Oth.* Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,  
Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter* LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

*Lod.* 'Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a packet.*

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet, and reads.*

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, seignior;  
Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord  
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* *This fail you not to do, as you will—*  
[*Reads.*

*Lod.* He did not call; he's busy in the paper.  
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

*Des.* A most unhappy one; I would do much  
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you *in your right mind?*

*Des.* What, is he angry?

*Lod.* May be, the letter moved him;  
For, as I think, they do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* By my troth, I am glad on't.

*Oth.* Indeed!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* How, sweet Othello?

*Oth.* Devil! [*Striking her.*

*Des.* I have not deserved this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,  
Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much;  
Make her amends, she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!  
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

*See Othello's*  
*sympathy*



Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—  
Out of my sight!

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady.—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress,——

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn;

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;  
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—  
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—  
Concerning this, sir,—O, well-painted passion!  
I am commanded home.—Get you away;  
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit* DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,  
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!

[*Exit.*]

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate  
Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much changed.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be,—if what he might, he is not,—  
I would to Heaven he were.

*Lod.* What, strike his wife!

*Iago.* 'Faith, that was not so well. Yet 'would I knew  
That stroke would prove the worst.

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak  
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;  
And his own courses will denote him so,  
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.**Oth.* You have seen nothing, then?*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.*Emil.* But then I saw no harm; and then I heard  
Each syllable that breath made up between them.*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?*Emil.* Never, my lord.*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?*Emil.* Never.*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?*Emil.* Never, my lord.*Oth.* That's strange.*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,  
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch hath put this in your head,  
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!  
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.*Oth.* Bid her come hither;—go.—

[Exit EMILIA]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:  
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.*Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.**Des.* My lord, what is your will?*Oth.* 'Pray, chuck, come hither.*Des.* What is your pleasure?*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;  
Look in my face.*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress; [To EMILIA.  
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;  
Cough, or cry,—*Hem*, if any body come.  
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth thy speech import?  
I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true  
And loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;  
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves  
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damned,  
Swear—thou art honest. *chance*

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

*Oth.* O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?  
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord? *cause*  
If, haply, you my father do suspect,  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleased Heaven  
To try me with affliction; had he rained  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;  
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;  
I should have found in some part of my soul  
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me  
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn  
To point his slow, unmoving finger at,—  
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:  
But there, where I have garnered up my heart;  
Where either I must live, or bear no life;  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,  
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there!  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim;  
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*Des.* I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would thou hadst ne'er  
been born!

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write *whore* upon? What committed!  
Committed!—O, thou public commoner!

*permanence proposition*  
*from word for being*  
*unchangeable*

I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;  
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed!—  
Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By Heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian.  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,  
From any other foul, unlawful touch,  
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is it possible?

*Des.* O Heaven, forgive us!

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then;  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

That have the office opposite to saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!  
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;  
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*]  
*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?  
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* 'Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia;  
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,  
But what should go by water. 'Pr'ythee, to-night  
Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets,—remember;—  
And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*]

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.  
How have I been behaved, that he might stick  
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

*Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,  
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks.  
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,  
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as she says my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He called her whore; a beggar in his drink  
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

*Emil.* Has she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father and her country, and her friends,  
To be called—whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, Heaven doth know

*Emil.* I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue, no end to his villainy  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devised this slander. I'll be hanged else.

*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, Heaven pardon him!

*Emil.* A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!  
Why should he call her—whore? who keeps her company?  
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood? probably known  
The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,  
Some base, notorious knave, some sourvy fellow.  
O Heaven, that such companions should unfold!  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascal naked through the world, as who shares your bread  
Even from the east to the west! so you cannot be heard

*Iago.* Speak within door. outside

*Emil.* O, fie upon him! some such squire he was,  
That turned your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.*

O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel.—If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will,—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,

Comfort ~~for~~swear me! Unkindness may do much;And his unkindness may defeat my life, ~~destroy~~

But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;

It does abhor me, now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the ~~addition~~ earn,Not the world's mass of vanity could make me. ~~casual~~*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humor.

The business of the state does him offence,

And he does chide with you.

*Des.*

If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* It is but so, I warrant you.[*Trumpets*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

And the great messengers of Venice stay.

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]*Enter* RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.*Iago.* What in the contrary? ~~put me off~~*Rod.* Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago;  
and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all  
conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of  
hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet  
persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly  
suffered.*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words  
and performances are no kin together.*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out  
of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to de-  
liver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a ~~votarist~~ ~~turn~~.  
You have told me she has received them, and returned me

expectations and comforts of <sup>love</sup> sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well. By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without <sup>intelligence</sup> wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee, indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valor,—this night show it. If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some <sup>happening</sup> accident, wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean—removing of him?—

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he

shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*

*none full information*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honor is most welcome.

*Oth.*

Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.*

My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTH., LOD., and Attendants.

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent. *immediately*  
He hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.*

Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.  
We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would you had never seen him!

*Des.* So would not I; my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—  
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one.—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—  
If I do die before thee, 'pr'ythee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.*

Come, come, you talk. *none*

*Des.* My mother had a maid called—Barbara;  
She was in love; and he she loved, proved mad,  
And did forsake her. She had a song of—willow;  
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune.  
And she died singing it. That song, to-night,



Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. 'Pr'ythee, despatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No; unpin me here.—

This Ludovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* And he speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

*Des.* *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;* [Singing.

*Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,*

*Sing willow, willow, willow:*

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans;*

*Sing willow, &c.*

*Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;*

Lay by these:

*Sing willow, willow, willow;*

'Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

*Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

II.

*Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—*

Nay, that's not next—hark! who is it that knocks?

*Emil.* It is the wind.

*Des.* *I called my love, false love; but what said he then?*

*Sing willow, &c.*

*If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.*

So get thee gone: good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

*Emil.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

*Des.* I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light!

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light;  
I might do't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world is a huge thing. 'Tis a great price  
For a small vice.

*Des.* Good troth, I think thou wouldst not.

*Emil.* By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when  
I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a  
joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, pet-  
ticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but for the  
whole world,—who would not make her husband a cuckold,  
to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the  
whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and,  
having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own  
world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many  
To the vantage, as would store the world they played for.  
But I do think, it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite:  
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,  
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,  
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do,  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?  
I think it doth; is't frailty, that thus errs?  
It is so too; and have not we affections?  
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?  
Then, let them use us well; else, let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

*Des.* Good night, good night; Heaven me such usage  
send,  
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come;

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.  
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.  
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.  
[Retires to a little distance]

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;  
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.  
'Tis but a man gone;—forth, my sword; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

*Iago.* I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,  
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,  
He calls me to a restitution large  
Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him, *cheated him out*  
As gifts to Desdemona;  
It must not be; if Cassio do remain,  
He hath a daily beauty in his life,  
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor  
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:  
No, he must die.—But so, I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Rod.* I know his gait; 'tis he;—villain, thou diest.

[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at  
CASSIO.]

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;  
I will make proof of thine.

[Draws and wounds RODERIGO]

*Rod.* O, I am slain!

[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind  
in the leg, and exit.]

*Cas.* I am maimed forever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!  
[Falls.]

*Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* O, villain that I am!

*Oth.* Hark! 'Tis even so.

*Cas.* O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

*Oth.* 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,  
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me,—minion, your dear lies dead

And your fate hies apace.—Strumpet, I come.

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit OTHELLO.*]

*Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.*

*Cas.* What, ho! no watch! no passage? murder! murder!

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

*Cas.* O, help!

*Lod.* Hark!

*Rod.* O wretched villain!

*Lod.* Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night.

These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe  
To come into the cry without more help.

*Rod.* Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

*Enter IAGO, with a light.*

*Lod.* Hark!

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on  
murder?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did you not hear a cry?

*Cas.* Here, here; for Heaven's sake, help me.

*Iago.* What's the matter?

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here that cry so grievously?

*Cas.* Iago! O, I am spoiled, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*]

*Rod.* O, help me here!

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs RODERIGO.*

*Rod.* O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!

O! O! O!

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Seignior Lodovico:

*Lod.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy; here's Cassio hurt  
By villains.

*Gra.* Cassio?

*Iago.* How is it, brother?

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, Heaven forbid!—  
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

*Iago.* Who is't that cried?

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!  
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

*Iago.* O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect  
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

*Cas.* No.

*Gra.* I am sorry to find you thus. I have been to seek you.

*Iago.* Lend me a garter. So.—O, for a chair,  
To bear him easily hence!

*Bian.* Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? No:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

*Gra.* What, of Venice?

*Iago.* Even he, sir; did you know him?

*Gra.*

Know him? ay.

*Iago.* Seignior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

*Gra.*

I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

*Gra* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he.—O, that's well <sup>*done*</sup> said;—the chair.—  
[*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence; <sup>*as you see*</sup>  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,  
[*To BIANCA.*]

*Save you your labor.* <sup>*it would be an abhorrence*</sup> He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Iago.* [*To BIAN.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him  
out o' the air.—

[*CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,  
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped;  
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—'Pr'ythee, Emilia,  
Go know of Cassio where he supped to-night.—  
What, do you shake at that? <sup>*partial reason*</sup>

*Bian.* He supped at my house; but I therefore shake not.

*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

*Emil.* <sup>*Jealous*</sup> Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,  
As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I? foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed --  
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happened.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*]

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.*

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

*[Takes off his sword.]*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light.  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me;—but once put out thine,  
Thou cunningst pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy  
rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again;  
It needs must wither.—I'll smell it on the tree.—

*[Kissing her.]*

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last;  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;  
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?

*Oth.* Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No,—Heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then, Heaven

Have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Humph! *What?*

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,  
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip? *low*  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still!

*Des.* I will so. What's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief, which I so loved, and gave  
thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul;  
Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently. *Instantly*  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin  
For to deny each article with oath,  
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception,  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then, Lord have mercy on me!

*Oth.*

I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too! I never did  
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of Heaven  
As I might love. I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.  
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it, then;  
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither,  
And let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confessed.

*Des.* What, my lord?

*Oth.* That he hath — used thee.



*Des.* How? unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He'll not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopped;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

*Des.* My fear interprets, then,—What, is he dead?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
*title* Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,——

*Des.* But half an hour.

*Oth.* Being done,

There is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

*Emil.* [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord!  
my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?  
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

*Emil.* [*Within.*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* [*Within.*] O good my lord, I would speak a word  
with you.

*Oth.* Yes;—'tis Emilia;—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again.—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife.

O, insupportable! O, heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

*Emil.* [*Within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,  
O good my lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.

Soft,—by and by.—Let me the curtains draw.

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door*]

*Emilia enters  
and reveals  
the murder*

*Enter* EMILIA.

*Emil.* O good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

*Oth.* What? now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord!

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon: *wandering*  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;  
And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian,  
Called — Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo killed!  
And Cassio killed?

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not killed.

*Oth.* Not Cassio killed? Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murdered!

*Emil.* Alas! what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.—  
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!  
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O, who hath done  
This deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself; farewell.  
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murdered?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so; I must needs report the truth.

*Oth.* She's like a liar, gone to burning hell;  
'Twas I that killed her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil!

*Oth.* She turned to folly, and she was a whore

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

*Oth.* Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.  
O I were damned beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.*

Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,  
If Heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.*

Ay, 'twas he that told me first;  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.*

My husband?

*Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband!—

*Emil.* O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—  
My husband say that she was false?

*Oth.*

He, woman.

I say, thy husband. Dost understand the word?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emil.*

Do thy worst.

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.*

Peace, you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,  
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!

The Moor has killed my mistress. Murder! murder!

*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

*Mon.* What is the matter?—How now, general?

*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago? You have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* Disprove this, villain, if thou beest a man.  
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:  
I know thou didst not; thou'rt not such a villain.  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—  
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress; go to, charm your tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak  
My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

*All.* O Heavens forefend!

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emil.* Villany, villany, villany!—  
I think upon't, —I think, —I smell't; —O villany!  
I thought so then; —I'll kill myself for grief.—  
O villany, villany!

*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;  
'Tis proper to obey him, but not now.—  
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [Hanging over his wife.]

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down, and roar;  
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent,  
That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O, she was foul!— [Rising.]  
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped.  
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

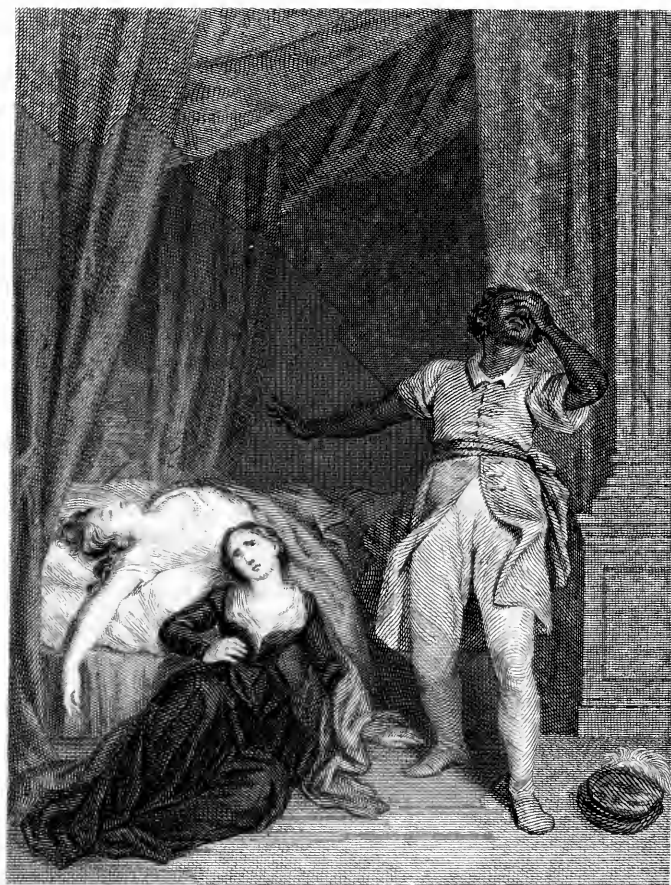
*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it;  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognizance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace, sir? no;  
No, I will speak as liberal as the air;





M. Wright

J. C. Leighton

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Let Heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.*

I will not.

[*IAGO offers to stab his wife.*

Fie!

*Gra.*

Your sword upon a woman?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou  
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,

(More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,)

He begged of me to steal it.

*Iago.*

Villanous whore!

*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,  
And I did give't my husband.

*Iago.*

Filth, thou liest.

*Emil.* By Heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen;  
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife?

[*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*

*Oth.*

Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he has killed his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's killed.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,  
Which I have here recovered from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*

*Oth.*

I am not valiant, neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.—

But why should honor outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

*Emil.*

What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music:—*Willow, willow, willow.*—

Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die,—I die.

[*Dies.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;

O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear.  
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Oth.* Behold! I have a weapon;  
A better never did itself sustain  
Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day,  
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O, vain boast!  
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—  
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very seamark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear;  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires; where should Othello go?—  
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench!  
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,  
This look of thine shall hurl my soul from heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?  
Even like thy chastity.—  
O, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!  
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—  
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?  
Dead? O! O! O!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a chair,  
and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

*Oth.* That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet—but that's a fable;  
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not killed.

*Oth.* I am not sorry, neither; I'd have thee live;  
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

*Lod.* O thou Othello, that was once so good,



Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave,  
What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing.

An honorable murderer, if you will;  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honor.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confessed his villany.  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it; and I ask your pardon.  
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,  
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing. What you know, you know;  
From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What? not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen,  
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,  
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;  
And here, another. The one of them imports  
The death of Cassio to be undertook  
By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross!

*Lod.* Now, here's another discontented paper,  
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;  
But that, belike, Iago, in the interim,  
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O, the pernicious caitiff!—  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber:  
And he himself confessed, but even now,  
That there he dropped it, for a special purpose,  
Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came  
That I was cast. And even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us;  
Your power and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—  
 If there be any cunning cruelty,  
 That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
 It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,  
 Till that the nature of your fault be known  
 To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two, before you go.  
 I have done the state some service, and they know it;  
 No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,  
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set down aught in malice, Then must you speak  
 Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;  
 Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
 Perplexed in the extreme; of one, whose hand,  
 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,  
 Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,  
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;  
 And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
 Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk  
 Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,  
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
 And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.

*Lod.* O bloody period!

*Gra.*

All, that's spoke, is marred.

*Oth.* I kissed thee, ere I killed thee.—No way but this,

[Falling upon DESDEMONA.

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;  
 For he was great of heart.

*Lod.*

O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed;

[To IAGO.

This is thy work: the object poisons sight:—

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;

The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!

Myself will straight abroad; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt.

# POEMS.



# VENUS AND ADONIS.

'Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began,  
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,  
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are;  
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:  
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

{ 'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their plenty,  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:  
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
 And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :  
 Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force  
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
 Under her other was the tender boy,  
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;  
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
 Nimble she fastens :—O, how quick is love !—  
 The steed is stalled up, and even now  
 To tie the rider she begins to prove :  
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,  
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,  
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :  
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;  
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
 'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears  
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks ;  
 Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs  
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :  
 He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss ;  
 — What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,  
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
 Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone ;  
 — Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
 And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,  
 Panting he lies and breatheth in her face ;  
 She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,  
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace ;  
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;  
 Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,  
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :  
 Rain added to a river that is rank  
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;  
 Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,  
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale ;

Being red, she loves him best; and being white,  
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;  
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;  
So offers he to give what she did crave;  
But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:  
'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!  
'T is but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,  
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:  
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—  
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red —  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.  
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:  
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,  
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;  
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:  
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean  
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
 Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:  
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted:  
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime  
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
 Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
 O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,  
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,  
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;  
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
 Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning;  
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;  
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:  
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire.  
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;  
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,  
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:  
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
 Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.  
 Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Give you  
 beauty  
 someone  
 'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear:  
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:  
 Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;  
 Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,  
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
 That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;  
 And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,  
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
 For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,  
 And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,  
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them;



Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,  
Souring his cheeks cries 'Fie, no more of love!  
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind?  
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;  
And were I not immortal, life were done  
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?  
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel  
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?  
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?  
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
{ Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
{ And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!  
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:  
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,  
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:  
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

‘Fondling,’ she saith, ‘since I have hemm’d thee here  
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
 I’ll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;  
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:  
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,  
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

‘Within this limit is relief enough,  
 Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,  
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:  
 Then be my deer, since I am such a park;  
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.’

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,  
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;  
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,  
 Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,  
 Open’d their mouths to swallow Venus’ liking.  
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?  
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?  
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?  
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;  
 The time is spent, her object will away,  
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.  
 ‘Pity,’ she cries, ‘some favour, some remorse!’  
 Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,  
 Adonis’ trampling courser doth espy,  
 And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:  
 The strong-neck’d steed, being tied unto a tree,  
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;  
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven’s thunder,  
 The iron bit he crusheth ’tween his teeth,  
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick’d; his braided hanging mane  
 Upon his compass’d crest now stand on end;  
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:  
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
 With gentle majesty and modest pride;  
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
 As who should say ‘Lo, thus my strength is tried,

And this I do to captivate the eye  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say' ?  
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur ?  
For rich caparisons or trapping gay ?  
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed ;  
So did this horse excel a common one  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :  
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares ;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;  
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,  
And whether he run or fly they know not whether ;  
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;  
She answers him as if she knew his mind :  
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,  
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,  
He veils his tail that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :  
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.  
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;  
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there :  
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,  
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,  
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;  
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
 So of concealed sorrow may be said;  
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;  
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

{ He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;  
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,  
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view  
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy!  
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
 How white and red each other did destroy!  
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels;  
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:  
 { His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!  
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;  
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;  
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:  
 And all this dumb play had his acts made plain  
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
 Or ivory in an alabaster band;  
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:  
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:  
 'O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;  
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

{ 'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it?'  
 'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;  
 O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:  
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;  
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
 And 't is your fault I am bereft him so:  
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;

For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:  
{ Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:  
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;  
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain;  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight?  
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy;  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:  
{ O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,  
{ And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;  
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young  
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:  
{ Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;  
{ To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;  
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?  
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;  
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;  
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:  
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling  
Comes breath perfumed that breedeth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!  
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,  
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;  
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:  
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;  
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!  
The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:  
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;

And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumined with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine ;  
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I ?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?  
What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire ?  
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy ;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me : kill me once again :  
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !  
O, never let their crimson liveries wear !  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year !  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing ;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?  
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone ?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years :  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west ;  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, "'Tis very late ;"  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
Do summon us to part and bid good-night.

'Now let me say "Good-night," and so say you;  
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'  
 'Good-night,' quoth she, and, ere he says 'Adieu,'  
 The honey fee of parting tender'd is:  
     Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
     Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:  
     He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
     Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;  
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;  
     Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,  
     That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;  
     Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
     Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
 Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,  
 Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tired with chasing,  
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
     He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
     While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
 And yields at last to every light impression?  
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,  
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:  
     Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,  
     But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is pluck'd:  
     Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
     Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart:  
 She is resolved no longer to restrain him;  
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
     The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
     He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I 'll waste in sorrow,  
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
 Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
 Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'



He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

‘The boar!’ quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her;  
That worse than Tantalus’ is her annoy,  
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,  
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:  
She hath assay’d as much as may be proved;  
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;  
She’s Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.  
‘Fie, fie,’ he says, ‘you crush me; let me go;  
You have no reason to withhold me so.’

‘Thou hadst been gone,’ quoth she, ‘sweet boy, ere this,  
But that thou told’st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.  
O, be advised! thou know’st not what it is  
With javelin’s point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

‘On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;  
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;  
His snout digs sepulchres where’er he goes;  
Being moved, he strikes whate’er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

‘His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm’d,  
Are better proof than thy spear’s point can enter;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm’d;  
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:  
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

‘Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love’s eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

‘O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;  
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:  
 Come not within his danger by thy will;  
 They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
 I fear’d thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

‘Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?  
 Saw’st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
 Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?  
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
 But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

‘For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
 Doth call himself Affection’s sentinel;  
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry “Kill, kill!”  
 Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
 As air and water do abate the fire.

‘This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  
 This canker that eats up Love’s tender spring,  
 This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,  
 That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,  
 Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear  
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

‘And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
 The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
 An image like thyself, all stain’d with gore;  
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed  
 Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

‘What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
 That tremble at the imagination?  
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
 And fear doth teach it divination:  
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

‘But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;  
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
 Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,  
 Or at the roe which no encounter dare:  
 Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,  
 And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

‘And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles  
 How he outruns the wind and with what care  
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:  
 The many musets through the which he goes  
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

‘Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,  
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,

And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:  
 Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

‘For there his smell with others being mingled,  
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;  
 Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,  
 As if another chase were in the skies.

‘By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still:  
 Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;  
 And now his grief may be compared well  
 To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

‘Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
 Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,  
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:  
 For misery is trodden on by many,  
 And being low never relieved by any.

‘Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
 Unlike myself thou hear’st me moralize,  
 Applying this to that, and so to so;  
 For love can comment upon every woe.

‘Where did I leave?’ ‘No matter where;’ quoth he,  
 ‘Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
 The night is spent.’ ‘Why, what of that?’ quoth she.  
 ‘I am,’ quoth he, ‘expected of my friends;  
 And now ’t is dark, and going I shall fall.’  
 ‘In night,’ quoth she, ‘desire sees best of all.

‘But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,  
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
 Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips  
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
 Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

‘Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
 Till forging Nature be condemn’d of treason,  
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;  
 Wherein she framed thee in high heaven’s despite,  
 To shame the sun by day and her by night.

‘And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies  
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
 And pure perfection with impure defeature,  
 Making it subject to the tyranny  
 Of mad mischances and much misery;

‘As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
 Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,  
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain  
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:  
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn’d despair,  
 Swear Nature’s death for framing thee so fair.

‘And not the least of all these maladies  
 But in one minute’s flight brings beauty under:  
 Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,  
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw’d and done,  
 As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

‘Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
 Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,  
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
 Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night  
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

‘What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
 Seeming to bury that posterity  
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?  
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

‘So in thyself thyself art made away;  
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
 Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
 Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.  
 Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
 But gold that’s put to use more gold begets.’

‘Nay, then,’ quoth Adon, ‘you will fall again  
 Into your idle over-handled theme:  
 The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,  
 And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
 For, by this black-faced night, desire’s foul nurse,  
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

‘If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
 And every tongue more moving than your own,  
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s song,  
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;  
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
 And will not let a false sound enter there;

‘Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
 Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
 And then my little heart were quite undone,  
 In his bedchamber to be barr’d of rest.  
 No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

‘What have you urged that I cannot reprove?  
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:  
 I hate not love, but your device in love,  
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.

You do it for increase: O strange excuse,  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;  
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;  
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old, the orator too green.  
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away:  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:  
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,  
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.  
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:  
So did the merciless and pitchy night  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans;  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:  
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'  
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note  
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty:  
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;  
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,  
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
 If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight  
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:  
 Their copious stories oftentimes begun  
 End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal  
 But idle sounds resembling parasites,  
 Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,  
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?  
 She says 'Tis so:' they answer all 'Tis so;'  
 And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold  
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:  
 'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
 There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,  
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
 She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:  
 Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:  
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
 Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;  
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
 Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,  
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;  
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
 Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:  
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
 They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart;  
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;  
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,  
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error, that they are afraid;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—  
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
She treads the path that she untreads again;  
Her more than haste is mated with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;  
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed  
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,  
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;  
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath  
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—  
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean  
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,  
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:—  
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.  
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
 And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.  
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:  
     Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
     And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provoke such weeping?  
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee?  
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?  
     Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
     Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
 She veil'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt  
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;  
     But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,  
     And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,  
 Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
     But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
     Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
 As striving who should best become her grief;  
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,  
     But none is best: then join they all together,  
     Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;  
 A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:  
 The dire imagination she did follow  
 This sound of hope doth labour to expel;  
     For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
     And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
 Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;  
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,  
     To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
     Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous!  
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;  
 Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:  
     The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
     In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;  
 Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;  
 It was not she that call'd him all-to naught:  
 Now she adds honours to his hateful name;



She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,  
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;  
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear  
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;  
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;  
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;  
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:  
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;  
And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;  
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories  
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I  
To be of such a weak and silly mind  
To wail his death who lives and must not die  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!  
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear  
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;  
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'  
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;  
And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,  
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again;  
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain;  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again;  
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;  
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.  
 This mutiny each part doth so surprise  
 That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
 In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:  
 No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
 But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;  
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;  
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;  
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:  
 Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;  
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;  
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be:  
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;  
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
 And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!  
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:  
 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hath thou lost!  
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
 Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast  
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?  
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;  
 But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!  
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
 Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;  
 The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you:  
 But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air  
 Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
 Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;  
 The wind would blow it off and, being gone,  
 Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;  
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,  
 They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along  
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;  
 To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
 The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;

If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

‘When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

‘But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne’er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;  
Witness the entertainment that he gave:  
If he did see his face, why then I know  
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill’d him so.

‘’Tis true, ’tis true; thus was Adonis slain:  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

‘Had I been tooth’d like him, I must confess,  
With kissing him I should have kill’d him first;  
But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.’  
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
As if they heard the woeful words she told;  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell’d,  
And every beauty robb’d of his effect:  
‘Wonder of time,’ quoth she, ‘this is my spite,  
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

‘Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,  
Ne’er settled equally, but high or low,  
That all love’s pleasure shall not match his woe.

‘It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,  
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;  
The bottom poison, and the top o’erstraw’d  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;  
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;  
It shall be merciful and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just;  
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire:  
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death:  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise —  
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire —  
For every little grief to wet his eyes:  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:  
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:  
There shall not be one minute in an hour  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies  
In her light chariot is quickly convey'd;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen  
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife : among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome ; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids : the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire

And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set  
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;  
When Collatine unwisely did not let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:  
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator;  
What needeth then apologies be made,  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
Suggested this proud issue of a king;  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt  
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,  
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived  
Which of them both should underprop her fame:  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,  
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:  
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild  
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;  
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
 Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:  
 Of either's colour was the other queen,  
 Proving from world's minority their right:  
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;  
 The sovereignty of either being so great,  
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,  
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;  
 Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
 To those two armies that would let him go,  
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—  
 The niggard prodigal that praised her so,—  
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe  
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper;  
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;  
 Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:  
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd;

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;  
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy;  
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
 That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,  
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books:  
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;  
 Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;

And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry  
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:  
     Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,  
     And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,  
 He makes excuses for his being there:  
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;  
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
     Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
     And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
 Intending weariness with heavy spright;  
 For, after supper, long he questioned  
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;  
     And every one to rest themselves betake,  
     Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:  
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
     And when great treasure is the need proposed,  
     Though death be adjunct, there 's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
 For what they have not, that which they possess  
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
     Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
     That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
 That one for all, or all for one we gage;  
 As life for honour in fell battle's rage;  
     Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost  
     The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be  
 The things we are for that which we expect;  
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
 In having much, torments us with defect  
 Of that we have: so then we do neglect  
     The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,  
     Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;  
 And for himself himself he must forsake:  
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?  
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,



When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye:  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,  
'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise:  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:  
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine;  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!  
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!  
O impious act, including all foul harms!  
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!  
True valour still a true respect should have;  
Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
That my posterity, shamed with the note,  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
To wish that I their father had not bin.

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?  
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O, what excuse can my invention make,  
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,  
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife:  
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:  
 Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:  
 I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:  
 The worst is but denial and reproving:  
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.  
 Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
 Urging the worser sense for vantage still;  
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
 All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
 That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,  
 And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,  
 Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,  
 Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
 O, how her fear did make her colour rise!  
 First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
 Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!

Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
     That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
     Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth  
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
     And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
     The coward flights and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye:  
 Sad pause and deep regard besem the sage;  
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:  
     Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
     Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
 Is almost choked by unresisted lust.  
 Away he steals with open listening ear,  
 Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;  
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
     So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
     That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
 And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
 That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
 Unto a view so false will not incline;  
     But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
     Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
 Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
 And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
     By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
     The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
 Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;  
 But, as they open, they all rate his ill,  
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:  
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
     Night-wondering weasels shriek to see him there;  
     They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
 Through little vents and crannies of the place  
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
 And-blows the smoke of it into his face,  
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case;

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks :  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks ;  
As who should say ' This glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inured ; return again in haste ;  
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial :  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial ;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

' So, so,' quoth he, ' these lets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,  
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited th' eternal power  
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even there he starts : quoth he, ' I must deflower :  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they then assist me in the act ?

' Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide !  
My will is back'd with resolution :  
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried ;  
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution :  
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch :  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside ;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head :  
By their high treason is his heart misled ;  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed ;  
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died !  
Then had they seen the period of their ill ;  
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,  
In his clear bed might have reposed still :  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;  
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;  
Between whose hills her head entombed is :  
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;  
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality :  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted ?  
What did he note but strongly he desired ?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,

And in his will his wilful eye he tired.  
 With more than admiration he admired  
   Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
   Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified;  
 Slack'd, not suppress'd: for standing by her side,  
   His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
   Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
 Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,  
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:  
   Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,  
   Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
 His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
 Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;  
   Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
   Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
 And fright her with confusion of their cries:  
 She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
   Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
   Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;  
 What terror 't is! but she, in worser taking,  
   From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
   The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;  
 She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears  
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:  
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;  
   Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
   In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—  
 Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—  
 May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,  
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,  
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe ;  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : ' The colour in thy face,  
That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,  
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale :  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquer'd fort : the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

' Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :  
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide ;  
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

' I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting ;  
All this beforehand counsel comprehends :  
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends ;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

' I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed ;  
But nothing can affection's course control,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies :  
So under his insulting falchion lies  
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

' Lucrece,' quoth he, ' this night I must enjoy thee :  
If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee :  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain  
 The scornful mark of every open eye;  
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:  
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
     Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
     And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:  
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
 A little harm done to a great good end  
 For lawful policy remains enacted.  
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
     In a pure compound; being so applied,  
     His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
 Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot  
 The shame that from them no device can take,  
 The blemish that will never be forgot;  
 Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:  
     For marks descried in men's nativity  
     Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye  
 He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;  
 While she, the picture of pure piety,  
 Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,  
 Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,  
     To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
     Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,  
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,  
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing;  
     So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,  
     And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:  
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:  
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
     No penetrable entrance to her plaining:  
     Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd  
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;  
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,  
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
 She puts the period often from his place;  
     And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
     That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,



By her untimely tears, her husband's love,  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

- Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;  
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend: for his sake spare me:  
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:  
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:  
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:  
If ever man were moved with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continual motion;  
For stones dissolved to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;  
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!  
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,  
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?  
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wiped away;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove:  
If but for fear of this, they will remove;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonour in thy name?

Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother:  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies  
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:  
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he: 'my uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret:  
The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;  
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;  
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—  
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:  
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
 For light and lust are deadly enemies:  
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
 The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;  
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd  
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears  
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head;  
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!  
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
 And he hath won what he would lose again:  
 This forced league doth force a further strife;  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain;  
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:  
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;  
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:  
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
 Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
 Can comprehend in still imagination!  
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
 Ere he can see his own abomination.  
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
 Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,  
 Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:  
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,  
 For there it revels; and when that decays,  
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;  
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,  
 That through the length of times he stands disgraced:  
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;  
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,

And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
 Her immortality, and made her thrall  
 To living death and pain perpetual:  
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,  
 A captive victor that hath lost in gain;  
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;  
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;  
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;  
 He scowls and hates himself for his offence;  
 She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;  
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;  
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;  
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;  
 She there remains a hopeless castaway;  
 He in his speed looks for the morning light;  
 She prays she never may behold the day,  
 'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open lay,  
 And my true eyes have never practised how  
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see  
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold;  
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
 To have their unseen sin remain untold;  
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
 Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.  
 Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite  
 Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!  
 Dim register and notary of shame!  
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
 Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
 Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
 Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator  
 With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporious, and foggy Night!  
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
 Make war against proportion'd course of time;  
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb

His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

‘With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick  
The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;  
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
That in their smoky ranks his smother’d light  
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

‘Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night’s child,  
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;  
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,  
Through Night’s black besom should not peep again:  
So should I have co-partners in my pain;  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As palmers’ chat makes short their pilgrimage.

‘Where now I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,  
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;  
But I alone alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

‘O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous Day behold that face  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies martyr’d with disgrace!  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy reign are made  
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

‘Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!  
The light will show, character’d in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastity’s decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:  
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

‘The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin’s name:  
The orator, to deck his oratory,  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin’s shame;  
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

‘Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
For Collatine’s dear love be kept unspotted:  
If that be made a theme for disputation,  
The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserved reproach to him allotted  
That is as clear from this attaint of mine  
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

‘O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
 O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!  
 Reproach is stamp’d in Collatinus’ face,  
 And Tarquin’s eye may read the mot afar,  
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war.  
 Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

‘If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
 Have no perfection of my summer left,  
 But robb’d and ransack’d by injurious theft:  
 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
 And suck’d the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

‘Yet am I guilty of thy honour’s wrack;  
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;  
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
 And talk’d of virtue: O unlook’d-for evil,  
 When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

‘Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?  
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows’ nests?  
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?  
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?  
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
 But no perfection is so absolute,  
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

‘The aged man that coffers-up his gold  
 Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;  
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits;  
 Having no other pleasure of his gain  
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

‘So then he hath it when he cannot use it,  
 And leaves it to be master’d by his young;  
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
 To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours  
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

‘Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;  
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;  
 What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
 We have no good that we can say is ours,  
 But ill-annexed Opportunity  
 Or kills his life or else his quality.

‘O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!  
 ’Tis thou that executest the traitor’s treason:

Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season ;  
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath ;  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd ;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth ;  
Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !  
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud :  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a public fast,  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?  
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end ?  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd ?  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?  
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds ;  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :  
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid :  
They buy thy help ; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
He gratis comes ; and thou art well appaid  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.  
My Collatine would else have come to me  
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,  
Guilty of perjury and subornation,  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,  
Guilty of incest, that abomination ;  
An accessory by thine inclination  
To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;  
Thou nursest all and murder'st all that are :

O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

‘Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betray’d the hours thou gavest me to repose,  
Cancell’d my fortunes, and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes?  
Time’s office is to fine the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

‘Time’s glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

‘To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books and alter their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens’ wings,  
To dry the old oak’s sap and cherish springs,  
To spoil antiquities of hammer’d steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune’s wheel;

‘To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

‘Why work’st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?  
One poor retiring minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:  
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,  
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

‘Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:  
Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;  
And the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

‘Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:  
Stone him with harden’d hearts, harder than stones;  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.



'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
 Let him have time against himself to rave,  
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,  
 And time to see one that by alms doth live  
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merry fools to mock at him resort;  
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
 His time of folly and his time of sport;  
 And ever let his unrecalling crime  
 Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!  
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill!  
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;  
 For who so base would such an office have  
 As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,  
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:  
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;  
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
 The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
 And unperceived fly with the filth away;  
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:  
 Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
 But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!  
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
 Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;  
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;  
 To trembling clients be you mediators:  
 For me, I force not argument a straw,  
 Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
 At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;  
 In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
 In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:  
 This helpless smoke of words doth me no right,  
 The remedy indeed to do me good  
 Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?  
 Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;

For if I die, my honour lives in thee;  
 But if I live, thou livest in my defame:  
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
 And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
 Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,  
 To find some desperate instrument of death:  
 But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth  
 To make more vent for passage of her breath;  
 Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
 As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,  
 Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain  
 Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
 Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:  
 But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:  
 So am I now: O no, that cannot be;  
 Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,  
 And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
 To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
 A badge of fame to slander's livery;  
 A dying life to living infamy:  
 Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
 To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
 The stained taste of violated troth;  
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath;  
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth:  
 He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute  
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
 Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.  
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
 And with my trespass never will dispense,  
 Till life to death acquit my forced offence,

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;  
 My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
 My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,  
 As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
 The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,  
 And solemn night with slow sad gait descended  
 To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow  
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;  
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,  
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:  
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:  
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,  
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;  
No object but her passion's strength renews;  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:  
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;  
Sometime 't is mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;  
Sad souls are slain in merry company;  
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:  
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed  
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;  
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb  
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:  
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;  
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:  
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
And with deep groans the diapason bear;  
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

‘And whiles against a thorn thou bear’st thy part,  
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
 To imitate thee well, against my heart  
 Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye;  
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

‘And for, poor bird, thou sing’st not in the day,  
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
 That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
 Will we find out; and there we will unfold  
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:  
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.’

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
 Wildly determining which way to fly,  
 Or one encompass’d with a winding maze,  
 That cannot tread the way out readily;  
 So with herself is she in mutiny,  
 To live or die which of the twain were better,  
 When life is shamed, and death reproach’s debtor.

‘To kill myself,’ quoth she, ‘alack, what were it,  
 But with my body my poor soul’s pollution?  
 They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
 Than they whose whole is swallow’d in confusion.  
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion  
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes on  
 Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

‘My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
 When the one pure, the other made divine?  
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?  
 Ay me! the bark peel’d from the lofty pine,  
 His leaves will wither and his sap decay;  
 So must my soul, her bark being peel’d away.

‘Her house is sack’d, her quiet interrupted,  
 Her mansion batter’d by the enemy;  
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil’d, corrupted,  
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
 Then let it not be call’d impiety,  
 If in this blemish’d fort I make some hole  
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

‘Yet die I will not till my Collatine  
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death;  
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
 My stained blood to Tarquin I’ll bequeath,  
 Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
 And as his due writ in my testament.

‘My honour I’ll bequeath unto the knife  
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.





'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;  
The one will live, the other being dead :  
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;  
For in my death I murder shameful scorn :  
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?  
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.  
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me :  
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgment of my will I make :  
My soul and body to the skies and ground ;  
My resolution, husband, do thou take ;  
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound ;  
My shame be his that did my fame confound ;  
And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;  
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !  
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;  
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.  
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say " So be it : "  
Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee :  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies :  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
For why her face were sorrow's livery ;  
But durst not ask of her audaciously  
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;  
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet  
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy  
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,  
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :  
One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand  
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;

Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will:  
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:  
Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
No more than wax shall be accounted evil  
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep;  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:  
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:  
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild  
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,  
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
Such danger to resistance did belong,  
That dying fear through all her body spread;  
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:  
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?  
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she stay'd  
Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'  
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,  
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:  
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness.'  
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it less;  
For more it is than I can well express:  
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell  
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.



'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen :  
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
What should I say ? One of my husband's men  
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear  
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear :  
    Bid him with speed prepare to carry it ;  
    The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;  
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will ;  
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :  
    Much like a press of people at a door,  
    Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : 'Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee.  
Health to thy person ! Next vouchsafe t' afford —  
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see —  
Some present speed to come and visit me.  
    So, I commend me from our house in grief :  
    My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :  
She dares not thereof make discovery,  
    Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
    Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;  
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion  
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.  
    To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
    With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
When every part a part of woe doth bear.  
'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear :  
    Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
    And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ  
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'  
The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast :  
    Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems :  
    Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low ;  
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

Receives the scroll without or yea or no,  
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
   Imagine every eye beholds their blame;  
   For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame :

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect  
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :  
   Even so this pattern of the worn-out age  
   Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;  
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed ;  
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :  
   The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
   The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
 The weary time she cannot entertain,  
 For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :  
 So woe hath wearied woe, mean tired moan,  
   That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
   Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;  
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;  
   Which the conceited painter drew so proud,  
   As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :  
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :  
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife ;  
   And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
   Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
 Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;  
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :  
   Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
   That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;  
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;  
 And here and there the painter interlaces  
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold !  
The face of either cipher'd either's heart ;  
Their face their manners most expressly told :  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;  
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent  
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight ;  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight :  
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,  
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;  
All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,  
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice ;  
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;  
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red ;  
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear ;  
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Griped in an armed hand ; himself, behind,  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,  
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;  
And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
That through their light joy seemed to appear,  
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and than  
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,  
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
 To find a face where all distress is stell'd.  
 Many she sees where cares have carved some,  
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
     Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
     Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized  
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:  
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;  
 Of what she was no semblance did remain:  
 Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,  
     Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,  
     Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,  
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
 And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:  
 The painter was no god to lend her those;  
     And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
     To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,  
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;  
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;  
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;  
     And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
     Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:  
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
     And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
     The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one  
 Become the public plague of many more?  
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
     For one's offence why should so many fall,  
     To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds,  
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds:  
     Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
     Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes  
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,

Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertained a show so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,  
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew;  
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;  
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill:  
And still on him she gazed; and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—  
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look;'  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took:  
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,  
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled  
With outward honesty, but yet defiled

With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!  
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?  
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;  
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,  
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;  
These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:  
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:  
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;  
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
And time doth weary time with her complaining.  
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,  
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:  
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:  
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;  
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent;  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
By deep surmise of others' detriment;  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.  
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,  
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,  
Brings home his lord and other company;  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:  
These water-galls in her dim element  
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:  
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
 And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event  
 Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?  
 Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?  
 Why art thou thus attired in discontent?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
 And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe;  
 At length address'd to answer his desire,  
 She modestly prepares to let them know  
 Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;  
 While Collatine and his consorted lords  
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;  
 'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,  
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending:  
 In me more woes than words are now depending;  
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:  
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay  
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;  
 And what wrong else may be imagined  
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
 From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
 With shining falchion in my chamber came  
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
 And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,  
 And entertain my love; else lasting shame  
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,  
 "Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee  
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
 The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
 My fame and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;  
 And then against my heart he sets his sword,  
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
 I should not live to speak another word;  
 So should my shame still rest upon record,  
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome,  
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear:

My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;  
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there:  
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
     That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;  
 And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!  
 Or at the least this refuge let me find:  
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind;  
 That was not forced; that never was inclined  
     To accessary yieldings, but still pure  
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
 With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,  
 With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
 The grief away that stops his answer so:  
     But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;  
 What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,  
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
 Back to the strait that forced him on so fast;  
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:  
     Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:  
 'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
 Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.  
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
     More feeling-painful: let it then suffice  
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so  
 For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:  
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
 Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me  
 From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me  
     Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;  
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,  
 Speaking to those that came with Collatine,  
 'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;  
 For 't is a meritorious fair design  
     To chase injustice with revengeful arms:  
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition  
 Each present lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,



The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she,  
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

'What is the quality of mine offence,  
Being constrained with dreadful circumstance?  
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
My low-declined honour to advance?  
May any terms acquit me from this chance?  
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;  
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.  
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,  
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:  
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd  
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly  
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;  
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
Himself on her self-slaughtered body threw;  
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,  
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
Circles her body in on every side,  
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood  
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.  
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,  
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:  
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;  
And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,  
 'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.  
 If in the child the father's image lies,  
 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd ?  
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.  
   If children pre-decease progenitors,  
   We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;  
 But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old,  
 Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:  
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
   And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
   That I no more can see what once I was!

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,  
 If thy surcease to be that should survive.  
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger  
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?  
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:  
   Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see  
   Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,  
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;  
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream  
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
 And counterfeits to die with her a space;  
   Till manly shame bids him possess his breath  
   And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
 Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
 Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
   Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,  
   That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,  
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;  
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:  
   Then son and father weep with equal strife  
   Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
 The father says 'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'  
 Replies her husband: 'do not take away  
 My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
   He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
   And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life  
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'

'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife,  
I owed her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd.'  
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd  
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;  
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise:  
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?  
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow  
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:  
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations;  
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,  
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;  
And to his protestation urged the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;  
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

## SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF  
THESE INSUING SONNETS  
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE  
AND THAT ETERNITIE  
PROMISED BY  
OUR EVER-LIVING POET  
WISHETH  
THE WELL-WISHING  
ADVENTURER IN  
SETTING  
FORTH.

T. T.

### I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content  
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

### II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:  
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'  
Proving his beauty by succession thine!  
This were to be new made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

### III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest  
Now is the time that face should form another;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother,

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?  
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime:  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see  
 Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.  
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?  
 Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,  
 And being frank she lends to those are free.  
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
 For having traffic with thyself alone,  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?  
 Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

## V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
 Will play the tyrants to the very same  
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel;  
 For never-resting time leads summer on  
 To hideous winter and confounds him there;  
 Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,  
 Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:  
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:  
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
 Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
 Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place  
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
 That use is not forbidden usury  
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan;  
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:  
 Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,  
 Leaving thee living in posterity?  
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

## VII.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light  
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage;  
 But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,  
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract and look another way:  
     So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,  
     Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,  
 Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother  
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
     Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
     Sings this to thee: 'thou single wilt prove none.'

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
 That thou consumest thyself in single life?  
 Ah! if thou issueless shall hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;  
 The world will be thy widow and still weep  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep  
 By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.  
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And kept unused, the user so destroys it.  
     No love toward others in that bosom sits  
     That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,  
 But that thou none lovest is most evident;  
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate  
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!  
 Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?

Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
 Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:  
 Make thee another self, for love of me,  
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest  
 Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.  
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;  
 Without this, folly, age and cold decay:  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease  
 And threescore year would make the world away.  
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh featureless and rude, barrenly perish:  
 Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;  
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:  
 She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
 And die as fast as they see others grow;  
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence  
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

## XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
 No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
 Against this coming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
 Find no determination; then you were  
 Yourself again after yourself's decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear  
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
 O, none but unthrifths! Dear my love, you know  
 You had a father: let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;  
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,

Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
 By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;  
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate:  
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

## XV.

When I consider every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory;  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;  
 And all in war with Time for love of you,  
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?  
 And fortify yourself in your decay  
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?  
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
 And many maiden gardens yet unset  
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,  
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit:  
 So should the lines of life that life repair,  
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,  
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
 To give away yourself keeps yourself still,  
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?  
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
 Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.  
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 The age to come would say, 'This poet lies;  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'  
 So should my papers yellow'd with their age  
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage  
 And stretched metre of an antique song:  
 But were some child of yours alive that time,  
 You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:



Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
     So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
     So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
 And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;  
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
     Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
     My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
 A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,  
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.  
 And for a woman wert thou first created;  
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
     But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
     Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

## XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;  
 Making a couplement of proud compare,  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.  
 O, let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:  
     Let them say more that like of hearsay well;  
     I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
 Then look I death my days should expiate.  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:  
 How can I then be elder than thou art?  
 O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary  
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will;  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;  
 Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage  
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,  
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.  
 O, let my books be then the eloquence  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,  
 Who plead for love and look for recompense  
 More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.  
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd  
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
 My body is the frame wherein 't is held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art.  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictured lies;  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,

Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :  
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved  
 Where I may not remove nor be removed.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
 To thee I send this written embassy,  
 To witness duty, not to show my wit :  
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;  
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving  
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect  
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :  
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;  
 Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;  
 But then begins a journey in my head,  
 To work my mind, when body's work 's expired :  
 For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
 Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.  
 Lo ! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee and for myself no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,  
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?  
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;  
 The one by toil, the other to complain  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright  
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :  
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
 When sparkling stars twine not thou gild'st the even.  
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer  
 And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

## XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries  
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least;  
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:  
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:  
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

## XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,  
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,  
 And all those friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious tear  
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye  
 As interest of the dead, which now appear  
 But things removed that hidden in thee lie!  
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
 That due of many now is thine alone:  
 Their images I loved I view in thee,  
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,  
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
 Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:  
 'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,  
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
 To march in ranks of better equipage:  
 But since he died and poets better prove,  
 Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.'

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;  
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;  
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day  
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
 'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
 For no man well of such a salve can speak  
 That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:  
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
 Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
 And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

## XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;  
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—  
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate—  
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate  
 That I an accessory needs must be  
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one:  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain  
 Without thy help by me be borne alone.  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable spite,  
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:  
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store :  
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give  
 That I in thy abundance am sufficed  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.  
 Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee ;  
 This wish I have; then ten times happy me !

## XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;  
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.  
 If my slight Muse do please these curious days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me ?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?  
 And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee ?  
 Even for this let us divided live,  
 And our dear love lose name of single one,  
 That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee which thou deservest alone.  
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,  
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
 By praising him here who doth hence remain !

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?  
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;  
 All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.  
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
 I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;  
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest  
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;

And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.  
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?  
 Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,  
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:  
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:  
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;  
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things unrespected;  
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.  
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,  
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!  
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
 By looking on thee in the living day,  
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!  
 All days are nights to see till I see thee,  
 And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
 For then despite of space I would be brought,  
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay,  
 No matter then although my foot did stand  
 Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;

For nimble thought can jump both sea and land  
 As soon as think the place where he would be.  
 But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,  
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
 But that so much of earth and water wrought  
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan,  
 Receiving nought by elements so slow  
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide:  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
 For when these quicker elements are gone  
 In tender embassy of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four, with two alone  
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;  
 Until life's composition be recured  
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
 Who even but now come back again, assured  
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,  
 I send them back again and straight grow sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war  
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—  
 A closet never pierced with crystal eyes—  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny  
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
 To 'cide this title is impaneled  
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,  
 And by their verdict is determined  
 The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:  
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,  
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:  
 When that mine eye is fannish'd for a look,  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart;  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
 So, either by thy picture or my love,  
 Thyself away art present still with me;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
 And I am still with them and they with thee;  
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,



That to my use it might unused stay  
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!  
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifies are,  
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
 Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,  
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;  
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,  
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
 Call'd to that audit by advised respects;  
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass  
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
 When love, converted from the thing it was,  
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—  
 Against that time do I ensconce me here  
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
 And this my hand against myself uprear,  
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When what I seek, my weary travel's end,  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say  
 'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind;  
 My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
 Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:  
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
 Till I return, of posting is no need.  
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
 When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
 Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,  
 Shall neigh — no dull flesh — in his fiery race;  
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;  
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.  
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some special instant special blest,  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
 Is poorly imitated after you;  
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:  
 Speak of the spring and foison of the year;  
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
 The other as your bounty doth appear;  
 And you in every blessed shape we know.  
 In all external grace you have some part,  
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
 Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly  
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:  
 But, for their virtue only is their show,  
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,  
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:  
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

## LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.  
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 And broils root out the work of masonry,  
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 The living record of your memory.  
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room

Even in the eyes of all posterity  
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said  
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :  
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill  
 Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,  
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
 Return of love, more blest may be the view ;  
 Else call it winter, which being full of care  
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;  
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
 Save, where you are how happy you make those.  
 So true a fool is love that in your will,  
 Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,  
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !  
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,  
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;  
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
 Without accusing you of injury.  
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong  
 That you yourself may privilege your time  
 To what you will ; to you it doth belong  
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;  
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,  
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
 The second burden of a former child !  
 O, that record could with a backward look,  
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,

Show me your image in some antique book,  
 Since mind at first in character was done!  
 That I might see what the old world could say  
 To this composed wonder of your frame;  
 Whether we are mended, or whether better they,  
 Or whether revolution be the same.  
 O, sure I am, the wits of former days  
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
 Each changing place with that which goes before,  
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
 Nativity, once in the main of light,  
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

## LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?  
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,  
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?  
 O, no? thy love, though much, is not so great:  
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
 From me far off, with others all too near.

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye  
 And all my soul and all my every part;  
 And for this sin there is no remedy,  
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
 And for myself mine own worth do define,  
 As I all other in all worths surmount.  
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
 'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,  
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;

When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow  
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,  
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king  
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
 For such a time do I now fortify  
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
 That he shall never cut from memory  
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:  
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;  
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed  
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store;  
 When I have seen such interchange of state,  
 Or state itself confounded to decay;  
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,  
 That Time will come and take my love away.  
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?  
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?  
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

## LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needing nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,  
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And folly doctor-like controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
 And captive good attending captain ill:  
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,  
 And with his presence grace impiety,  
 That sin by him advantage should achieve  
 And lace itself with his society?  
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek  
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had  
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
 To live a second life on second head;  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:  
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
 Without all ornament, itself and true,  
 Making no summer of another's green,  
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;  
 All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,  
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;  
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own  
 In other accents do this praise confound  
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
 Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,  
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
 The solve is this, that thou dost common grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assail'd or victor being charged;

Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy evermore enlarged:  
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
 But let your love even with my life decay,  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
 What merit lived in me, that you should love  
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 To do more for me than mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I  
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:  
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
 For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,  
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire  
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.  
 This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

## LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee:

The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead,  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.  
 The worth of that is that which it contains,  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;  
 Now proud as an enjoyer and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;  
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight  
 And by and by clean starved for a look;  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
 Save what is had or must from you be took.  
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
 So far from variation or quick change?  
 Why with the time do I not glance aside  
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
 And keep invention in a noted weed,  
 That every word doth almost tell my name,  
 Showing their birth and where they did proceed?  
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
 And you and love are still my argument;  
 So all my best is dressing old words new,  
 Spending again what is already spent:  
 For as the sun is daily new and old,  
 So is my love still telling what is told.

## LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show  
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory can not contain  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
 Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,



As every alien pen hath got my use,  
 And under thee their poesy disperse.  
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
 And given grace a double majesty.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine and born of thee:  
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be?  
     But thou art all my art and dost advance  
     As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,  
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd  
 And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,  
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent  
 He robs thee of and pays it thee again.  
 He lends thee virtue and he stole that word  
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give  
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
     Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
     Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

## LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!  
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
 My saucy bark inferior far to his  
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building and of goodly pride:  
     Then if he thrive and I be cast away,  
     The worst was this; my love was my decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,  
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
     You still shall live — such virtue hath my pen —  
     Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse  
 And therefore mayst without attain't o'erlook  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,  
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
 And do so, love; yet when they have devised  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized  
 In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;  
 And their gross painting might be better used  
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need  
 And therefore to your fair no painting set:  
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt;  
 And therefore have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself being extant well might show  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
 This silence for my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
 For I impair not beauty being mute,  
 When others would give life and bring a tomb.  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more  
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?  
 In whose confine immured is the store  
 Which should example where your equal grew.  
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired every where.  
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compiled,  
 Reserve their character with golden quill  
 And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.  
 I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,  
 And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords  
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
 Hearing you praised, I say 'Tis so, 't is true,'  
 And to the most of praise add something more;

But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.  
 Then others for the breath of words respect,  
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
 As victors of my silence cannot boast;  
 I was not sick of any fear from thence:  
 But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

## LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light  
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight  
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
 Upon thy part I can set down a story  
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,  
 That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:  
 And I by this will be a gainer too;  
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
 The injuries that to myself I do,  
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.  
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
 And I will comment upon that offence;  
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
 Against thy reasons making no defence.  
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
 To set a form upon desired change,

As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,  
 I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,  
 Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue  
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,  
 Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong  
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
 For thee against myself I'll vow debate,  
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;  
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
 And do not drop in for an after-loss :  
 Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,  
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.  
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
 But in the onset come ; so shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortune's might,  
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
 Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,  
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,  
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;  
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :  
 But these particulars are not my measure ;  
 All these I better in one general best.  
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;  
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :  
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
 All this away and me most wretched make.

## XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
 For term of life thou art assured mine,  
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
 For it depends upon that love of thine.  
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end.  
 I see a better state to me belongs  
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend ;  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
 O, what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die !  
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?  
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband ; so love's face

May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,  
 But heaven in thy creation did decree  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.  
     How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
     If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,  
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces  
 And husband nature's riches from expense;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die,  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
     For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
     Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!  
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;  
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
 O, what a mansion have those vices got  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
     Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;  
     The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

## XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;  
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;  
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;  
 Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.  
 As on the finger of a throned queen  
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
 So are those errors that in thee are seen  
 To truths translated and for true things deem'd.  
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray  
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!  
     But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
     As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!  
 What old December's bareness every where!  
 And yet this time removed was summer's time,  
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;  
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;  
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer  
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
 Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;  
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
 As with your shadow I with these did play:

## XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:  
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,  
 If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells  
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair;  
 A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both  
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;  
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see  
 But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

## C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long  
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
 Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?  
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
 Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;

If any, be a satire to decay,  
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.  
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
 So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

## CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
 Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say  
 'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;  
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
 But best is best, if never intermix'd?'  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
 Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee  
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
 And to be praised of ages yet to be.  
 Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;  
 I love not less, though less the show appear:  
 That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming  
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
 Our love was new and then but in the spring  
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays,  
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing  
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:  
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
 But that wild music burthens every bough  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.  
 Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument all bare is of more worth  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside!  
 O, blame me not, if I no more can write!  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well?  
 For to no other pass my verses tend  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit  
 Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen,

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
 Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;  
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

## CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
 Therefore my verse to constancy confined,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,  
 'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
 'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,  
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character  
 Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?



What 's new to speak, what new to register,  
 That may express my love or thy dear merit?  
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same,  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page,  
     Finding the first conceit of love there bred  
     Where time and outward form would show it dead.

## CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.  
 As easy might I from myself depart  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
 That is my home of love: if I have ranged,  
 Like him that travels I return again,  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
     For nothing this wide universe I call,  
     Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there  
 And made myself a motley to the view,  
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new;  
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely: but, by all above,  
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.  
     Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
     Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
     Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye  
     Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?  
 You are my all the world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.  
 In so profound abysm I throw all care  
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred  
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

## CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
 For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:  
 Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?  
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
 To make of monsters and things indigest  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer:  
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;  
 Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'

When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?  
 Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove :  
 O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.  
 Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus : that I have scanted all  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;  
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds  
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right ;  
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down  
 And on just proof surmise accumulate ;  
 Bring me within the level of your frown,  
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate ;  
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove  
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager compounds we our palate urge,  
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,  
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding  
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
 To be diseased ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state  
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured :  
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
 Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,  
 Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,  
 Still losing when I saw myself to win !  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !

How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted  
 In the distraction of this madding fever!  
 O benefit of ill! now I find true  
 That better is by evil still made better;  
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I return rebuked to my content  
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,  
 And for that sorrow which I then did feel  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken  
 As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time,  
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
 O, that our night of woe might have remember'd  
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

## CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
 When not to be receives reproach of being,  
 And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd  
 Not by our feeling but by others' seeing:  
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No, I am that I am, and they that level  
 At my abuses reckon up their own:  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;  
 Unless this general evil they maintain,  
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
 Full character'd with lasting memory,  
 Which shall above that idle rank remain  
 Beyond all date, even to eternity;  
 Or at the least, so long as brain and heart  
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part  
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
 That poor retention could not so much hold,  
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might

To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
 And rather make them born to our desire  
 Than think that we before have heard them told.  
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present nor the past,  
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
 This I do vow and this shall ever be;  
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

## CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
 As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.  
 No, it was builded far from accident;  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:  
 It fears not policy, that heretic,  
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
 But all alone stands hugely politic,  
 That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.  
 To this I witness call the fools of time,  
 Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

## CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honouring,  
 Or laid great bases for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
 For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,  
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.  
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul  
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
 Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;  
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
 May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.  
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!  
 She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:  
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
 And her quietus is to render thee.

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## CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;  
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem  
 At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:  
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
 That every tongue says beauty should look so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!  
 To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more blest than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
 Mad in pursuit and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
 A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;  
 Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.  
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

## CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;

I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:  
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I swear it to myself alone.  
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck, do witness bear  
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
 In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
 Have put on black and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
 O, let it then as well beseem thy heart  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part.  
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
 For deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:  
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:  
 And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,  
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous and he is kind;

He learn'd but surety-like to write for me  
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,  
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
     Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:  
     He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'  
 And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;  
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still  
 And in abundance addeth to his store;  
 So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'  
 One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.  
     Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
     Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
 'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:  
     Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
     And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.  
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
     In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
     And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

## CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,



That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told:  
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;  
 Use power with power and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might  
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?  
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:  
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;  
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know;  
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

## CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
 But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
 But my five wits nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

## CXLII.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :  
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;  
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments  
 And seal'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :  
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
     If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
     By self-example mayst thou be denied !

## CXLIII.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
 To follow that which flies before her face,  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;  
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee  
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :  
     So will I pray that thou mayst have thy ' Will,'  
     If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still :  
 The better angel is a man right fair,  
 The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell :  
     Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
     Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
 Breathed forth the sound that said ' I hate '  
 To me that languish'd for her sake ;  
 But when she saw my woeful state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet  
 Was used in giving gentle doom,  
 And taught it thus anew to greet ;  
 ' I hate ' she alter'd with an end,  
 That follow'd it as gentle day

Doth follow night, who like a fiend  
 From heaven to hell is flown away;  
 'I hate' from hate away she threw,  
 And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
 . . . these rebel powers that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward wall so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
 Desire is death, which physic did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
 For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No.'  
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel then, though I mistake my view;  
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.  
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
 When I against myself with thee partake?  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?

Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan ?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;  
 Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway ?  
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill  
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds ?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state :  
 If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

## CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is :  
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove :  
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason ;  
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
 No want of conscience hold it that I call  
 Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,  
 In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty ? I am perjured most ;  
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost,  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,  
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;  
 For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjured I,  
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

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## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:  
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love  
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,  
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies  
 Where Cupid got new fire — my mistress' eyes.

## CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep  
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
 The fairest votary took up that fire  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
 And so the general of hot desire  
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
 For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
 A painful story from a sistering vale,  
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,  
 And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;  
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
 The carcass of a beauty spent and done:  
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
 Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,  
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Of't did she heave her napkin to her eyne,  
 Which on it had conceited characters,  
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine  
 That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,  
 And often reading what contents it bears;

As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend;  
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied  
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend  
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride  
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;  
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
And true to bondage would not break from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;  
Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall  
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;  
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;  
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
With sleided silk feat and affectedly  
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,  
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;  
Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!  
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!'  
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh —  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew —  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,  
And, privileged by age, desires to know  
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,  
And comely-distant sits he by her side;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:  
If that from him there may be aught applied  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended  
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—  
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;  
And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodged and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,  
For on his visage was in little drawn  
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;  
His phoenix down began but to appear  
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin  
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:  
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;  
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;  
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm  
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.  
His rudeness so with his authorized youth  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say  
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he  
makes!"'  
And controversy hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim  
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kind of arguments and question deep,

All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep:  
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
 He had the dialect and different skill,  
 Catching all passions in his craft of will:

'That he did in the general bosom reign  
 Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,  
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
 In personal duty, following where he haunted:  
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;  
 And dialogued for him what he would say,  
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,  
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;  
 Like fools that in th' imagination set  
 The goodly objects which abroad they find  
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;  
 And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them  
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
 Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.  
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
 And was my own fee-simple, not in part,  
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
 Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
 Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;  
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded:  
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remained the foil  
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shun'd by precedent  
 The destined ill she must herself assay?  
 Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,  
 To put the by-past perils in her way?  
 Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;  
 For when we rage, advice is often seen  
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
 That we must curb it upon others' proof;  
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
 O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!  
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
 Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man's untrue,"  
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;  
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,  
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;  
 Knew yows were ever brokers to defiling;



Thought characters and words merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

' And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid:  
That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said;  
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

" "All my offences that abroad you see  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;  
Love made them not: with acture they may be,  
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:  
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;  
And so much less of shame in me remains,  
By how much of me their reproach contains.

" "Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,  
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,  
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

" "Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me,  
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;  
Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

" "And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,  
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,  
I have received from many a several fair,  
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,  
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

" "The diamond,—why, 't was beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his invised properties did tend;  
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;  
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
With objects manifold: each several stone,  
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

" "Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,  
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render,  
That is, to you, my origin and ender;  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

“O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;  
What me your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you; and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

“Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

“But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,  
Playing the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

“O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:  
The accident which brought me to her eye  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly:  
Religious love put out Religion's eye:  
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,  
And now, to tempt, all liberty procured.

“How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congest,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

“My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,  
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,  
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place:  
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

“When thou impresses, what are precepts worth  
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!  
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst  
shame,  
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

“Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;

And suppliant their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;  
Each cheek a river running from a fount  
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:  
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses  
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear!  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolved my reason into tears;  
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came  
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;  
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:  
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;  
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;  
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,  
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?  
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

## I.

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although I know my years be past the best,  
 I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
 Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
 But wherefore says my love that she is young?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
 O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
 And age, in love, loves not to have years told.  
 Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
 Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

## II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
 That like two spirits do suggest me still;  
 My better angel is a man right fair,  
 My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her fair pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:  
 For being both to me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell;  
 The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
 A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
 Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
 Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
 Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
 To break an oath to win a paradise?

## IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook  
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
 She told him stories to delight his ear:  
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;

To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—  
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
 Or he refused to take her figured proffer,  
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer :  
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward :  
 He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too froward !

## V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?  
 O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd :  
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove ;  
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.  
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
 Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.  
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;  
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend ;  
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;  
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :  
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful  
 thunder,  
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,  
 To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

## VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made  
 Under an osier growing by a brook,  
 A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen :  
 Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look  
 For his approach, that often there had been.  
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim :  
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.  
 He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood :  
 ' O Jove,' quoth she, ' why was not I a flood !'

## VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;  
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;  
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;  
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :  
 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,  
 None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,  
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !  
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,  
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !  
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.  
 She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth ;  
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth ;  
 She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;  
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?  
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

## VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.  
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;  
Spencer to me, whose deep conceit is such  
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.  
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound  
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd  
When as himself to singing he betakes.  
One god is god of both, as poets feign;  
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

## IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;  
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:  
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,  
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:  
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth  
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,  
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'  
She show'd hers: he saw more wounds than one,  
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

## X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp string!  
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
For why I craved nothing of thee still:  
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

## XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her  
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.  
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me.'  
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;  
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced me,'  
As if the boy should use like loving charms;

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'  
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure:  
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
 Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,  
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

## XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:  
 Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;  
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;  
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.  
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame,  
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;  
 O, my love, my love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

## XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;  
 A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;  
 A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;  
 A brittle glass that's broken presently:  
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can redress,  
 So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,  
 In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

## XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:  
 She bade good night that kept my rest away;  
 And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
 'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow:'  
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:  
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither:  
 'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,  
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
 My heart doth charge the watch: the morning rise  
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;  
 For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:

The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;  
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
 Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;  
 For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
 But now are minutes added to the hours;  
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;  
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!  
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:  
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

## SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

[XVI.]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,  
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,  
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,  
 Her fancy fell a-turning.  
 Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,  
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:  
 To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite  
 Unto the silly damsel!  
 But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain  
 That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,  
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:  
 Alas, she could not help it!  
 Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,  
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:  
 Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;  
 For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day, alack the day!  
 Love, whose month was ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air:  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, gan passage find;  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,  
 'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would I might triumph so!  
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:  
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiop were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII.]

My flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not,



All is amiss :  
 Love 's denying,  
 Faith 's defying,  
 Heart 's renying,  
     Causer of this.  
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :  
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
 There a nay is placed without remove.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss ;  
     O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame !  
 For now I see  
 Inconstancy  
     More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,  
 All fears scorn I,  
 Love hath forlorn me,  
     Living in thrall :  
 Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,  
 O cruel speeding,  
     Fraughted with gall.  
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal ;  
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
 My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;  
 My sighs so deep  
 Procure to weep,  
     In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
 How sighs resound  
 Through heartless ground,  
     Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Green plants bring not  
     Forth their dye ;  
 Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back peeping  
     Fearfully :  
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains,  
 All our evening sport from us is fled,  
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.  
 Farewell, sweet lass,  
 Thy like ne'er was  
     For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :  
 Poor Corydon,  
 Must live alone ;  
     Other help for him I see that there is none.

## XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 As well as fancy partial might :

Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—  
A cripple soon can find a halt;—  
But plainly say thou lovest her well,  
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:  
And then too late she will repent  
That thus dissembled her delight;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say,  
'Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;  
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear:  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble true;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Press never thou to choose anew:  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,  
To sin and never for to saint:  
There is no heaven, by holy then,  
When time with age doth them attain,  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough, too much, I fear;  
Lest that my mistress hear my song,  
She will not stick to round me i' the ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long:  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[xx.]

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove

That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

[XXI.]

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;  
Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone:  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity:  
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;  
'Tereu, tereu!' by and by;  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain;  
For her griefs, so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!  
None takes pity on thy pain:  
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;  
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:  
King Pandion he is dead;  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;  
All thy fellow birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;

But if store of crowns be scant, No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigal, Bountiful they will him call, And with such-like flattering, 'Pity but he were a king ;' If he be addict to vice, Quickly him they will entice ; If to women he be bent, They have at commandement : But if Fortune once do frown, Then farewell his great renown ;	They that fawn'd on him be- fore Use his company no more. He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need : If thou sorrow, he will weep ; If thou wake, he cannot sleep ; Thus of every grief in heart He with thee doth bear a part. These are certain signs to know Faithful friend from flattering foe.
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### THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

LET the bird of loudest lay, On the sole Arabian tree, Herald sad and trumpet be, To whose sound chaste wings obey. But thou shrieking harbinger, Foul precurrer of the fiend, Augur of the fever's end, To this troop come thou not near ! From this session interdict Every fowl of tyrant wing, Save the eagle, feather'd king : Keep the obsequy so strict. Let the priest in surplice white, That defunctive music can, Be the death-divining swan, Lest the requiem lack his right. And thou treble-dated crow, That thy sable gender makest With the breath thou givest and takest, 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. Here the anthem doth com- mence : Love and constancy is dead ; Phœnix and the turtle fled In a mutual flame from hence. So they loved, as love in twain Had the essence but in one ; Two distincts, division none ; Number there in love was slain. Hearts remote, yet not asunder ; Distance, and no space was seen 'Twixt the turtle and his queen ; But in them it were a wonder. So between them love did shine, That the turtle saw his right	Flaming in the phœnix's sight ; Either was the other's mine. Property was thus appall'd, That the self was not the same ; Single nature's double name Neither two nor one was call'd. Reason, in itself confounded, Saw division grow together, To themselves yet either neither, Simple were so well compound- ed, That it cried, How true a twain Seemeth this concordant one ! Love hath reason, reason none, If what parts can so remain. Whereupon it made this threne To the phœnix and the dove, Co-supremes and stars of love, As chorus to their tragic scene. <div style="text-align: center; margin: 10px 0;">THRENOS.</div> Beauty, truth, and rarity, Grace in all simplicity, Here enclosed in cinders lie. Death is now the phœnix' nest ; And the turtle's loyal breast To eternity doth rest, Leaving no posterity : 'T was not their infirmity, It was married chastity. Truth may seem, but cannot be ; Beauty brag, but 't is not she ; Truth and beauty buried be. To this urn let those repair That are either true or fair ; For these dead birds sigh a prayer.
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## EXPLANATORY NOTES.



# EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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## ROMEO AND JULIET.

*"We'll not carry coals."*—Act I. Sc. 1.

One that would *carry coals*, formerly meant a mean-spirited fellow, who would submit to any indignity without resentment. A passage or two from old plays will abundantly prove this:—

*"Now my ancient being a man of an un-coal-carrying spirit."*  
Chapman's *May-day*, 1610.

*"Here comes one that will carry coals, ergo, will hold my dog."*  
Every Man out of his Humour.

*"He has had wrong, and if I were he, I would beare no coales."*  
Antonio and Mellida, 1602.

*"I will bite my thumb at them."*—Act I. Sc. 1.

This mode of quarrelling appears to have been common in our author's time. "What swearing is there (says Decker, describing the various groups that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's church), what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs to beget quarrels!*" The Dead Term, 1608.—MALONE.

*"Your plantain leaf is excellent for that."*—Act I. Sc. 2.

Tachius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it.—DR. GREY.

*"Court-cupboard."*—Act I. Sc. 5.

A *court-cupboard* was a moveable, a *boufet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding-doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inside.—STEEVENS.

*"Turn the tables up."*—Act I. Sc. 5.

It should be observed, that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore turned up.—STEEVENS.

"*Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask.*"—Act-III. Sc. 3.

To understand this allusion, it should be remembered, that the ancient English soldiers, using *match-locks*, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a *lighted match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden flask in which they kept their powder.—STEEVENS.

"*Lie thou there.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

It appears from several passages in our old plays, that knives were formerly part of the bride's accoutrements, and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet's state had been just left with her. So in Decker's *Match Me* in London, 1631:—

"See at my girdle hang my wedding-knives."

And in King Edward III., 1599:—

"Here by my side do hang my wedding-knives."

"*And shrieks like mandrakes drawn out of the earth.*"

Act IV. Sc. 3.

The *mandrake* (says Thomas Newton, in his *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587) has been idly represented as "a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some deade person that hath been convicted and put to deathe for some felonie or murther; and that they had the same in such dampishe and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried."—STEEVENS.

"*One of our order to associate me.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

Each friar has always a companion assigned him by his superior, when he asks leave to go out; and thus they are a check upon each other.

STEEVENS.

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## HAMLET.

"*The morning cock crew loud.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Bourne, of Newcastle, in his *Antiquities of the Common People*, informs us,—“It is a received tradition among the vulgar, that at the time of *cock-crowing*, the midnight spirits forsake these lower regions, and go to their proper places. Hence it is (says he), that in country places, where the way of life requires more early labour, they always go cheerfully to work at that time; whereas, if they are called abroad sooner they imagine every thing they see a wandering ghost.”—FARMER.

"*They clepe us, drunkards.*"—Act I. Sc. 4.

And well our Englishmen might; for in Elizabeth's time there was a *Dane* in London, who is thus mentioned in a collection of characters, entitled *Looke to It, for Ile Stab Ye*:—

"You that will drink Reynaldo unto deth,  
The Dane that would carowse out of his boote."

And it appears from one of Howell's Letters, dated at Hamburgh, in the year 1632, that the then king of Denmark had not degenerated from his jovial predecessors. In his account of an entertainment given by his



majesty to the earl of Leicester, he tells us, that the king, after beginning *thirty-five toasts*, was carried away in his chair, and that all the officers of the court were drunk.—STEEVENS.

“*Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,  
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires.*”—Act I. Sc. 5.

Among the other punishments of hell and purgatory, continual hunger and thirst were enumerated. Chaucer says,—“And moreover the *misese* of hell shall be in default of meat and drinke.” Nashe, in his *Pierce Penniless*, has the same idea:—“Whether it be a place of horror, stench, and darkness, where men *see meat, but can get none*, and are ever thirsty.” So, likewise, at the conclusion of an ancient pamphlet, called *The Wyll of the Devyll*:—

“Thou shalt lye in frost and fire  
With sicknesse and hunger.”

“*In her excellent white bosom, these.*”—Act II. Sc. 2.

It was customary for ladies to have a pocket at the *bosom* of their dress, in which they kept *letters*, or any other valuable which they desired to have constantly about them.

“*An eyry of children.*”—Act II. Sc. 2.

This relates to the young singing men of the Chapel-Royal, or St. Paul's, of the former of whom mention occurs in a puritanical pamphlet so early as 1569:—“Plais will never be supprest, while her Majesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens. They had as well be at their popish service in the devill's garments. Even in her Majestie's chapel do these pretty upstart youthes profane the Lorde's day by the lascivious writhings of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawdie fables gathered from their idolatrous heathen poets.”—STEEVENS

“*By the altitude of a chopine.*”—Act II. Sc. 2.

“A thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colours, some with white, some with redde, some yellow. It is called a *chapiney*, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted, some also of them have I seen fairly gilte. There are many of these *chapincys* of a great height, even half a yarde highe, whiche maketh many of their women, whiche are very short, seeme much taller than the tallest woman we have in England. Also, I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her *chapineys*. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported, eyther by men or women, when they waike abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall.”—CORYAT'S CRUDITES, 1611.

“*Like French falconers.*”—Act II. Sc. 2.

The amusement of falconry was much cultivated in France. In Sir Thomas Browne's Tracts, we are told, that “the *French* seem to have been the first and noblest *falconers* in the western part of Europe.” And, that “the French king sent over his falconers to show that sport to King James the First.”—STEEVENS.

*"I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough."*—Act III. Sc. 1.

Painting the skin was very common, anciently, and was frequently alluded to by Shakspeare's contemporaries. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:—

"—— No sooner got the teens,  
But her own natural beauty she disdains;  
With oyls and broths most venomous and base,  
She plaisters over her well-favour'd face;  
And those sweet veins by nature rightly plac'd,  
Wherewith she seems that white skin to have lac'd,  
She soon doth alter, and, with fading blue,  
Blanching her bosom, she makes others new."—STEEVENS.

*"Out-herods Herod."*—Act III. Sc. 2.

The character of *Herod* in the ancient mysteries was always a violent one. The following language is put into his mouth in an old play:—

"Now I reign lyk a king array'd full rych,  
Rollyd in rynggs and robys of array,  
Dukys with dentys I drive into the dych,  
My dedys be full dowty demyd be day."

"Of bewte and of boldnes I ber evermore the belle,  
Of mayn and of myght I master every man;  
I dyngge with my doughtiness the devyl down to helle,  
For bothe of hevyn and of earth I am kynge certann."  
STEEVENS and MALONE.

*"Lying down at Ophelia's feet."*—Act III. Sc. 2.

To lie at the feet of a mistress, during any dramatic representation, seems to have been a common act of gallantry. So in *The Queen of Corinth*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet  
At solemn masques, applauding what she laughs at."  
STEEVENS.

*"Behind the arras I'll convey myself."*—Act III. Sc. 3.

The arras-hangings, in the poet's time, were hung at such a distance from the wall, that a person might easily stand behind them unperceived  
MALONE.

*'Look here, upon this picture, and on this.'*—Act III. Sc. 4.

The introduction of *miniatures* in this place is a modern innovation. A print prefixed to Rowe's edition of *Hamlet*, 1709, proves this. There the two royal portraits are exhibited as *half lengths*, hanging in the queen's closet; and either thus, or as whole lengths, they were probably exhibited from the time of the original performance of this tragedy, to the death of Betterton. We may also learn, from this print, that the trick of throwing down the chair, on the appearance of the ghost, was adopted by modern *Hamlets*, from the practice of their predecessors.

MALONE and STEEVENS.

"*Thunders in the index*,"—Act III. Sc. 4.

In many old books we find the index inserted at the beginning instead of the end, as is now usual.

"*Hide fox, and all after*,"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

There is a play among children, called *Hide fox and all after*, which Decker seems to allude to in his *Satiromastix*: "Our unhandsome-faced poet does play at bo-peep with your grace, and cries,—'*All hid, as boys do*.'"—HANMER.

"*By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon*,"—Act IV. Sc. 5.

This is the description of a *pilgrim*. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation; for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells in their hats, to denote the due performance of their vows.—WARBURTON.

"*The owl was a baker's daughter*,"—Act IV. Sc. 5.

This is a common story among the vulgar in Gloucestershire, and is thus related: "Our Saviour went into a baker's shop, where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who insisted that the piece of dough was too large, and reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon, the baker's daughter cried out—'*Heugh, heugh, heugh!*' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour, for her wickedness, to transform her into that bird."—DOUCE.

"*By Saint Charity*,"—Act IV. Sc. 5.

In the scene between the bastard Faulconbridge and the friars and nun, in *The First Part of the Troublesome Raigne of King John*,—"The nunne swears *by Gis*, and the friar prays to *Saint Withold* (another obsolete saint mentioned in *King Lear*), and adjure him by *Saint Charitie* to hear them."—BLACKSTONE.

"*There's rosemary, that's for remembrance*,"—Act IV. Sc. 5.

*Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. Thus, in *The Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634: "I meet few but are stuck with *rosemary*: every one asked me who was to be married." *Pansies* is for *thoughts*, because of its name, *pensées*; so, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605:

"What flowers are these?  
The pansie this.  
O, that's for lovers' thoughts!"

Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel*, *women's weeds*, "fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens, they wish wantonly." *Columbines* are thus mentioned by Chapman in his *All Fools*:

"What's that?—a columbine?  
No: that thankless flower grows not in my garden."

Ophelia calls *rue* the *herb of grace*: the following passage from a Quip for an Upstart Courtier, is much to the purpose: "Some of them smiled and said *rue* was called *herbe grace*, which, though they scorned in their youth, they might weare in their age, and that it was never too late to say *miserere*." In the same work, the emblematical character of the *daisy* is thus given: "Next them grew the *dissembling daisy*, to warne such light-of-love wenches not to trust every fairie promise that such amorous bachelors make them." The *violet* is thus characterized in an old collection of sonnets, printed 1584:

"Violet is for faithfulness,  
Which in me shall abide;  
Hoping likewise that from your heart  
You will not let it slide."

"*To play at loggats with them.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

This is a game still played in several parts of England. A stake is fixed into the ground; those who play, throw *loggats* at it, and he that is nearest the stake wins: we have seen it played at sheep-shearing feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards presented to the farmer's maid to spin, for the purpose of making a petticoat, and on condition that she knelt down on the fleece, to be kissed by all the rustics present.—STEEVENS.

"*The age is grown so picked.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

This alludes to a very absurd fashion. Shoes with pointed toes, of a monstrous length, were so generally worn in England, that it was restrained at last by proclamation, so long ago as the 5th of Edward IV., when it was ordered, "That the beaks or pykes of shoes and boots should not pass two inches, upon pain of cursing by the clergy, and forfeiting twenty shillings, to be paid, one noble to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, and the third to the chamber of London: and for other countries and towns, the like order was taken. Before this time, and since the year 1482, the pykes of shoes and boots were of such length, that they were fain to be tied up to the knee with chains of silver, and gilt, or at least silken laces.—STEEVENS.

"*In the bilboes.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which disorderly or mutinous sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain, famous for its steel manufactures. The legs of persons suffering the punishment were connected so closely, that it was impossible for one to move without distressing the other; so that any attempt to rest under such circumstances was wholly fruitless. The *bilboes* are still shown in the Tower of London, among the other spoils of the *Spanish Armada*.—STEEVENS.

"*I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair.*"—Act V. Sc. 2.

"I have, in my time (says Montaigne), seene some, who, by writing, did earnestly get both their titles and living, to disavow their apprenticesage, marre their pen, and affect the ignorance of so *vulgar a qualitie*." So, in Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*:—"Tis well, and you have learned to write a bad hand, that the readers may take pains for it. Your lordship hath a secretary that can write fair when you purpose to be understood."

BOSWELL.

“*Hangers.*”—Act V. Sc. 2.

Under this term were comprehended four graduated straps, &c., that hung down in a belt on each side of its receptacle for the sword. I have seen a most gorgeous belt of this description, at least as old as the time of James I. It was of common velvet, embroidered with gold, and had belonged to the Somerset family. Pope mistook the meaning of this term, conceiving it to signify “short pendulous broad-swords.”

STEEVENS.

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OTHELLO.

“*Special officers of night.*”—Act I. Sc. 2.

Shakspeare must have read the Commonwealth and Government of Venice, translated by Lewkenor, in which the following passage occurs: “For the greater expedition thereof, of these kinds of judgments, the heads or chieftains of the *officers by night* do obtain the authority of which the advocates are deprived. These *officers of the night* are six, and six likewise are those meane officers, that have only power to correct base vagabonds and trifling offences.”—MALONE.

“*Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you,  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.*”—Act I. Sc. 3.

It was part of the policy of the Venetian state, never to entrust the command of an army to a native. “To exclude therefore (says Contarino, as translated by Lewkenor, 1599,) from the Venetian state, the danger or occasion of ambitious enterprises, our ancestors held it a better course to defend the dominions on the continent with foreign mercenary soldiers than with the home-bred citizens. Their charges and yearly occasions of disbursement are likewise very great; for alwise they do entertain in honorable sort with great provision a *captaine generale*, who alwise is a stranger borne.”—MALONE.

“*The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.*”—Act I. Sc. 3.

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an English audience before Shakspeare introduced them. In *The History of Orlando Furioso*, played before Elizabeth, they are mentioned, and Raleigh speaks of people whose heads *appear not above their shoulders*. Histories, says Gilpin, in a sermon before Edward IV., notice “a people called *Anthropophagi, eaters of men.*” In Hackluyt’s *Voyages*, 1598, we find this passage: “On that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of people whose heades appear not above their shoulders: they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breastes.”—REED and STEEVENS.

“*Thrice driven bed of down.*”—Act I. Sc. 3.

A *driven bed* is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy.—JOHNSON.

“*As luscious as locusts.*”—Act I. Sc. 3.

The fruit of the *locust tree* is a long black pod, that contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice, of much the same consistency as fresh honey.—STEEVENS.

"*Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

*Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist.—HANMER.

"—— if the general camp,  
*Pioneers and all.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

*Pioneers* were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to the office of *pioneer* as a punishment for misbehaviour. "A soldier ought ever to retaine and keepe his armes in saftie and forthcoming, for he is more to be detested than a coward, that will lose or play away any part thereof, or refuse it for his ease, or to avoid paines; wherefore such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some *abject pioneer*." The Art of War, by E. Davies, 1619.—GROSE.

"*Crusadoes.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

The *crusado* is so called from the cross which is stamped upon it; it is a Portuguese coin, in value about three shillings of our money.—GREY.

"*And it was died in mummy.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

The balsamic liquor running from *mummies*, was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary. Mummy, however, is still much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour which throws a warmth into their shadows.—STEEVENS.

"*If that the earth should teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls, would prove a crocodile.*"—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Shakspeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. "It is written (says Bullokar), that he shall weep over a man's head, when he hath devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. Wherefore, in Latin there is a proverb, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to signify such tears as are fained." It appears, that a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," of about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London in our poet's time.—MALONE.

"*For a joint ring.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

The nature of a joint ring will be best explained by a passage in Dryden's Don Sebastian:

"—— a curious artist wrought them,  
With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd;  
Yet are they both each other's counterpart:  
Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,  
(You know those names are theirs) and in the midst,  
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.  
Now if the rivets of those rings inclos'd,  
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye:  
But if they join, you must for ever part."

"*Chrysolite.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

Pliny informs us, that Ptolemy Philadelphus had a statue of his wife, Arsinoë, made of *one topas*, four cubits in length. *Topaz* and *chrysolite* were once used as synonymous terms.—PLUMTREE.

## NOTE.

**I**N order that this edition of Shakespeare might be more complete, it has been deemed requisite that a collection of gems be appended to it. Our design is not to give a complete Concordance of Shakespeare's words, which would imply the duplicating of the same passage as well as the introduction of many thousands of trivial passages, but rather to select all the desirable quotations (care being taken that complete sense was retained) and insert them once, taking for the initial word that which in our opinion is the most prominent.

The usual reference to Play, Act and Scene has been dropped, and that of Play, Volume and Page adopted. For rapid and accurate reference, the advantage of this over the other method will readily be appreciated.

## LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS.

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|                                   |                      |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| TEMPEST . . . . .                 | <i>Tem.</i>          |
| TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA . . . . . | <i>T. G. V.</i>      |
| MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR . . . . .  | <i>M. W. W.</i>      |
| MEASURE FOR MEASURE . . . . .     | <i>M. for M.</i>     |
| COMEDY OF ERRORS . . . . .        | <i>Com. E.</i>       |
| MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING . . . . .  | <i>M. Ado.</i>       |
| LOVE'S LABOR LOST . . . . .       | <i>L. L. L.</i>      |
| MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM . . . . . | <i>M. N. D.</i>      |
| MERCHANT OF VENICE . . . . .      | <i>Mer. V.</i>       |
| AS YOU LIKE IT . . . . .          | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      |
| TAMING OF THE SHREW . . . . .     | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      |
| ALL'S WELL THAT, ETC. . . . .     | <i>All's W.</i>      |
| TWELFTH NIGHT . . . . .           | <i>Tw. N.</i>        |
| WINTER'S TALE . . . . .           | <i>W. Tale.</i>      |
| KING JOHN . . . . .               | <i>K. J.</i>         |
| RICHARD II. . . . .               | <i>R. II.</i>        |
| 1 HENRY IV. . . . .               | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      |
| 2 HENRY IV. . . . .               | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      |
| RICHARD III. . . . .              | <i>R. III.</i>       |
| HENRY VIII. . . . .               | <i>H. VIII.</i>      |
| TROILUS AND CRESSIDA . . . . .    | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> |
| CORIOLANUS . . . . .              | <i>Cor.</i>          |
| TITUS ANDRONICUS . . . . .        | <i>Tit. An.</i>      |
| ROMEO AND JULIET . . . . .        | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   |
| TIMON OF ATHENS . . . . .         | <i>Tim. A.</i>       |
| JULIUS CÆSAR . . . . .            | <i>J. C.</i>         |
| MACBETH . . . . .                 | <i>Mac.</i>          |
| HAMLET . . . . .                  | <i>Ham.</i>          |
| KING LEAR . . . . .               | <i>K. L.</i>         |
| OTHELLO . . . . .                 | <i>Oth.</i>          |
| ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA . . . . .    | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   |
| CYMBELINE . . . . .               | <i>Cym.</i>          |
| PERICLES . . . . .                | <i>Per.</i>          |



# CONCORDANCE.

## ABA — ÆT

|                                                                                                                                               | V.                                    | P.            |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------|
| ABANDONED.—Left and <i>a.</i> of his velvet friends.....                                                                                      | <i>A. Y. L.</i>                       | 2 273         |
| ABIDE.—Let no man <i>a.</i> this deed but we the doers.....                                                                                   | <i>J. C.</i>                          | 6 276         |
| ABJURED.—For whose dear love . . . she hath <i>a.</i> the sight of man.....                                                                   | <i>Tw. N.</i>                         | 1 199         |
| ABORTIVE.—If ever he have child <i>a.</i> be it.....                                                                                          | <i>R. III.</i>                        | 5 167         |
| ABRAHAM.—Conduct his sweet soul to the bosom of good old <i>A.</i> .....                                                                      | <i>R. II.</i>                         | 4 54          |
| ABSOLUTE.—How <i>a.</i> the knave is!.....                                                                                                    | <i>Ham.</i>                           | 8 166         |
| ABSOLVED.—Your great goodness, out of holy pity, <i>a.</i> him with an axe.....                                                               | <i>H. VIII.</i>                       | 5 303         |
| ABSTRACTS.—They are the <i>a.</i> and brief chronicles of the time.....                                                                       | <i>Ham.</i>                           | 8 122         |
| ABUSING of God's patience and the King's English.....                                                                                         | <i>M. W. W.</i>                       | 1 140         |
| ABYSM.—In the dark backward and <i>a.</i> of time.....                                                                                        | <i>Tem.</i>                           | 1 22          |
| ACCIDENTS.—Moving <i>a.</i> by flood and field.....                                                                                           | <i>Oth.</i>                           | 8 194         |
| 'ACCOST' is front her; board her; woo her; assail her.....                                                                                    | <i>Tw. N.</i>                         | 1 201         |
| ACCOUNT.—Sent to my <i>a.</i> with all my imperfections on my head.....                                                                       | <i>Ham.</i>                           | 8 103         |
| ACCOUTRED.—Upon the word <i>a.</i> as I was, I plunged in.....                                                                                | <i>J. C.</i>                          | 6 251         |
| ACHE.—Charm <i>a.</i> with air, and agony with words.....                                                                                     | <i>M. Ado.</i>                        | 2 54          |
| ACHIEVER.—A victory is twice itself when the <i>a.</i> brings home full numbers.....                                                          | <i>M. Ado.</i>                        | 2 7           |
| ACONITUM.—Though it do work as strong as <i>a.</i> or rash gunpowder.....                                                                     | <i>2 H. IV.</i>                       | 4 206         |
| ACRES.—Holy fields over whose <i>a.</i> walked those blessed feet.....                                                                        | <i>1 H. IV.</i>                       | 4 77          |
| ACT.—Be great in <i>a.</i> , as you have been in thought.....                                                                                 | <i>K. J.</i>                          | 3 311         |
| ACTION.—In such business <i>a.</i> . . . is eloquence.....                                                                                    | <i>Cor.</i>                           | 6 205         |
| Suit the <i>a.</i> to the word; and the word to the <i>a.</i> .....                                                                           | <i>Ham.</i>                           | 8 129         |
| ACTOR.—After a well-graced <i>a.</i> leaves the stage.....                                                                                    | <i>R. II.</i>                         | 4 63          |
| ADAM.— <i>A.</i> 's sons are my brethren.....                                                                                                 | <i>M. Ado.</i>                        | 2 17          |
| Had he been <i>A.</i> he had tempted Eve.....                                                                                                 | <i>L. L. L.</i>                       | 2 175         |
| <i>A.</i> was a gardener.....                                                                                                                 | <i>2 H. VI.</i>                       | 5 62          |
| <i>A.</i> was the first that ever bore arms.....                                                                                              | <i>Ham.</i>                           | 8 164         |
| Whipped the offending <i>A.</i> out of him.....                                                                                               | <i>H. V.</i>                          | 4 232         |
| ADDER.—Whose tongue more poisonous than the <i>a.</i> 's tooth.....                                                                           | <i>3 H. VI.</i>                       | 5 100         |
| It is the bright day that brings forth the <i>a.</i> .....                                                                                    | <i>J. C.</i>                          | 6 260         |
| ADMIRABLE.—In form and moving how express and <i>a.</i> .....                                                                                 | <i>Ham.</i>                           | 8 117         |
| ADMITTANCE.—'Tis gold which buys <i>a.</i> .....                                                                                              | <i>Cym.</i>                           | 7 120         |
| ADORE.—I did <i>a.</i> a twinkling star, but now I worship a celestial sun...<br>ADORER.—I profess myself her <i>a.</i> , not her friend..... | <i>T. G. V.</i><br><i>Cym.</i>        | 1 96<br>7 106 |
| ADVANCE.—The fringed curtains of thine eye <i>a.</i> .....                                                                                    | <i>Tem.</i>                           | 1 32          |
| ADVANCEMENT.—Do not think I flatter, for what <i>a.</i> may I hope from thee.....                                                             | <i>Ham.</i>                           | 8 130         |
| ADVANTAGE.—Made use and fair <i>a.</i> of his days.....                                                                                       | <i>T. G. V.</i>                       | 1 91          |
| Were nailed for our <i>a.</i> on the bitter cross.....                                                                                        | <i>1 H. IV.</i>                       | 4 78          |
| Let's away; <i>a.</i> feeds him fat, while men delay.....                                                                                     | <i>1 H. IV.</i>                       | 4 121         |
| <i>A.</i> is a better soldier than rashness.....                                                                                              | <i>H. V.</i>                          | 4 267         |
| Take all the swift <i>a.</i> of the hours.....                                                                                                | <i>R. III.</i>                        | 5 220         |
| Has an eye can stamp and counterfeit <i>a.</i> .....                                                                                          | <i>Oth.</i>                           | 8 206         |
| ADVANTAGEOUS.—Here is everything <i>a.</i> to life: True; save means to live.....                                                             | <i>Tem.</i>                           | 1 35          |
| ADVENTURE.—I would <i>a.</i> for such merchandise.....                                                                                        | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                    | 8 28          |
| ADVERSARIES.—Do as <i>a.</i> do in law, strive mightily, but eat and drink.....                                                               | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                       | 3 26          |
| Mounting barbed steeds, to fright the souls of fearful <i>a.</i> .....                                                                        | <i>R. III.</i>                        | 5 163         |
| ADVERSARY.—A stony <i>a.</i> , an inhuman wretch.....                                                                                         | <i>Mer. V.</i>                        | 2 236         |
| Yet am I noble, as the <i>a.</i> I come to cope.....                                                                                          | <i>K. L.</i>                          | 7 393         |
| ADVERSITY.—Sweet are the uses of <i>a.</i> , which like the toad ugly and.....                                                                | <i>A. Y. L.</i>                       | 2 272         |
| Let me embrace thee, sour <i>a.</i> . . . men say it is the wisest course ...<br><i>A.</i> 's sweet milk, philosophy, to comfort thee.....    | <i>3 H. VI.</i><br><i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 5 119<br>8 50 |
| ADVERTISEMENT.—My griefs cry louder than <i>a.</i> .....                                                                                      | <i>M. Ado.</i>                        | 2 54          |
| ADVICE.—Restore I with good <i>a.</i> and little medicine.....                                                                                | <i>2 H. IV.</i>                       | 4 185         |
| Take a homely man's <i>a.</i> , be not found here.....                                                                                        | <i>Muc.</i>                           | 3 240         |
| ADVISINGS.—Fasten your ear on my <i>a.</i> .....                                                                                              | <i>M. for M.</i>                      | 1 291         |
| AERY.—Your <i>a.</i> buildeth in our <i>a.</i> 's nest.....                                                                                   | <i>R. III.</i>                        | 5 179         |
| Our <i>a.</i> buildeth in the cedar's top and dallies with the wind.....                                                                      | <i>R. III.</i>                        | 5 179         |
| ÆSOP.—Let <i>Æ.</i> fable in a winter's night.....                                                                                            | <i>3 H. VI.</i>                       | 5 154         |
| ÆTNA.—Now let hot <i>Æ.</i> cool in Sicily.....                                                                                               | <i>Tim. A.</i>                        | 7 218         |

|                                                                                       | V.                 | P.    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-------|
| AFEBARD.—A conqueror, and <i>a.</i> to speak !.....                                   | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 181 |
| I am <i>a.</i> there are few die well, that die in battle.....                        | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 276 |
| Fie, my Lord, fie! A soldier and <i>a.</i> !.....                                     | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 248 |
| AFFAIRS.—Hope is a curtail-dog in some <i>a.</i> .....                                | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 146 |
| There is a tide in the <i>a.</i> of men, which taken at the flood.....                | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 297 |
| AFFECT.—Lest it be rather thought you <i>a.</i> a sorrow than have it.....            | <i>All's W.</i>    | 2 326 |
| I do <i>a.</i> a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.....                                | <i>All's W.</i>    | 2 326 |
| AFFECTION.—She loves him with an enraged <i>a.</i> ; it is past the infinite.....     | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 27  |
| Pleasant without scurrility, witty without <i>a.</i> .....                            | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 164 |
| AFFECTIONS.—Let thy love be younger than thyself, or thy <i>a.</i> cannot hold.....   | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 218 |
| AGE.—Let them die that <i>a.</i> and sullen have.....                                 | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 25  |
| The silver livery of advised <i>a.</i> .....                                          | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 5 81  |
| That which should accompany old <i>a.</i> , as honor, love, obedience.....            | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 250 |
| <i>A.</i> cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.....               | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 7 29  |
| You see me here—a poor old man as full of grief as <i>a.</i> .....                    | <i>K. L.</i>       | 7 352 |
| AGONY.—Mirth cannot move a soul in <i>a.</i> .....                                    | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 188 |
| AIR.—With her breath she did perfume the <i>a.</i> .....                              | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 3 18  |
| The <i>a.</i> a chartered libertine, is still.....                                    | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 233 |
| AIRS.—Bring with thee <i>a.</i> from heaven, or blasts from hell.....                 | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 100 |
| AIRY.—Gives to <i>a.</i> nothing, a local habitation and a name.....                  | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 112 |
| ALBION.—That nook-shotten isle of <i>A.</i> .....                                     | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 263 |
| ALE.—Because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and <i>a.</i> ?.....     | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 215 |
| ALL.—My pretty ones? Did you say <i>a.</i> ? O, hell-kite! <i>A.</i> ?.....           | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 246 |
| Take him for <i>a.</i> in <i>a.</i> , I shall not look upon his like again.....       | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 94  |
| ALLOW not nature more than nature needs.....                                          | <i>K. L.</i>       | 7 352 |
| ALONE.—She is <i>a.</i> , then let her <i>a.</i> .....                                | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 93  |
| AMBITION.—Fling away <i>a.</i> , by that sin fell the angels.....                     | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 5 307 |
| Love and meekness, lord, become a churchman better than <i>a.</i> .....               | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 5 325 |
| <i>A.</i> should be made of sterner stuff.....                                        | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 283 |
| Vaulting <i>a.</i> which o'erleaps itself, and falls.....                             | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 210 |
| AMBITIOUS.—As he was valiant I honor him; as he was <i>a.</i> I slew him.....         | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 282 |
| AMEN.—I had most need of blessing, and <i>A.</i> stuck in my throat.....              | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 214 |
| ANATOMY.—A mere <i>a.</i> , a mountebank, a threadbare juggler.....                   | <i>Com. E.</i>     | 3 192 |
| ANCESTORS.—All his <i>a.</i> that come after him.....                                 | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 131 |
| Give him a statue with his <i>a.</i> .....                                            | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 282 |
| ANGELS.—Plays such fantastic tricks . . . as make the <i>a.</i> weep.....             | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 278 |
| <i>A.</i> and ministers of grace, defend us! Be thou.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 100 |
| ANGER.—A countenance more in sorrow than in <i>a.</i> .....                           | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 95  |
| ANIMAL.—But such a poor bare forked <i>a.</i> as thou art.....                        | <i>K. L.</i>       | 7 360 |
| ANNALS.—If you have writ your <i>a.</i> true 'tis there.....                          | <i>Cor.</i>        | 6 243 |
| ANSWER.—Here I stand to <i>a.</i> thee, or any he.....                                | <i>3 H. VI.</i>    | 5 109 |
| AFE.—This is the <i>a.</i> of form, monsieur the nice.....                            | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 175 |
| O sleep thou <i>a.</i> of death !.....                                                | <i>Cym.</i>        | 7 118 |
| APOLLO.—As sweet and musical as bright <i>A.</i> 's lute.....                         | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 163 |
| <i>A.</i> plays, and twenty caged nightingales do sing.....                           | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 3 11  |
| APPAREL.—Rich not gaudy, for the <i>a.</i> oft proclaims the man.....                 | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 98  |
| APPETITE.—Cloy the . . . edge of <i>a.</i> by bare imagination of a feast.....        | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 20  |
| Now good digestion wait on <i>a.</i> , and health on both !.....                      | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 228 |
| As if increase of <i>a.</i> had grown by what it fed on.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 93  |
| APPLAUD.—I would <i>a.</i> thee to the very echo.....                                 | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 251 |
| APPLIANCE.—Temperance, that's the <i>a.</i> which your disease requires.....          | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 5 259 |
| With all <i>a.s</i> and means to boot.....                                            | <i>2 H. IV.</i>    | 4 184 |
| APPREHENSION.—The sense of death is most in <i>a.</i> .....                           | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 288 |
| APPROVED.—Of <i>a.</i> valor and confirmed honesty.....                               | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 23  |
| APRIL.—Men are <i>A.</i> when they woo, December when they wed.....                   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 305 |
| ARGUMENT.—They fought, and sheathed their swords for lack of <i>a.</i> .....          | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 256 |
| Rightly to be great is not to stir without great <i>a.</i> .....                      | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 151 |
| ARM.—This <i>a.</i> shall do it, or this life be spent.....                           | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 9   |
| Both together are confident against the world in <i>a.s</i> .....                     | <i>1 H. IV.</i>    | 4 138 |
| Or take <i>a.s</i> against a sea of troubles.....                                     | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 125 |
| ARMED.—Thrice is he <i>a.</i> that hath his quarrel just.....                         | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 5 50  |
| No terror . . . in your threats—for I am <i>a.</i> so strong in honesty.....          | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 293 |
| ARROWS.—The slings and <i>a.</i> of outrageous fortune.....                           | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 125 |
| ART.—Dear nurse of <i>a.s</i> , plenties, and joyful births.....                      | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 299 |
| More matter, with less <i>a.</i> . . . Madam, I swear I use no <i>a.</i> .....        | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 112 |
| ARTIFICER.—Another lean, unwashed <i>a.</i> .....                                     | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 305 |
| ASPRING.—Will the <i>a.</i> blood of Lancaster, sink in the ground !.....             | <i>3 H. VI.</i>    | 5 157 |
| ASS.—Write me down an <i>a.</i> .....                                                 | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 53  |
| Your dull <i>a.</i> will not mend his pace with beating.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 164 |
| ASSUME a virtue if you have it not.....                                               | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 144 |
| ASSURANCE.—I'll make <i>a.</i> double sure.....                                       | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 236 |
| Every god did . . . set his seal to give the world <i>a.</i> of a man.....            | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 142 |
| ATTENDANCE.—To dance <i>a.</i> on their lordships' pleasures.....                     | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 5 323 |
| AUDIT.—And how his <i>a.</i> stands who knows save Heaven?.....                       | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 140 |
| AURORA.—To draw the shady curtains from <i>A.</i> 's bed.....                         | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 11  |
| AUTHORITY.—Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief <i>a.</i> .....                  | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 278 |
| AVAUNT ! and quit my sight ! let the earth hide thee.....                             | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 230 |
| AVOUCH.—The sensible and true <i>a.</i> of mine own eyes.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 87  |
| AWE.—I had as lief not be as live to be in <i>a.</i> of such a thing as I myself..... | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 251 |
| AWEARY.—I am <i>a.</i> of this moon; would he would change !.....                     | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 118 |

## B.

|                                                                                     | V.                   | P.    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| BABELED.—His nose was sharp, and a' <i>b.</i> of green fields.....                  | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 250 |
| BARE.—For I am rough, and woo not like a <i>b.</i> .....                            | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 3 30  |
| I know . . . how tender 'tis to love the <i>b.</i> that milks me.....               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 211 |
| BACHELOR.—When I said I would die a <i>b.</i> , I did not think I should.....       | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 30  |
| BACK.—Time hath . . . a wallet at his <i>b.</i> wherein he puts alms.....           | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 52  |
| At least we'll die with harness on our <i>b.</i> .....                              | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 253 |
| BACKING.—Call you that <i>b.</i> of your friends? A plague upon such <i>b.</i> .... | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 102 |
| BAD.—Thus <i>b.</i> begins and worse remains behind.....                            | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 145 |
| A miscreant, too good to be so, and too <i>b.</i> to live.....                      | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 8   |
| BADGE.—Sufferance is the <i>b.</i> of all our tribe.....                            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 202 |
| BAIT the hook well; this fish will bite.....                                        | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 27  |
| BAKED.—Funeral <i>b.</i> meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.....    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 94  |
| BALLAD.—I love a <i>b.</i> . . . if it be doleful matter merrily set down.....      | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 119 |
| I love a <i>b.</i> in print . . . for then we're sure they are true.....            | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 120 |
| BALLAD-MONGERS.—Than one of these same metre <i>b.</i> .....                        | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 114 |
| BALM of hurt minds, great nature's second course.....                               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 215 |
| BAND.—We few, we happy few, we <i>b.</i> of brothers.....                           | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 283 |
| BANDY.—I will not <i>b.</i> with thee word for word, but buckle thee.....           | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 98  |
| BANISHMENT.—Eating the bitter bread of <i>b.</i> .....                              | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 38  |
| BANNERS.—Hang out our <i>b.</i> on the outward walls.....                           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 252 |
| BARGAIN.—In the way of <i>b.</i> . . . I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.....  | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 114 |
| BARN.—He loves his own <i>b.</i> better than he loves our house.....                | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 96  |
| BASE is the slave that pays.....                                                    | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 244 |
| Who is here so <i>b.</i> that would be a bondman?.....                              | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 282 |
| To what <i>b.</i> uses we may return, Horatio.....                                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 167 |
| BASELESS.—Like the <i>b.</i> fabric of this vision.....                             | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 60  |
| BASTINADO.—He gives the <i>b.</i> with his tongue; our ears are cudgelled.....      | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 278 |
| BATED.—With <i>b.</i> breath, and whispering humbleness.....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 203 |
| BATH.—Sore labor's <i>b.</i> . . . great nature's second course.....                | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 215 |
| BATTALIONS.—They come not single spies, but in <i>b.</i> .....                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 153 |
| BAITLE.—In plain shock and even play of <i>b.</i> .....                             | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 294 |
| BAUBLE.—For that I know an idiot holds his <i>b.</i> for a god.....                 | <i>Tit. Au.</i>      | 7 236 |
| BE.—To <i>b.</i> or not to <i>b.</i> , that is the question.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 125 |
| BEADLES.—Have you not <i>b.</i> in your town, and things called whips?.....         | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 27  |
| BE-ALL.—That but this blow might be the <i>b.</i> and the end-all.....              | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 210 |
| BEAR.—Approach you like the rugged Russian <i>b.</i> .....                          | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 230 |
| Valiant as the lion, churlish as the <i>b.</i> .....                                | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 11  |
| BEARD.—Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a <i>b.</i> .....             | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 225 |
| Whose <i>b.</i> the silver hand of peace hath touched.....                          | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 194 |
| BEARDED.—Full of strange oaths and <i>b.</i> like a pard.....                       | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 284 |
| Am I dared and <i>b.</i> to my face?.....                                           | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 4 318 |
| BEAST.—No <i>b.</i> so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.....                    | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 168 |
| Shall find the unkindest <i>b.</i> more kinder than mankind.....                    | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 6 128 |
| O judgement! thou art fled to brutish <i>b.s.</i> and men.....                      | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 284 |
| BEAUTIFUL.—She's <i>b.</i> , and therefore to be wooed: She is a woman.....         | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 367 |
| BEAUTY.—Something stained with grief, that's <i>b.</i> 's canker.....               | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 32  |
| The lover . . . sees Helen's <i>b.</i> in a brow of Egypt.....                      | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 112 |
| <i>B.</i> 's ensign . . . is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks.....            | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 75  |
| BEAVER.—I saw young Harry, with his <i>b.</i> on; his cuisses.....                  | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 129 |
| BECOMES.—In peace there's nothing so <i>b.</i> a man, as modesty.....               | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 576 |
| BED.—One heart, one <i>b.</i> , two bosoms, and one troth.....                      | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 87  |
| BEDFELLOWS.—Misery acquaints a man with strange <i>b.</i> .....                     | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 43  |
| BEE.—Where the <i>b.</i> sucks, there suck I.....                                   | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 66  |
| Like the <i>b.</i> culling from every flower.....                                   | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 210 |
| We . . . like the <i>b.s.</i> are murdered for our pains.....                       | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 210 |
| BEER.—I will make it felony to drink small <i>b.</i> .....                          | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 5 60  |
| BEEFLE.—The poor <i>b.</i> . . . in corporal suffering finds a pang as great.....   | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 288 |
| BEGGAR.—When <i>b.s.</i> die there are no comets seen.....                          | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 269 |
| A <i>b.</i> begs that never begged before.....                                      | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 67  |
| <i>B.s.</i> mounted run their horse to death.....                                   | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 100 |
| <i>B.</i> that I am, I am even poor in thanks.....                                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 116 |
| BEGGARED.—For her own person, it <i>b.</i> all description.....                     | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 28  |
| BEGINS.—Thus bad <i>b.</i> , and worse remains behind.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 145 |
| BEGINNING.—That is the true <i>b.</i> of our end.....                               | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 115 |
| BEGUILE.—I . . . often did <i>b.</i> her of her tears, when I did speak.....        | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 195 |
| And fain I would <i>b.</i> the tedious day with sleep.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 134 |
| BELL.—He hath a heart as sound as a <i>b.</i> , and his tongue the clapper.....     | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 34  |
| If ever you . . . have been where <i>b.s.</i> have knolled to church.....           | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 283 |
| <i>B.</i> , book, and candle shall not drive me back.....                           | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 290 |
| Like sweet <i>b.s.</i> jangled out of tune and harsh.....                           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 127 |
| BEND.—That same eye whose <i>b.</i> doth awe the world.....                         | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 252 |
| BENEDICTION.—The <i>b.</i> of these covering heavens fall on their heads.....       | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 180 |
| BENISON.—The bounty and the <i>b.</i> of heaven to boot.....                        | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 382 |
| BENT.—They fool me to the top of my <i>b.</i> .....                                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 137 |
| BESHREW me but I love her heartily.....                                             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 214 |
| BEST.—So perfect, and so peerless . . . of every creature's <i>b.</i> .....         | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 48  |

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| BEST.—They say <i>b.</i> men are moulded out of faults.....                          | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 322 |
| BETIMES.—Not to be abed after midnight is to be up <i>b.</i> .....                   | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 213 |
| BETTER.—His <i>b.</i> doth not breathe upon the earth.....                           | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 170 |
| What you do : till <i>b.s</i> what is done.....                                      | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 117 |
| Poor Jack, farewell, I could have <i>b.</i> spared a <i>b.</i> man.....              | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 145 |
| I said an elder soldier not a <i>b.</i> : Did I say ' <i>b. ?</i> '.....             | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 293 |
| BEZONIAN.—Under which King <i>B. ?</i> Speak or die.....                             | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 222 |
| BIRD.—The <i>b.</i> of dawning singeth all night long : and they say.....            | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 89  |
| BIRTH.—At my <i>b.</i> the frame and huge foundation of the earth shook.....         | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 111 |
| At my <i>b.</i> the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.....                    | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 112 |
| The owl shrieked at thy <i>b.</i> , an evil sign.....                                | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 157 |
| DISCUFF.—As dry as the remainder <i>b.</i> after a voyage.....                       | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 281 |
| BITES.—The air <i>b.</i> shrewdly. . . . It is a nipping and an eager air.....       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 99  |
| BLACK.—Hung be the Heavens with <i>b.</i> , Yield day to night.....                  | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 4 309 |
| BLACKBERRIES.—If reasons were as plentiful as <i>b.</i> .....                        | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 104 |
| BLASPHEMY.—That in the captain . . . which in the soldier is flat <i>b.</i> .....    | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 279 |
| BLAST.—When the <i>b.</i> of war blows in our ears, then.....                        | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 256 |
| BLESSED.—Rude am I . . . and little <i>b.</i> with the soft phrase of peace.....     | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 193 |
| BLESSEDNESS.—Grows, lives, and dies in single <i>b.</i> .....                        | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 73  |
| BLEST.—It is twice <i>b.</i> : it blesteth him that gives and him.....               | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 240 |
| BLIND.—If love be <i>b.</i> , it best agrees with night.....                         | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 46  |
| BLOCKS.—You <i>b.</i> , you stones, you worse than senseless things.....             | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 248 |
| BLOOD.—This bond does give you here no jot of <i>b.</i> .....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 243 |
| Which <i>b.</i> like sacrificing Abel's cries.....                                   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 9   |
| Redemption by Christ's dear <i>b.</i> shed for.....                                  | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 185 |
| Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this <i>b.</i> clean?.....                       | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 215 |
| They say <i>b.</i> will have <i>b.</i> .....                                         | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 231 |
| BLOSSOMS.—To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow <i>b.</i> ..... | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 305 |
| BLOW winds and crack your cheeks ! Rage ! <i>b. !</i> .....                          | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 354 |
| BLUNT as the fencer's foils which hit but hurt not.....                              | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 61  |
| BLUSHING.—Blossoms and bears his <i>b.</i> honors thick upon him.....                | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 305 |
| BOATS.—Light <i>b.</i> sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.....               | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 40  |
| BODIES.—So with two seeming <i>b.</i> , but one heart.....                           | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 99  |
| BODY.—I never knew so young a <i>b.</i> with so old a head.....                      | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 240 |
| What is the <i>b.</i> when the head is off.....                                      | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 148 |
| BOLD.—Thou art too wild, too rude, and <i>b.</i> of voice.....                       | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 209 |
| Had you been as wise as <i>b.</i> , young in limbs, in judgment old.....             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 216 |
| BONDAGE is hoarse and may not speak aloud.....                                       | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 30  |
| BOND.—Is it so nominated in the <i>b. ?</i> .....                                    | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 242 |
| BONES.—The evil . . . the good is oft interred with their <i>b.</i> .....            | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 283 |
| Heaven take my soul, and England keep my <i>b.</i> .....                             | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 306 |
| BOOK.—My <i>b.</i> , wherein my soul recorded . . . all her thoughts.....            | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 210 |
| Deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my <i>B.</i> .....                    | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 65  |
| <i>B.s</i> in the running brooks, sermons in stones.....                             | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 272 |
| BOORISH.—Leave the society . . . in <i>b.</i> . . . company of this female.....      | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 312 |
| BOOTS.—It <i>b.</i> not to resist both wind and tide.....                            | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 138 |
| BOOTLESS.—Spend his prodigal wits in <i>b.</i> rhymes.....                           | <i>L. L. I.</i>      | 2 169 |
| BORN.—I was not <i>b.</i> under a rhyming planet.....                                | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 62  |
| BORROWING dulls the edge of husbandry.....                                           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 98  |
| BOSOM.—Two <i>b.s</i> interchained with an oath.....                                 | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 87  |
| My <i>b.</i> 's lord sits lightly on his throne.....                                 | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 70  |
| BOUNCE.—He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and <i>b.</i> .....                  | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 278 |
| BOUNTIFUL.—Wondrous affable and as <i>b.</i> as mines of India.....                  | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 115 |
| BOURN.—The undiscovered country, from whose <i>b.</i> no traveller.....              | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 126 |
| BOWELS.—Thus far into the <i>b.</i> of the land.....                                 | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 240 |
| BRACH.—I had rather, lady, hear my <i>b.</i> howl in Irish.....                      | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 117 |
| BRAGGARD.—O <i>b.</i> vile and damned furious wight.....                             | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 244 |
| BRAIN.—A false creation proceeding from a heat-oppressed <i>b.</i> .....             | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 213 |
| Shall . . . these paper bullets of the <i>b.</i> awe a man.....                      | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 30  |
| This is the very coinage of your <i>b.</i> .....                                     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 144 |
| Put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their <i>b.</i> .....                     | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 215 |
| Not Hercules could have knocked out his <i>b.</i> , for he had none.....             | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 151 |
| The times have been that when the <i>b.s</i> were out the man would die.....         | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 229 |
| BRAVE not me ; I will neither be faced nor braved.....                               | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 3 56  |
| BREACH.—A custom more honored in the <i>b.</i> than the.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 99  |
| Once more unto the <i>b.</i> , dear friends, once more.....                          | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 256 |
| BREAKFAST.—Read . . . and then to <i>b.</i> with what appetite you may.....          | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 301 |
| BREAST.—My sighing <i>b.</i> shall be thy funeral bell.....                          | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 115 |
| BREAST-PLATE.—What stronger <i>b.</i> than a heart untainted.....                    | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 50  |
| BREATH.—If words be <i>b.</i> and <i>b.</i> life, I have no life to breathe.....     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 145 |
| BREED.—Rome, thou hast lost the <i>b.</i> of noble bloods.....                       | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 252 |
| BREVITY is the soul of wit.....                                                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 112 |
| BRIBES.—Shall we now contaminate our fingers with base <i>b. ?</i> .....             | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 292 |
| BRIDE.—If I must die I will encounter darkness as a <i>b.</i> .....                  | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 288 |
| BRIEF as the lightning in the collied night.....                                     | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 74  |
| BRITAIN.—Prithee think, there's livers out of <i>B.</i> .....                        | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 138 |
| BROOD.—He is the <i>b.</i> , indeed, and gem of all the nation.....                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 160 |
| BROOD.—Something . . . o'er which his melancholy sits on <i>b.</i> .....             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 128 |
| BROOK.—I better <i>b.</i> the loss of brittle life, than those proud titles.....     | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 145 |
| Soldiers as little should <i>b.</i> wrong as gods.....                               | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 6 124 |

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| BROTHER.—He to-day that sheds his blood with me shall be my <i>b</i> .....     | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 283 |
| BROW.—This man's <i>b</i> ., like to a title-leaf, foretells.....              | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 154 |
| Upon his <i>b</i> . shame is ashamed to sit.....                               | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 3 48  |
| BRUIT.—The <i>b</i> . is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.....                  | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 88  |
| BUD.—But let concealment like a worm i' the <i>b</i> ., feed.....              | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 219 |
| BUDGET.—I come to her . . . and cry <i>mum</i> , and she cries <i>b</i> .....  | <i>Al. W. W.</i>     | 1 187 |
| BUFFET.—O, I could divide myself and go to <i>b.s.</i> .....                   | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 97  |
| BUFF-JERKIN.—Is not a <i>b</i> . a most sweet robe of durance.....             | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 80  |
| BUSH.—Good wine needs no <i>b</i> .....                                        | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 322 |
| BUSIED.—Affections . . . that most are <i>b</i> . when they're most alone..... | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 10  |
| BUTT.—I am your <i>b</i> . and I abide your shot.....                          | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 5 98  |
| BUXOM.—Firm and sound of heart, of <i>b</i> . valor.....                       | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 265 |
| BY-DRINKINGS.—You owe money . . . Sir John, for diet and <i>b</i> .....        | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 123 |

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| CABINED.—Now I am <i>c</i> ., cribbed, confined.....                               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 228 |
| CÆSAR.—Conjure . . . Brutus will start a spirit as soon as <i>C</i> .....          | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 252 |
| Upon what food doth this our <i>C</i> . feed, that he is grown so great?.....      | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 252 |
| Not that I loved <i>C</i> . less, but . . . Rome more.....                         | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 282 |
| Great <i>C</i> . fell, O, what a fall was there.....                               | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 286 |
| When that the poor have cried, <i>C</i> . hath wept.....                           | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 283 |
| Imperious <i>C</i> . dead and turned to clay, might stop.....                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 168 |
| CALENDAR.—Let this hour stand aye accursed in the <i>c</i> .....                   | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 237 |
| CALF.—Veal, quoth the Dutchman, is not veal a <i>c.?</i> .....                     | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 173 |
| CALL.—I can <i>c</i> . spirits from the vasty deep.....                            | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 112 |
| But will they come when you do <i>c</i> . for them.....                            | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 112 |
| CALUMNIOUS.—Virtue itself 'scapes not <i>c</i> . strokes.....                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 97  |
| CALUMNY.—The shrug, the hum or ha, those petty brands that <i>c</i> .....          | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 88  |
| Be chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape <i>c</i> .....            | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 127 |
| CAME.—He <i>c</i> ., saw, and overcame.....                                        | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 148 |
| CANDLE.—When the moon shone, we did not see the <i>c</i> .....                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 250 |
| Out, out, brief <i>c</i> ! Life's but a walking shadow.....                        | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 252 |
| CANKER.—Now ill <i>c</i> .-sorrow eat my bud, and chase.....                       | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 294 |
| Banish the <i>c</i> . of ambitious thoughts.....                                   | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 5 13  |
| As in the sweetest bud the eating <i>c</i> . dwells.....                           | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 76  |
| CANNONS.—The <i>c</i> . to the heavens, the heavens to earth.....                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 176 |
| CANNOT is false, and that I dare not falser.....                                   | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 270 |
| CAP.—I will <i>c</i> . the proverb with 'there is flattery in friendship'.....     | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 270 |
| Good men's lives expire before the flowers in their <i>c.s.</i> .....              | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 245 |
| CAPABLE.—For I am sick and <i>c</i> . of fears.....                                | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 282 |
| CAPER.—Faith I can cut a <i>c</i> . and . . . mutton to 't.....                    | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 202 |
| CAPTIVITY.—Every bondman, . . . bears the power to cancel his <i>c</i> .....       | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 258 |
| CARDS.—Have I not here the best <i>c</i> . for the game.....                       | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 314 |
| CARE is no cure, but rather corrosive.....                                         | <i>1 H. VI.</i>      | 4 345 |
| CASCA.—See what a rent the envions <i>C</i> . made.....                            | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 285 |
| CASE.—A rotten <i>c</i> . abides no handling.....                                  | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 197 |
| Dare no man answer in a <i>c</i> . of truth.....                                   | <i>1 H. VI.</i>      | 4 330 |
| CASSIO, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine.....                        | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 214 |
| CASSIUS.—CÆSAR cried, 'Help me <i>C</i> or I sink.'.....                           | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 251 |
| Yond <i>C</i> . hath a lean and hungry look, he thinks too much.....               | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 253 |
| <i>C</i> . is awarey of the world, hated by one he loves.....                      | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 294 |
| CAST.—I have set my life upon a <i>c</i> ., and I will stand the hazard.....       | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 251 |
| Sicklied o'er with the pale <i>c</i> . of thought.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 126 |
| CASTLE.—Our <i>c</i> .'s strength will laugh a siege to scorn.....                 | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 252 |
| CATCH.—If I can <i>c</i> . him once upon the hip, I will.....                      | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 201 |
| CATCHING.—Sickness is <i>c</i> ., O, were favor so.....                            | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 75  |
| CAUCASUS.—Who can hold fire . . . by thinking on the frosty <i>C</i> .....         | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 20  |
| CAULDRON.—Fire burn and <i>c</i> . bubble.....                                     | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 234 |
| CAUSE.—As thy <i>c</i> . is right . . . so be thy fortune in this royal fight..... | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 15  |
| God and our good <i>c</i> . fight upon our side.....                               | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 248 |
| Hear me for my <i>c</i> ., and be silent that.....                                 | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 282 |
| CAVIARE.—The play . . . was <i>c</i> . to the general.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 120 |
| CAVIL.—In a bargain . . . I'll <i>c</i> . on the ninth part of a hair.....         | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 114 |
| CELERITY.—She has such a <i>c</i> . in dying, she is cunning.....                  | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 12  |
| CENSURE.—Take each man's <i>c</i> ., but reserve thy judgement.....                | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 97  |
| CEREMONY.—What have kings that privates have not, save <i>c.?</i> .....            | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 278 |
| Be sick . . . and bid thy <i>c</i> . give thee cure.....                           | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 278 |
| When love begins to sicken . . . it uses an enforced <i>c</i> .....                | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 290 |
| CHAMBERERS.—Those soft parts of conversation that <i>c</i> . have.....             | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 226 |
| CHAMELEON.—The <i>c</i> . Love can feed on air.....                                | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 87  |
| CHAMPION.—To God, the widow's <i>c</i> . and defence.....                          | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 13  |
| CHANCE.—If <i>c</i> . will have me king, why, <i>c</i> . may crown me.....         | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 205 |
| CHANCES.—I spake of most disastrous <i>c</i> ., of moving accidents.....           | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 194 |
| CHANGED to a worse shape thou canst not be.....                                    | <i>1 H. VI.</i>      | 4 366 |
| CHAPMEN.—As <i>c</i> . do, dispraise the thing that you desire to buy.....         | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 58  |
| CHARIOT.—Her <i>c</i> . is an empty hazel-nut, made by the joiner squirrel.....    | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 20  |

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| CHARITY.—A hand open as day for melting <i>c.</i> .....                               | 2 H. IV.             | 4 206 |
| CHARMED.—I bear a <i>c.</i> life, which must not yield to one of woman born.....      | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 255 |
| CHASTE.—Be thou as <i>c.</i> as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape.....      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 127 |
| I thought her as <i>c.</i> as unsunned snow.....                                      | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 127 |
| CHECKED.—Be <i>c.</i> for silence, but never taxed for speech.....                    | <i>All's W.</i>      | 2 326 |
| CHEEK.—Let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask <i>c.</i> .....    | <i>Tru. N.</i>       | 1 220 |
| Beauty's ensign . . . is crimson in thy lips and in thy <i>c.</i> .....               | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 76  |
| CHEER.—Small <i>c.</i> and great welcome make a merry feast.....                      | <i>Com. Er.</i>      | 3 168 |
| CHERISHED.—The starved snake <i>c.</i> in your breasts will sting.....                | 2 H. VI.             | 5 43  |
| CHERRY.—We grew together like a double <i>c.</i> seeming parted.....                  | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 99  |
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| <i>D.</i> makes no conquest of this conqueror, for now he lives on fame.....           | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 200 |
| The <i>d.</i> of each day's life, sore labor's bath.....                               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 215 |
| Our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty <i>d.</i> .....                     | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 252 |
| DEBONAIR.—As free, as <i>d.</i> , unarmed as bending angels.....                       | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 22  |
| DEBT.—Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's <i>d.</i> .....                          | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 256 |
| DECEIT.—O, that <i>d.</i> should steal such gentle shapes.....                         | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 192 |
| DECEIVERS.—Sigh no more, ladies . . . men were <i>d.</i> ever.....                     | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 26  |
| DECKING with liquid pearl the bladed grass.....                                        | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 76  |
| DEED.—How far that little candle . . . So shines a good <i>d.</i> in a.....            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 250 |
| Foul <i>d.s</i> will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 96  |
| This foul <i>d.</i> shall smell above the earth.....                                   | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 281 |
| Do <i>d.s</i> to make heaven weep, all earth amazed.....                               | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 228 |
| Such precious <i>d.s</i> in one that promised nought.....                              | <i>Cyn.</i>          | 7 171 |
| DEEP.—Smooth runs the water where the brook is <i>d.</i> .....                         | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 5 37  |
| DEEP-MOUTHED.—Rattle the welkin's ear, and mock the <i>d.</i> thunder.....             | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 316 |
| DEER.—Death hath not struck so fat a <i>d.</i> , though many dearer.....               | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 145 |
| Why let the stricken <i>d.</i> go weep, the hart ungalled play.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 135 |
| Mice, rats and such small <i>d.</i> .....                                              | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 361 |
| DELAY.—Defer no time, <i>d.s</i> have dangerous ends.....                              | <i>1 H. VI.</i>      | 4 342 |
| The law's <i>d.</i> , the insolence of office.....                                     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 126 |
| DELIGHT.—These violent <i>d.s</i> have violent ends.....                               | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 40  |
| DESERT.—Use every man after his <i>d.</i> , and who should escape whipping?.....       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 122 |
| DESPAIR.—Our crimes would <i>d.</i> if they were not cherished by.....                 | <i>All's W.</i>      | 2 374 |
| Hope gives not so much warrant as <i>d.</i> .....                                      | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 164 |
| DESFERATE.—Diseases <i>d.</i> grown, by <i>d.</i> appliances are relieved.....         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 148 |
| DEVIL.—Hell is empty, and all the <i>d.s</i> are here.....                             | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 26  |
| Let the <i>d.</i> be sometimes honored for his burning throne.....                     | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 319 |
| He must have a long spoon that sups with the <i>d.</i> .....                           | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 181 |
| <i>D.</i> 's soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.....                           | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 161 |
| The <i>d.</i> can cite Scripture for his purpose.....                                  | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 202 |
| He will give the <i>d.</i> his due.....                                                | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 82  |
| Shame the <i>d.</i> by telling the truth: tell the truth and shame the <i>d.</i> ..... | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 112 |
| DIANA.—Let us be <i>D.</i> 's forsters, gentlemen of the shade.....                    | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 80  |
| DIE.—Ay, but to <i>d.</i> , and go we know not where.....                              | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 289 |



|                                                                                                      |       |   |     |
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| DIE.—He is old, I young.—And may not young men <i>d.</i> as well as old. <i>Tam. Sh.</i>             | V. P. | 3 | 36  |
| I am afraid that few <i>d.</i> well, that <i>d.</i> in battle. <i>H. V.</i>                          |       | 4 | 276 |
| DIFFICULTIES.—All <i>d.</i> are but easy when they are known. <i>M. for M.</i>                       |       | 1 | 305 |
| DIGESTION.—Now good <i>d.</i> wait on appetite, and health on both. <i>Mac.</i>                      |       | 3 | 228 |
| DIM.—So doth the greater glory <i>d.</i> the less. <i>Mer. V.</i>                                    |       | 2 | 250 |
| DIRECT.—He durst not give me the lie <i>d.</i> <i>A. Y. L.</i>                                       |       | 2 | 319 |
| Take note . . . O world, to be <i>d.</i> and honest is not safe. <i>Oth.</i>                         |       | 8 | 229 |
| DISCONTENT.—For what's more miserable than <i>d.</i> <i>2 H. VI.</i>                                 |       | 5 | 40  |
| Now is the winter of our <i>d.</i> made glorious summer by this sun. <i>R. III.</i>                  |       | 5 | 163 |
| DISCOURSE.—A beast that wants <i>d.</i> of reason would have mourned longer. <i>Ham.</i>             |       | 8 | 93  |
| He that hath made us with such large <i>d.</i> looking before and after. <i>Ham.</i>                 |       | 8 | 151 |
| DISCRETION.—The better part of valor is <i>d.</i> <i>1 H. IV.</i>                                    |       | 4 | 146 |
| DISDAIN.—And the red glow of scorn, and proud <i>d.</i> <i>A. Y. L.</i>                              |       | 2 | 298 |
| DISEASE.—Kill the physician and the fee bestow upon thy foul <i>d.</i> <i>K. L.</i>                  |       | 7 | 319 |
| DISH.—Like fair fruit in an unwholesome <i>d.</i> are like to rot untasted. <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>     |       | 6 | 37  |
| Let's carve him as a <i>d.</i> fit for the gods, not hew him as a carcass. <i>J. C.</i>              |       | 6 | 264 |
| DISMAY.—With more <i>d.</i> I view the fight than those that make the fray. <i>Mer. V.</i>           |       | 2 | 225 |
| DISORDER.—You have . . . broke the good meeting with most admired <i>d.</i> <i>Mac.</i>              |       | 3 | 230 |
| DISSENSION.—Civil <i>d.</i> is a viperous worm. <i>1 H. VI.</i>                                      |       | 4 | 338 |
| DISTEMPER.—Upon the heat and flame of thy <i>d.</i> sprinkle cool patience. <i>Ham.</i>              |       | 8 | 144 |
| DISTRIBUTION.—So <i>d.</i> should undo excess, and each man have enough. <i>K. L.</i>                |       | 7 | 370 |
| DIVERS.—Time travels in <i>d.</i> paces with <i>d.</i> persons. <i>A. Y. L.</i>                      |       | 2 | 293 |
| DIVINE.—It's a good <i>d.</i> that follows his own instructing. <i>Mer. V.</i>                       |       | 2 | 197 |
| DIVINITY.—There's such <i>d.</i> doth hedge a king, that treason. <i>Ham.</i>                        |       | 8 | 155 |
| There's a <i>d.</i> that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will. <i>Ham.</i>                     |       | 8 | 170 |
| DOCTOR.—By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death will seize the <i>d.</i> <i>Cym.</i>            |       | 7 | 172 |
| DOG.—I'd rather hear my <i>d.</i> bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me. <i>M. Ado.</i>       |       | 2 | 9   |
| I had rather be a <i>d.</i> and bay the moon than such a Roman. <i>J. C.</i>                         |       | 6 | 292 |
| DOLE.—Happy man be his <i>d.</i> say I, every man to his business. <i>1 H. IV.</i>                   |       | 4 | 95  |
| DONE to death with slanderous tongues. <i>M. Ado.</i>                                                |       | 2 | 63  |
| If it were <i>d.</i> when it is <i>d.</i> , then 'twere well, it were <i>d.</i> quickly. <i>Mac.</i> |       | 3 | 209 |
| DOOMSDAY.—The world's grown honest. —Then is <i>d.</i> near. <i>Ham.</i>                             |       | 8 | 115 |
| DOOR-NAIL.—If I do not leave you all as dead as a <i>d.</i> <i>2 H. VI.</i>                          |       | 5 | 73  |
| DOUBLE.— <i>D.</i> , <i>d.</i> toil and trouble; fire burn and. <i>Mac.</i>                          |       | 3 | 234 |
| DOUBT truth to be a liar, but never <i>d.</i> I love. <i>Ham.</i>                                    |       | 8 | 113 |
| 'Tis a shrewd <i>d.</i> , though it be but a dream. <i>Oth.</i>                                      |       | 8 | 230 |
| DOVE.—Seems he a <i>d.</i> , his feathers are but borrowed. <i>2 H. VI.</i>                          |       | 5 | 37  |
| DOVECOTE.—Like an eagle in a <i>d.</i> , I fluttered your Voices in Corioli. <i>Cor.</i>             |       | 6 | 243 |
| DRAM.—Every <i>d.</i> of woman's flesh is false, if she be. <i>W. Tale.</i>                          |       | 3 | 90  |
| DREAM.—To die, to sleep; to sleep; perchance to <i>d.</i> <i>Ham.</i>                                |       | 8 | 125 |
| DREAMS which are the children of an idle train begot of nothing. <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                  |       | 8 | 20  |
| We are such stuff as <i>d.</i> are made of. <i>Tem.</i>                                              |       | 1 | 61  |
| What <i>d.</i> may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil. <i>Ham.</i>                      |       | 8 | 125 |
| DRINK.—These clothes are good enough to <i>d.</i> in; and so be those boots. <i>Tw. N.</i>           |       | 1 | 200 |
| He's in the third degree of <i>d.</i> ; he's drowned. <i>Tw. N.</i>                                  |       | 1 | 206 |
| Alas! it cried 'Give me some <i>d.</i> , Titonius,' as a sick girl. <i>J. C.</i>                     |       | 6 | 252 |
| DROP.—The wide sea hath <i>d.s.</i> too few to wash her clean again. <i>M. Ado.</i>                  |       | 2 | 47  |
| I to the world am like a <i>d.</i> of water, that seeks another <i>d.</i> <i>Com. E.</i>             |       | 3 | 157 |
| DROWN.—O Lord! methought, what pain it was to <i>d.</i> <i>R. III.</i>                               |       | 5 | 182 |
| DRUM.—The spirit-stirring <i>d.</i> , the ear-piercing fife. <i>Oth.</i>                             |       | 8 | 228 |
| DRUNK.—I'll ne'er be <i>d.</i> again, but in honest . . . godly company. <i>M. W. W.</i>             |       | 1 | 134 |
| If I be <i>d.</i> , I'll be <i>d.</i> with those that have the fear of God. <i>M. W. W.</i>          |       | 1 | 134 |
| DRY.—When I was <i>d.</i> with rage and extreme toil. <i>1 H. IV.</i>                                |       | 4 | 85  |
| DUDGEON.—I see thee still, and on thy blade and <i>d.</i> gouts of blood. <i>Mac.</i>                |       | 3 | 213 |
| DUKEEDOM.—Me, poor man, my library was <i>d.</i> large enough. <i>Tem.</i>                           |       | 1 | 24  |
| DULCET.—Uttering such <i>d.</i> and harmonious breath. <i>M. N. D.</i>                               |       | 2 | 83  |
| DUST.—Lads and girls all must as chimney-sweepers come to <i>d.</i> <i>Cym.</i>                      |       | 7 | 155 |

## E.

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| EAGLE.—A lover's eye will gaze an <i>e.</i> blind. <i>L. L. L.</i>                                   |  | 2 | 163 |
| EAGLES.—Drones suck not <i>E.</i> blood, but rob bee-hives. <i>2 H. VI.</i>                          |  | 5 | 58  |
| EARNEST.—Turned my feigned prayer, and gave in <i>e.</i> what I begged. <i>R. III.</i>               |  | 5 | 240 |
| EAR.—Which falls into my <i>e.s.</i> as profitless as water in a sieve. <i>M. Ado.</i>               |  | 2 | 53  |
| Pitches have <i>e.s.</i> , and I have many servants. <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                                 |  | 3 | 58  |
| It came o'er my <i>e.</i> , like the sweet sound that breathes. <i>Tw. N.</i>                        |  | 1 | 197 |
| Seed threatens steed . . . piercing the night's dull <i>e.</i> <i>H. IV.</i>                         |  | 4 | 271 |
| Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's <i>e.</i> <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                                        |  | 8 | 22  |
| Lend me your <i>e.s.</i> I came to bury Cæsar not to praise him. <i>J. C.</i>                        |  | 6 | 283 |
| That keep the word of promise to the <i>e.</i> and break it to our hope. <i>Mac.</i>                 |  | 3 | 255 |
| Give every man thy <i>e.</i> , but few thy voice. <i>Ham.</i>                                        |  | 8 | 97  |
| EARTH.—I say the <i>e.</i> did shake when I was born. <i>1 H. IV.</i>                                |  | 4 | 112 |
| There are more things in heaven and <i>e.</i> , Horatio, than. <i>Ham.</i>                           |  | 8 | 106 |
| EASE.—Shall I not take my <i>e.</i> in mine inn but have my pocket picked? <i>1 H. IV.</i>           |  | 4 | 123 |
| EAST.—An hour before the . . . sun peered forth the . . . window of the <i>e.</i> <i>R. &amp; J.</i> |  | 8 | 10  |
| EASY.—'Tis as <i>e.</i> as lying. <i>Ham.</i>                                                        |  | 8 | 137 |
| EAT.—I promised to <i>e.</i> all his killing. <i>M. Ado.</i>                                         |  | 2 | 8   |

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| EAT.—Will you not <i>e.</i> your word? With no sauce that can be devised..... <i>M. Ado.</i>          | 2  | 50  |
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| ECHOES.—He <i>e.</i> me, as if there was some monster in his thoughts..... <i>Oth.</i>                | 8  | 222 |
| EEL.—Is the adder better than the <i>e.</i> , because his painted skin..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>           | 3  | 57  |
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| ENGENDERS.—Your stomachs are . . . young, and abstinence <i>e.</i> maladies..... <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2  | 162 |
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| The poet's <i>e.</i> in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to..... <i>M. N. D.</i>        | 2  | 112 |
| What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, as those two <i>e.s</i> ..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>          | 3  | 61  |
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| Behold his <i>e.</i> , as bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth . . . majesty..... <i>R. II.</i>   | 4  | 46  |
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| The <i>e.s</i> of the ignorant (are) more learned than their ears..... <i>Cor.</i>                    | 6  | 205 |
| She says nothing: what of that her <i>e.</i> discourses..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                       | 8  | 26  |
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| <b>FACULTIES.</b> —Duncan hath borne his <i>f.s</i> so meek, hath been..... <i>Mac.</i>                  | 3  | 210 |
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| The trust I have is in mine <i>i</i> ., and therefore am I bold..... <i>2 H. VI.</i>           | 5  | 65  |
| INNOCENT.—Look like the <i>i</i> . flower, but be the serpent under 't..... <i>Mac.</i>        | 3  | 208 |
| <i>i</i> . sleep, sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care..... <i>Mac.</i>             | 3  | 214 |
| INSEPARABLE.—Like true, <i>i</i> ., loves, sticking together in calamity..... <i>K. J.</i>     | 3  | 294 |
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| INSTRUCTION.—It shall go hard, but I will better the <i>i</i> . .... <i>Mer. V.</i>            | 2  | 222 |
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| INTEGRITY.—My robe and my <i>i</i> . to Heaven is all I dare now call my own.. <i>H. VIII.</i> | 5  | 308 |
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| Be thy <i>i</i> .s wicked or charitable, thou comest in such . . . shape..... <i>Ham.</i>      | 8  | 100 |
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| INTERRED.—Evil that men do . . . the good is oft <i>i</i> . with their bones..... <i>J. C.</i> | 6  | 283 |
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| JANUARY.—You will never run mad, niece. No, not till a hot <i>J</i> . .... <i>M. Ado.</i>                | 2 | 9   |
| JANUS.—By . . . <i>J</i> ., Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time . <i>Mer. V.</i>              | 2 | 194 |
| JAUNDICE.—What grief doth set the <i>j</i> . on your cheeks?..... <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>                   | 6 | 17  |
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| JEALOUSY.—For love, thou knowest, is full of <i>j</i> . .... <i>T. G. V.</i>                             | 1 | 94  |
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| JERUSALEM.—So part me sadly . . . to meet with joy in sweet <i>J</i> . .... <i>3 H. VI.</i>              | 5 | 154 |
| JESTS.—He <i>j</i> . at scars that never felt a wound..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                            | 8 | 26  |
| JEW.—Hath not a <i>J</i> . eyes? hath not a <i>J</i> . hands, organs . . . senses?.. <i>Mer. V.</i>      | 2 | 222 |
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| A second Daniel! I thank thee, <i>J</i> ., for teaching me that word..... <i>Mer. V.</i>                 | 2 | 244 |
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| JEWEL.—Like the toad . . . wears yet a precious <i>j</i> . in his head..... <i>A. Y. L.</i>              | 2 | 272 |
| My chastity's the <i>j</i> . of our house, bequeathed down..... <i>All's W.</i>                          | 2 | 371 |
| Hangs upon the cheek of night, like a rich <i>j</i> . in an Ethiop's ear..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>         | 8 | 22  |
| Good name in men and women . . . is the immediate <i>j</i> . of their souls.... <i>Oth.</i>              | 8 | 223 |
| JOCUND day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                              | 8 | 54  |
| JOINT.—Her wanton spirits look out at every <i>j</i> . . . . of her body..... <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>       | 6 | 66  |
| The time is out of <i>j</i> .: O cursed spite, that ever I was born..... <i>Ham.</i>                     | 8 | 106 |
| JOURNEY.—Now is the sun upon the highmost hill of this day's <i>j</i> . .... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>          | 8 | 38  |
| JOVE.—Could . . . men thunder as <i>J</i> . . . does, <i>J</i> . would ne'er be quiet.. <i>M. for M.</i> | 1 | 278 |
| JOY.—If he be sick with <i>j</i> ., he'll recover without physic..... <i>2 H. IV.</i>                    | 4 | 209 |
| Eighty years . . . and each hour's <i>j</i> . wrecked with a week of teen..... <i>R. III.</i>            | 5 | 221 |
| There's tears for his love, <i>j</i> . for his fortune, honor for his valor..... <i>J. C.</i>            | 6 | 282 |

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| JOY.—Fill full. I drink to the general <i>j.</i> of the whole table.....                        | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 | 230 |
| Where <i>j.</i> most revels, grief doth most lament; grief <i>j.s.</i> , <i>j.</i> grieves..... | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 133 |
| Briefly die their <i>j.s.</i> that place them on the truth.....                                 | <i>Cym.</i>        | 7 | 174 |
| JUDGE.—Nor the <i>j.</i> 's robe, become them with one-half so good a grace.....                | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 | 277 |
| Forebear to <i>j.</i> , for we are sinners all.....                                             | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 5 | 55  |
| JUDGEMENT.—Some god direct my <i>j.</i> .....                                                   | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 2 | 215 |
| O <i>j.</i> ! thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason.....              | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 | 284 |
| JUDICIOUS.—Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the <i>j.</i> .....              | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 129 |
| JULIET.—Hang up philosophy! Unless philosophy can make a <i>J.</i> .....                        | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 | 50  |
| JUMP.—Here, upon this bank and shoal of time, we'd <i>j.</i> the life to come.....              | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 | 210 |
| JUST.—Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel <i>j.</i> .....                                  | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 5 | 50  |
| The gods are <i>j.</i> , and of our pleasant vices make . . . us.....                           | <i>K. L.</i>       | 7 | 394 |
| JUSTICE.—The <i>j.</i> , in fair round belly with good capon lined....                          | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 | 284 |
| And poise the cause in <i>j.</i> equal scales, whose beam stands sure.....                      | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 5 | 28  |

## K.

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| KEEN.—The tongues of mocking wenches are as <i>k.</i> as is the razor's edge.....     | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 | 173 |
| KEEPING.—Call you that <i>k.</i> for a gentleman of my birth?.....                    | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 259 |
| KERNEL.—There can be no <i>k.</i> in this light nut; the soul of this man's.....      | <i>All's W. L.</i>   | 2 | 354 |
| KEY.—Bend low and in a bondsman's <i>k.</i> , with bated breath and.....              | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 | 203 |
| KIDNEY.—Think of that—a man of my <i>k.</i> —think of that!.....                      | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 | 172 |
| KILL.—I would not <i>k.</i> thy unprepared spirit; No; heaven forbid!.....            | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 | 257 |
| The first thing we do, let's <i>k.</i> all the lawyers.....                           | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 5 | 61  |
| KIN.—One touch of nature makes the whole world <i>k.</i> .....                        | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 | 53  |
| A little more than <i>k.</i> , and less than kind.....                                | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 91  |
| KINDNESS nobler ever than revenge and nature . . . made him.....                      | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 310 |
| This is a way to kill a wife with <i>k.</i> .....                                     | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 3 | 49  |
| I fear thy nature; it is too full o' the milk of human <i>k.</i> .....                | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 | 207 |
| KING.—Not the <i>k.</i> 's crown, nor the deputed sword, the marshal's.....           | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 | 277 |
| The attribute . . . wherein doth sit the dread and fear of <i>k.s.</i> .....          | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 | 241 |
| It is enthroned in the heart of <i>k.s.</i> , it is the attribute to God himself..... | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 | 241 |
| Not all the water . . . can wash the balm from an anointed <i>k.</i> .....            | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 | 40  |
| <i>K.s.</i> and mightiest potentates must die, for that's the end of human....        | <i>1 H. VI.</i>      | 4 | 345 |
| <i>K.</i> Stephen was a worthy peer, his breeches cost him but a crown.....           | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 | 210 |
| Falsehood is worse in <i>k.s.</i> than beggars.....                                   | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 | 144 |
| KISS.—There is not half a <i>k.</i> to choose, who loves . . . best.....              | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 | 118 |
| Like fire and powder, which as they <i>k.</i> consume.....                            | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 | 40  |
| KISSED.—She is not to be <i>k.</i> fasting, in respect of her breath.....             | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 | 106 |
| KISSES.—His <i>k.</i> are Judas's own children.....                                   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 297 |
| KITTEN.—I had rather be a <i>k.</i> and cry mew, than one of these.....               | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 | 114 |
| KNAVE.—How absolute the <i>k.</i> is, we must speak by the card .....                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 166 |
| You sir, more <i>k.</i> than fool, after your master.....                             | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 | 335 |
| KNAVERY's plain face is never seen till used.....                                     | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 | 208 |
| KNEE.—Show me thy humble heart and not thy <i>k.</i> .....                            | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 | 35  |
| Supple <i>k.s.</i> feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.....                  | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 | 50  |
| Offerer on her <i>k.s.</i> than on her feet, died every day she lived.....            | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 | 243 |
| KNELL.—Hear it not . . . for it is a <i>k.</i> , that summons thee to heaven or.....  | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 | 213 |
| KNIGHTS.—The armorers accomplishing the <i>k.</i> , with busy hammers.....            | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 | 271 |
| KNOW.—I will swear to study so, to <i>k.</i> the thing I am forbid to <i>k.</i> ..... | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 | 126 |
| I <i>k.</i> a trick worth two of that, i' faith.....                                  | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 | 92  |
| Lord, we <i>k.</i> what we are, but <i>k.</i> not what we may be.....                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 153 |
| To <i>k.</i> a man well were to <i>k.</i> himself.....                                | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 173 |
| KNOWLEDGE.—O <i>k.</i> ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!.....       | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 295 |
| <i>K.</i> is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.....                                 | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 5 | 68  |

## L.

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| LABOR.—Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to <i>L.</i> in his vocation.....              | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 | 82  |
| The <i>L.</i> we delight in physics pain.....                                    | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 | 217 |
| LABORER.—I am a true <i>L.</i> ; I earn that I eat, get that I wear.....         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 287 |
| LACE.—O cut my <i>L.</i> in sunder, that my pent heart may have some scope.....  | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 | 220 |
| LADIES.—If <i>L.</i> be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it.....   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 281 |
| LADY.—He capers nimbly in a <i>L.</i> 's chamber, to the.....                    | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 | 163 |
| To make a sweet <i>L.</i> sad is a sour offence.....                             | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 | 42  |
| Now get you to my <i>L.</i> 's chamber, and tell her, let her paint.....         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 167 |
| LAMB.—We were as twinned <i>L.s.</i> that did frisk i' the sun.....              | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 | 76  |
| In war was never lion . . . in peace was never gentle <i>L.</i> more mild.....   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 | 26  |
| You are yoked with a <i>L.</i> , that carries anger as the flint bears fire..... | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 | 294 |
| LAMENT.—Where joy most revels, grief doth most <i>L.</i> .....                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 133 |
| LAMENTABLY.—A very pleasant thing indeed, and sung <i>L.</i> .....               | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 | 119 |
| LAND.—Money buys <i>L.</i> , and wives are sold by fate .....                    | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 | 193 |
| My love . . . Prizes not quantity of dirty <i>L.s.</i> .....                     | <i>Trw. N.</i>       | 1 | 219 |
| LANDLORD of England art thou, not king; the state of law is bond slave.....      | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 | 25  |

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| LANGUAGE.—There was . . . <i>L</i> . in their very gesture.....                              | <i>W. Tale.</i>    | 3 141 |
| LARDS.—Falstaff sweats to death, and <i>L</i> . the lean earth as he walks.....              | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 96  |
| LARGESS.—A <i>L</i> . universal like the sun, his liberal eye doth give to every one.....    | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 272 |
| LARK.—More tunable than <i>L</i> . to shepherd's ear.....                                    | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 75  |
| It was the <i>L</i> ., the herald of the morn.....                                           | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 54  |
| Hark, hark! The <i>L</i> . at heaven's gate sings.....                                       | <i>Cym.</i>        | 7 119 |
| LASCIVIOUS.—I will find you twenty <i>L</i> . turtles ere one chaste man.....                | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 145 |
| LAST.—The <i>L</i> . of all the Romans, fare thee well !.....                                | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 395 |
| LAUGH to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm.....                      | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 236 |
| Our castle's strength will <i>L</i> . a siege to scorn.....                                  | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 252 |
| LAUGHTER.—To move wild <i>L</i> . in the throat of death.....                                | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 188 |
| LAW.—One that knows the <i>L</i> ., go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to.....             | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 53  |
| In these nice, sharp quillets of the <i>L</i> ., good faith I am no.....                     | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 4 330 |
| Villian, thou knowest no <i>L</i> . of God nor man.....                                      | <i>R. III.</i>     | 5 168 |
| The proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the <i>L</i> 's delay.....            | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 126 |
| LAWYER.—O'er <i>L</i> 's fingers, who straight dream on fees.....                            | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 20  |
| Why may not that be the skull of a <i>L</i> . ? Where be his quiddities . . . ?.....         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 165 |
| Like the breath of an unfeed <i>L</i> ., you gave me nothing for 't.....                     | <i>K. L.</i>       | 7 330 |
| LAZARUS.—As ragged as <i>L</i> . in the painted cloth.....                                   | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 130 |
| LEANNESS.—Long time have I watched : Watching breeds <i>L</i> .....                          | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 24  |
| LEARNED without opinion and strange without heresy.....                                      | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 164 |
| LEARNING.—There will little <i>L</i> . die then, the day thou art hanged.....                | <i>Tim. A.</i>     | 6 110 |
| LEAST.—Though last not <i>L</i> . in love.....                                               | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 279 |
| LEAVING.—Nothing in his life became him like the <i>L</i> . it.....                          | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 205 |
| LEEK.—His eyes were green as <i>L</i> 's.....                                                | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 120 |
| LEG.—Your <i>L</i> 's did better service than your hands.....                                | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 5 109 |
| We petty men walk under his huge <i>L</i> 's, and peep about.....                            | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 252 |
| LENDER.—Neither a borrower nor a <i>L</i> . be ; for loan oft loses.....                     | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 98  |
| LESS.—Speak <i>L</i> . than thou knowest, Lend <i>L</i> . than thou owest.....               | <i>K. L.</i>       | 7 330 |
| LESSENED.—One pain is <i>L</i> . by another's anguish.....                                   | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 14  |
| LETHE.—Let fancy still my sense in <i>L</i> . steep.....                                     | <i>Tro. N.</i>     | 1 242 |
| Wine hath steeped our senses in soft and delicate <i>L</i> .....                             | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 7 41  |
| LEVIATHAN.—Be thou here again ere the <i>L</i> . can swim a league.....                      | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 83  |
| LIAR.—An infinite and endless <i>L</i> ., an hourly promise-breaker.....                     | <i>All's W.</i>    | 2 364 |
| There are <i>L</i> 's . . . enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.....                | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 239 |
| LICK.—Let the candied tongue <i>L</i> . absurd pomp, and crook.....                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 130 |
| LIE.—I love to hear him <i>L</i> ., and I will use him for my minstrelsy.....                | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 129 |
| Speak of frays, like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint <i>L</i> 's.....                 | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 2 234 |
| So to the <i>L</i> . circumstantial, and <i>L</i> . direct.....                              | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 319 |
| He will <i>L</i> ., sir, with such volubility, that.....                                     | <i>All's W.</i>    | 2 378 |
| LIEF.—I had as <i>L</i> . not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing.....                  | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 251 |
| LIFE.—And our little <i>L</i> . is rounded with a sleep.....                                 | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 61  |
| So the <i>L</i> . that died with shame, lives in death with glorious fame.....               | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 63  |
| You take my <i>L</i> . when you do take the means whereby I live.....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 2 245 |
| <i>L</i> . is as tedious as a twice-told tale vexing the dull ear.....                       | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 295 |
| What a sign it is of evil <i>L</i> ., when death's approach is seen so terrible !.....       | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 5 55  |
| O God forgive him ! so bad a death argues a monstrous <i>L</i> .....                         | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 5 55  |
| Now he lives in fame, though not in <i>L</i> .....                                           | <i>R. III.</i>     | 5 200 |
| If any think brave death outweighs bad <i>L</i> .....                                        | <i>Cor.</i>        | 6 171 |
| Nothing in his <i>L</i> . became him like leaving it.....                                    | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 205 |
| I would set my <i>L</i> . on any chance, to mend it, or be rid on 't.....                    | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 224 |
| LIFE-BLOOD.—This sickness doth infect the very <i>L</i> . of our enterprise.....             | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 127 |
| LIGHT.—In delay we waste our <i>L</i> 's in vain, like lamps by day.....                     | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 19  |
| LIKE.—He was a man ; I shall not look upon his <i>L</i> . again.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 94  |
| LIMIT.—A merrier man, within the <i>L</i> . of becoming mirth, I never.....                  | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 137 |
| LIMPING.—April on the heel of <i>L</i> . winter treads.....                                  | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 14  |
| LINE.—I am angling now, though you perceive me not how I give <i>L</i> .....                 | <i>W. Tale.</i>    | 3 79  |
| LINGER.—Yet merciful, I would not have thee <i>L</i> . in thy pain.....                      | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 259 |
| LION.—Doing in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a <i>L</i> .....                           | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 7   |
| Let me play the <i>L</i> . . . I will roar that I will do any man's heart good.....          | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 78  |
| There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your <i>L</i> . living.....                       | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 90  |
| Thou wear a <i>L</i> 's hide ! doff it for shame and hang a calfskin.....                    | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 285 |
| The <i>L</i> . dying thrusteth forth his paw, and wounds the earth.....                      | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 61  |
| We were two <i>L</i> 's littered in one day, and I the elder and more terrible....           | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 270 |
| LIP.—Take, O take those <i>L</i> 's away, that so sweetly were foresworn.....                | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 298 |
| Masterly done, the very life seems warm upon her <i>L</i> .....                              | <i>W. Tale.</i>    | 3 146 |
| A cherry <i>L</i> ., a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue.....                             | <i>R. III.</i>     | 5 165 |
| Their <i>L</i> 's were four red roses on a stalk, which.....                                 | <i>R. III.</i>     | 5 225 |
| They met so near with their <i>L</i> 's that their breaths embraced.....                     | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 207 |
| Let me my service tender on your <i>L</i> 's.....                                            | <i>Cym.</i>        | 7 114 |
| LIQUID.—In the morn and <i>L</i> . dew of youth.....                                         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 97  |
| LIQUORS.—In my youth I never did apply hot and . . . <i>L</i> . in my blood.....             | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 275 |
| LITTLE.—Though she be but <i>L</i> ., she is fierce.....                                     | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 102 |
| For then . . . he found the blessedness of being <i>L</i> .....                              | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 5 313 |
| A <i>L</i> . month or ere these shoes were old.....                                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 93  |
| <i>L</i> . of this great world can I speak, more than pertains to feats of . . . battle..... | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 193 |
| LIVE.—I've hope to <i>L</i> ., and am prepared to die.....                                   | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 286 |
| Faith I will <i>L</i> . so long as I may, that's the certain of it.....                      | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 243 |
| I had as lief not be as <i>L</i> . to be in awe of such a thing.....                         | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 251 |
| LIVELONG.—The obscured bird clamored the <i>L</i> . night.....                               | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 217 |

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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----------------------|-------|
| <b>LIVER</b> white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity.....                            | 2 | <i>H. IV.</i>        | V. P. |
| <b>LIVERY</b> .—To achieve the silver <i>L.</i> of advised age .....                             | 2 | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 4 204 |
| <b>LOAF</b> .—Easy it is of a cut <i>L.</i> to steal a shive, we know.....                       |   | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 5 81  |
| <b>LOAM</b> .—Men are but gilded <i>L.</i> or painted clay .....                                 |   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 7 201 |
| <b>LOAN</b> oft loses both itself and friend.....                                                |   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 4 11  |
| <b>LOATH</b> .—I am <i>L.</i> to gall a new-healed wound.....                                    | 2 | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 8 98  |
| <b>LOOKS</b> .—These grey <i>L.</i> the pursuivants of death.....                                | 1 | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 4 160 |
| <b>LODE-STARS</b> .—O happy fair! your eyes are <i>L.</i> .....                                  |   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 4 333 |
| <b>LONGINGS</b> .—I have immortal <i>L.</i> in me.....                                           |   | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 2 75  |
| <b>LOOK</b> .—Even such a man . . . so spiritless, so dull, so dead in <i>L.</i> .....           | 2 | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 7 91  |
| Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry <i>L.</i> . . . such men are.....                             |   | <i>J. C.</i>         | 4 154 |
| <i>L.</i> with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond . . . thief.....                 |   | <i>K. L.</i>         | 6 253 |
| This <i>L.</i> of thine will hurl my soul from heaven.....                                       |   | <i>Oth.</i>          | 7 380 |
| <b>LOOKING</b> .—With such large discourse, <i>L.</i> before and after.....                      |   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 264 |
| <b>LORD</b> of thy presence and no land beside.....                                              |   | <i>K. J.</i>         | 8 151 |
| <b>LOSS</b> .—The most patient man in <i>L.</i> , the . . . coldest that ever turned up ace..... |   | <i>Cym.</i>          | 3 264 |
| <b>LOSSES</b> .—A fellow that hath had <i>L.</i> , and one that hath two gowns.....              |   | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 7 118 |
| Laughed at my <i>L.</i> , mocked at my gains, scorned my nation.....                             |   | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 53  |
| <b>LOVE</b> .—They do not <i>L.</i> that do not show their <i>L.</i> .....                       |   | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 2 222 |
| O they <i>L.</i> least that let men know they <i>L.</i> .....                                    |   | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 79  |
| If you <i>L.</i> her you cannot see her. Why? Because <i>L.</i> is blind.....                    |   | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 79  |
| I break my fast, dine, sup . . . upon the very naked name of <i>L.</i> .....                     |   | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 85  |
| As soon go kindle fire with snow as . . . quench the fire of <i>L.</i> with.....                 |   | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 93  |
| <i>L.</i> is like a child, that longs for everything that he can come by.....                    |   | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 97  |
| The course of true <i>L.</i> never did run smooth .....                                          |   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 1 102 |
| O hell! to choose <i>L.</i> by another's eyes.....                                               |   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 74  |
| Things base and vile . . . <i>L.</i> can transpose to form and dignity.....                      |   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 74  |
| <i>L.</i> looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, therefore is . . . Cupid.....              |   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 76  |
| As . . . boys in game . . . the boy <i>L.</i> is perjured everywhere.....                        |   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 76  |
| Playing on pipes of corn and versing <i>L.</i> to amorous Phillida.....                          |   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 81  |
| <i>L.</i> is merely a madness and . . . deserves . . . a dark house and a whip.....              |   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 294 |
| <i>L.</i> and quiet life, and awful rule and right supremacy.....                                |   | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 3 68  |
| She never told her <i>L.</i> , but let concealment like a worm i' the bud.....                   |   | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 219 |
| As man and wife, being two, are one in <i>L.</i> .....                                           |   | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 306 |
| I owe him little duty and less <i>L.</i> .....                                                   |   | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 4 357 |
| As my hand has opened bounty to you, my heart dropped <i>L.</i> .....                            |   | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 301 |
| The heart-blood of beauty, <i>L.</i> 's invisible soul.....                                      |   | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 41  |
| Wife and child . . . those strong knots of <i>L.</i> .....                                       |   | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 241 |
| Doubt that the sun doth move: Doubt truth . . . ; but never doubt I <i>L.</i> .....              |   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 113 |
| Where <i>L.</i> is great, the littlest doubts are fear.....                                      |   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 133 |
| Where little fears grow great, great <i>L.</i> grows there.....                                  |   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 133 |
| A round, unvarnished tale . . . of my whole course of <i>L.</i> .....                            |   | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 193 |
| I do <i>L.</i> thee, and when I <i>L.</i> thee not, chaos is come again.....                     |   | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 221 |
| <b>LOVED</b> .—Who ever <i>L.</i> that <i>L.</i> not at first sight?.....                        |   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 300 |
| <b>LOVER</b> .—A <i>L.</i> 's eyes will gaze an eagle blind; a <i>L.</i> 's ear will hear.....   |   | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 163 |
| The lunatic, the <i>L.</i> , and the poet.....                                                   |   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 112 |
| And then the <i>L.</i> sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad.....                         |   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 284 |
| The stroke of death is as a <i>L.</i> 's pinch, which hurts and is desired.....                  |   | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 91  |
| <b>LOVERS</b> and madmen have such seething brains.....                                          |   | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 112 |
| In this state she gallops by night through <i>L.</i> 's brains.....                              |   | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 20  |
| At <i>L.</i> 's perjuries they say Jove laughs.....                                              |   | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 28  |
| <b>LOVE-RHYMES</b> .—Dan Cupid: regent of <i>L.</i> , lord of folded arms.....                   |   | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 146 |
| <b>LOVING</b> .—Most friendship is feigning; most <i>L.</i> , mere folly.....                    |   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 285 |
| <b>LOW</b> .—Speak <i>L.</i> if you speak love.....                                              |   | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 18  |
| My creditors grow cruel, my estate is very <i>L.</i> .....                                       |   | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 231 |
| <b>LOWLINESS</b> is young ambition's ladder.....                                                 |   | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 261 |
| <b>LUCIFER</b> .—And when he falls, he falls like <i>L.</i> , never to hope again.....           |   | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 306 |
| <b>LUCK</b> .—I hope good <i>L.</i> lies in odd numbers.....                                     |   | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 186 |
| <b>LUSH</b> .—How <i>L.</i> and lusty the grass looks! how green!.....                           |   | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 35  |
| <b>LUST</b> .—Till the wicked fire of <i>L.</i> have melted him in his own grease.....           |   | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 145 |
| <b>LYING</b> .—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to . . . <i>L.</i> .....                      |   | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 146 |

## M.

|                                                                                             |  |                 |       |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|-----------------|-------|
| <b>MACDUFF</b> .—Lay on, <i>M.</i> , and damned be him that first cries, 'Hold.....         |  | <i>Mac.</i>     | 3 256 |
| <b>MAD</b> .—Cupid is a knavish lad, thus to make poor females <i>m.</i> .....              |  | <i>M. N. D.</i> | 2 105 |
| As <i>m.</i> as the vexed sea.....                                                          |  | <i>K. L.</i>    | 7 375 |
| <b>MADCAP</b> .—The nimble-footed <i>m.</i> , Prince of Wales.....                          |  | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 4 128 |
| <b>MADNESS</b> .—And what's a fever but a fit of <i>m.</i> ?.....                           |  | <i>Com. E.</i>  | 3 188 |
| Begot of thought, conceived of spleen, born of <i>m.</i> .....                              |  | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 2 306 |
| Why this is very midsummer <i>m.</i> .....                                                  |  | <i>Tw. N.</i>   | 1 232 |
| How pregnant . . . his replies are! a happiness that often <i>m.</i> hits on.....           |  | <i>Ham.</i>     | 8 115 |
| O, that way <i>m.</i> lies; let me shun that.....                                           |  | <i>K. L.</i>    | 7 358 |
| <b>MAGNANIMOUS</b> .—As valiant as the wrathful dove, or most <i>m.</i> mouse.....          |  | <i>H. IV.</i>   | 4 190 |
| <b>MAID</b> .—She can milk, look you, a sweet virtue in a <i>m.</i> with clean hands.....   |  | <i>T. G. V.</i> | 1 105 |
| <i>M.</i> are May when they are <i>m.</i> , but the sky changes when they are wives.....    |  | <i>A. Y. L.</i> | 2 305 |
| <b>MAIDEN</b> .—Now purple with love's wound, and <i>m.</i> s call it love-in-idleness..... |  | <i>M. N. D.</i> | 2 83  |

|                                                                                                     | V.                   | P.    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| MAJESTY.—This earth of <i>m.</i> , this seat of Mars, this other Eden.....                          | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 23  |
| With what a <i>m.</i> he bears himself, how insolent . . . he is become.....                        | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 5 36  |
| MAKES.—This is the night that either <i>m.</i> me or fordoes me quite.....                          | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 256 |
| MALICE.—Deep malice makes too deep incision; forget, forgive.....                                   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 10  |
| MAMMETS.—This is no world to play with <i>m.</i> and to tilt with lips.....                         | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 98  |
| MAN.—That <i>m.</i> that hath a tongue, . . . is no <i>m.</i> if . . . he cannot... <i>T. G. V.</i> |                      | 1 101 |
| <i>M.</i> , proud <i>m.</i> , drest in a little brief authority . . . plays such.....               | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 278 |
| If you meet a thief, you may suspect him . . . to be no true <i>m.</i> .....                        | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 37  |
| The will of <i>m.</i> is by his reason swayed.....                                                  | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 83  |
| I am no such a thing: I am a <i>m.</i> as other men are.....                                        | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 91  |
| God made him, and therefore let him pass for a <i>m.</i> .....                                      | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 198 |
| When he is best, he is a little worse than a <i>m.</i> .....                                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 199 |
| I dare do all that may become a <i>m.</i> ; who dares do more is none.....                          | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 211 |
| A pound of <i>m.</i> 's flesh taken from a <i>m.</i> is not so estimable.....                       | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 204 |
| A goodly portly <i>m.</i> , i' faith, and a corpulent.....                                          | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 108 |
| Even such a <i>m.</i> , so . . . so dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone.....                       | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 154 |
| More than I seem, and less than I was born to: a <i>m.</i> at least.....                            | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 5 120 |
| Nor more can you distinguish of a <i>m.</i> , than of his outward show.....                         | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 198 |
| 'Tis cruelty to load a falling <i>m.</i> .....                                                      | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 325 |
| I wished myself a <i>m.</i> , or that we women had men's privilege.....                             | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 47  |
| A woman impudent . . . is not more loathed than effeminate <i>m.</i> .....                          | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 54  |
| Shall Rome stand under one <i>m.</i> 's awe?.....                                                   | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 261 |
| Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a <i>m.</i> !' <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>       |                      | 6 309 |
| Dispute it like a <i>m.</i> . . . But I must also feel it as a <i>m.</i> .....                      | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 246 |
| He was a <i>m.</i> , take him for all in all, I shall.....                                          | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 94  |
| Give every <i>m.</i> thy ear, but few thy voice; take each <i>m.</i> 's censure.....                | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 97  |
| What a piece of work is a <i>m.</i> ! how noble in reason! how infinite . . .!                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 117 |
| Wert thou a <i>m.</i> , thou would'st have mercy on me.....                                         | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 83  |
| MANDRAKE.—Would curses kill, as doth the <i>m.s</i> groan, I would invent.....                      | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 5 52  |
| MANHOOD.—If <i>m.</i> , good <i>m.</i> , be not forgot upon the face of the earth.....              | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 102 |
| MANLY.—A <i>m.</i> enterprise, to conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes!.....                      | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 93  |
| MANNERS.—Though I am a daughter to his blood I am not to his <i>m.</i> .....                        | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 210 |
| Whose <i>m.</i> still our tardy apish nation limps after.....                                       | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 23  |
| Foul . . . lump, as crooked in thy <i>m.</i> as thy shape!.....                                     | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 5 78  |
| Men's civil <i>m.</i> live in brass, their virtues we write in water.....                           | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 313 |
| MANYHEADED.—He himself stuck not to call us the <i>m.</i> multitude.....                            | <i>Cor.</i>          | 6 137 |
| MAR.—Striving to do better, oft we <i>m.</i> what's well.....                                       | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 335 |
| It makes us, or it <i>m.s</i> us; think on that, and fix . . . thy resolution.....                  | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 253 |
| MARBLE.—He plies her hard, and much rain wears the <i>m.</i> .....                                  | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 5 122 |
| When I am forgotten . . . , and sleep in dull, cold <i>m.</i> .....                                 | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 397 |
| MARCH.—Remember <i>M.</i> , the ides of <i>M.</i> remember.....                                     | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 292 |
| MARK.—There is no vice so simple but assumes some <i>m.</i> of virtue.....                          | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 225 |
| A fellow of no <i>m.</i> nor likelihood.....                                                        | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 118 |
| MARRIAGE.—God, the best maker of all <i>m.s</i> , combine your hearts in one!.....                  | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 306 |
| <i>M.</i> is a matter of more worth, than to be dealt in by attorneyship.....                       | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 4 375 |
| Makes <i>m.</i> vows as false as dicers' oaths.....                                                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 142 |
| MARRIED.—A young man <i>m.</i> is a man that's marred.....                                          | <i>All's W.</i>      | 2 352 |
| She's not well <i>m.</i> that lives <i>m.</i> long.....                                             | <i>R. &amp; Tr.</i>  | 8 69  |
| But she's best <i>m.</i> that dies <i>m.</i> young.....                                             | <i>R. &amp; Tr.</i>  | 8 69  |
| MARRY.—If thou wilt needs <i>m.</i> , <i>m.</i> a fool;.....                                        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 127 |
| MARTYR.—Then if thou fall'st, . . . Thou fall'st a blessed <i>m.</i> .....                          | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 308 |
| MASTER.—Every one can <i>m.</i> a grief but he that has it.....                                     | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 34  |
| MASTERDOM.—All our . . . days to come, give . . . sovereign sway and <i>m.</i> .....                | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 208 |
| MASTERPIECE.—Confusion now hath made his <i>m.</i> !.....                                           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 217 |
| MATES.—Leaked is our bark, and we, poor <i>m.</i> , stand on the dying deck.....                    | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 6 129 |
| MATIN.—The glow-worm shows the <i>m.</i> to be near, and 'gins to pale.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 104 |
| MATTER.—I do not much dislike the <i>m.</i> , but the manner of his speech.....                     | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 25  |
| MAY.—Exceeds . . . in beauty as the first of <i>M.</i> doth the last of Dec.....                    | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 10  |
| Love whose month is ever <i>M.</i> spied a blossom passing fair.....                                | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 157 |
| As full of spirit as the month of <i>M.</i> .....                                                   | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 128 |
| MAYMORN.—The very <i>M.</i> of his youth, ripe for exploits and mighty.....                         | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 237 |
| MEANS.—There's place and <i>m.</i> for every man alive.....                                         | <i>All's W.</i>      | 2 379 |
| I would my <i>m.</i> were greater and my waist slenderer.....                                       | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 100 |
| When the <i>m.</i> are gone that buy this praise, the breath is gone.....                           | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 6 112 |
| MEANBORN.—Let pale-faced fear keep with the <i>m.</i> man.....                                      | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 5 43  |
| MEANING.—He hath some <i>m.</i> in his mad attire.....                                              | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 3 41  |
| Not the first who, with best <i>m.</i> , have incurred the worst.....                               | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 339 |
| MEASURE.—Sowed cockle, reaped no corn; justice . . . whirls in equal <i>m.</i> .....                | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 164 |
| Are all thy conquests, glories . . . shrunk to this little <i>m.</i> ?.....                         | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 278 |
| MEAT.—Upon what <i>m.</i> does this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?.....                 | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 252 |
| MECHANICAL.—A crew of . . . rude <i>m.s</i> , that work for bread.....                              | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 94  |
| Being <i>m.</i> , you ought not to walk upon a laboring day.....                                    | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 247 |
| MEDICINES.—Let us make <i>m.</i> of our great revenge, to cure this . . . grief.....                | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 246 |
| MEET.—When shall we three <i>m.</i> again—in thunder, lightning, or . . . ?.....                    | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 199 |
| MELANCHOLY.—I can suck <i>m.</i> out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.....                         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 279 |
| You are a <i>m.</i> fellow. I am . . . I do love it better than laughing.....                       | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 302 |
| With a green and yellow <i>m.</i> , she sat like patience.....                                      | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 220 |
| MELODY.—Lulled with sound of sweetest <i>m.</i> .....                                               | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 184 |
| The birds chant <i>m.</i> on every bush.....                                                        | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 7 204 |
| MELT.—O, that this too, too solid flesh would <i>m.</i> , thaw and resolve.....                     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 92  |

- MELTING.**—One whose . . . eyes, albeit unused to the *m.* mood, drop tears. *Oth.* 8 266
- MEMORY.**—Cancelling your fame, blotting your names from books of *m.* *2 H. VI.* 5 9
- That *m.*, the warder of the brain, shall be a fume. *Mac.* 3 211
- Pluck from the *m.* a rooted sorrow, raze out the *Mac.* 3 251
- There's hope a great man's *m.* may outlive his life half a year. *Ham.* 8 131
- MEN.**—What great *m.* have been in love?—Hercules, master—Most. *L. L. L.* 2 133
- The souls of animals infuse themselves into the trunks of *m.* *Mer. V.* 2 239
- M.* have died from time to time and worms have eaten them. *A. Y. L.* 2 304
- When fortune means to *m.* most good, she looks . . . with a threatening. *K. J.* 3 295
- Should dying *m.* flatter . . . those that live? No, no, *m.* living flatter those. *R. II.* 4 24
- Wise *m.* ne'er sit and wail their woes, but presently prevent. *R. II.* 4 43
- O give me the spare *m.*, and spare me the great ones. *2 H. IV.* 4 192
- Lord, Lord, how subject we old *m.* are to this vice of lying. *2 H. IV.* 4 193
- He hath heard that *m.* of few words are the best *m.* *H. V.* 4 257
- Grace of mortal *m.*, which we more hunt for than the grace of God. *R. III.* 5 209
- O that we women had *m.*'s privilege of speaking first. *Tr. & Cr.* 6 47
- M.* like butterflies show to their mealy wings but to the summer. *Tr. & Cr.* 6 50
- There's daggers in *m.*'s smiles; the near in blood, the nearer bloody. *Mac.* 3 219
- We are *m.*, my liege. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for *m.* *Mac.* 3 223
- M.* must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither. *K. L.* 7 389
- Know thou this that *m.* are as the time is. *K. L.* 7 390
- MEND** your speech a little, lest it may mar your fortunes. *K. L.* 7 317
- MERCIFUL.**—I that am cruel am yet *m.*: I would not have thee linger in. *Oth.* 8 259
- MERCURY.**—Be *M.*, set feathers to thy heels, and fly like thought. *K. J.* 3 304
- MERCY.**—Not the . . . become them with one-half so good a grace as *m.* *M. for M.* 1 277
- The quality of *m.* is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle dew. *Mer. V.* 2 240
- But *m.* is above this sceptred sway: it is enthroned in the. *Mer. V.* 2 241
- Earthly power doth then show likest God's, when *m.* seasons justice. *Mer. V.* 2 241
- Sweet *m.* is nobility's true badge. *Tit. A.* 7 190
- MERIT.**—The . . . spurns that patient *m.* of the unworthy takes. *Ham.* 8 126
- MERRIER.**—A *m.* man, within the limits of becoming mirth, I never. *L. L. L.* 2 137
- MERRIMENT.**—Flashes of *m.* that were wont to set the table on a roar. *Ham.* 8 167
- MERRY.**—A *m.* heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile—a. *W. Tale.* 3 114
- 'Tis *m.* in hall, when beards wag all; and welcome *m.* Shrovetide. *2 H. IV.* 4 220
- MESSAGE.**—Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless *m.s.* *Mer. V.* 2 197
- METAL.**—Not till God make men of some other *m.* than earth. *M. Ado.* 2 17
- Here's *m.* more attractive. *Ham.* 8 131
- METHOD.**—Though this be madness, yet there's *m.* in 't. *Ham.* 8 115
- MEW.**—Let Hercules himself do what he may, the cat will *m.*, the dog. *Ham.* 8 170
- MEWLING.**—At first the infant, *m.* and puking in the nurse's arms. *A. Y. L.* 2 284
- MIDNIGHT.**—The iron tongue of *m.* hath told twelve: Lovers to bed. *M. N. D.* 2 120
- To go to bed after *m.* is to go to bed betimes. *Tw. N.* 1 213
- MIDWIFE.**—The fairies *m.*, and she comes in shape no bigger than an. *R. & J.* 8 19
- MIGHTIEST.**—'Tis *m.* in the *m.*: it becomes the throned monarch. *Mer. V.* 2 240
- MIGHTY.**—Model to thy inward greatness, like little body with a *m.* heart. *H. V.* 4 242
- 'Tis best to weigh the enemy more *m.* than he seems. *H. V.* 4 252
- MILD.**—More *m.*, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred. *R. III.* 5 230
- MILK.**—They'll take suggestions, as a cat laps *m.* *Tem.* 1 41
- For moving such a dish of skim *m.*, with so honorable an action. *1 H. IV.* 4 97
- There's no more mercy in him than there is *m.* in a male tiger. *Cor.* 6 238
- MILLER.**—More water glideth by the mill, than wots the *m.* of. *Tit. An.* 7 201
- MILLINER.**—He was perfumed like a *m.* *1 H. IV.* 4 85
- MIND.**—He grows kind. I like not fair terms and a villain's *m.* *Mer. V.* 2 204
- A golden *m.* stoops not to show of dross. *Mer. V.* 2 215
- Not sick, my lord, unless it be in *m.*; nor well, unless in *m.* *Mer. V.* 2 229
- 'Tis . . . a base . . . *m.*, that mounts no higher than a bird can soar. *2 H. VI.* 5 23
- Fearless *m.s.* climb soonest unto crowns. *3 H. VI.* 5 144
- Suspicion always haunts the guilty *m.*: The thief doth fear. *3 H. VI.* 5 156
- Since . . . heavens have shaped my body so, let hell make my *m.* crooked. *3 H. VI.* 5 158
- I have a man's *m.*, but a woman's might. *J. C.* 6 272
- Art thou but a dagger of the *m.*, a false creation? *Mac.* 3 213
- Balm of hurt *m.s.* . . . chief nourisher in life's feast. *Mac.* 3 215
- Than on the torture of the *m.* to lie in restless ecstasy. *Mac.* 3 225
- We bring forth weeds, when our quick *m.s.* lie still. *A. & C.* 7 11
- MINISTER.**—Canst thou not *m.* to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory. *Mac.* 3 251
- Therein the patient must *m.* to himself: Throw physic. *Mac.* 3 251
- MINUTES.**—I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty *m.* *M. N. D.* 2 83
- MIRACLES.**—It must be so, for *m.* have ceased. *H. V.* 4 233
- MIRROR.**—Buckingham, the *m.* of all courtesy. *H. VIII.* 5 275
- To hold, as 't were, the *m.* up to nature. *Ham.* 8 129
- MIRTH.**—Very tragical *m.* . . . Merry and tragical! tedious and brief. *M. N. D.* 2 113
- MISCREANT.**—A traitor and a *m.*, too good to be so, and too bad to live. *R. II.* 4 8
- MISERABLE.**—The *m.* have no other medicine, but only hope. *M. for M.* 1 286
- But *m.* most, to live unloved. *M. N. D.* 2 100
- MISERIES.**—All the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in *m.* *J. C.* 6 297
- MISERY.**—Kings . . . must die, for that's the end of human *m.* *1 H. VI.* 4 345
- Engirt with *m.*, for what's more miserable than discontent? *2 H. VI.* 5 40
- MISLIKE.**—'Tis not my speeches that you do *m.*, but 'tis my presence. *2 H. VI.* 5 10
- MIS-SHAPEN.**—A foul *m.* . . . marked by the destinies to be avoided. *3 H. VI.* 5 169
- M* chaos of well-seeming forms! *R. & J.* 8 12



|                                                                                                | V.                   | P.    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| MISTRESS.—Opinion a sovereign <i>m.</i> of effects, throws a.....                              | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 196 |
| MOCK.—Like the forfeits in a barber's shop, as much in <i>m.</i> as mark... <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1                    | 319   |
| A better death than die with <i>m.s.</i> , which is bad as die with tickling... <i>M. Ado.</i> | 2                    | 32    |
| I'll trust, by leisure, him that <i>m.s</i> me once.....                                       | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 7 194 |
| MOCKERY.—Out of fashion like a rusty mail in monumental <i>m</i> .....                         | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 52  |
| Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal <i>m.</i> , hence!.....                                         | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 230 |
| MODEL.—That small <i>m.</i> of . . . earth which serves as cover to our bones... <i>R. II.</i> | 4                    | 42    |
| Like one that draws a <i>m.</i> of a house, beyond his power to build.....                     | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 164 |
| MODESTY.—Have you no <i>m.</i> , no maiden shame, no touch of . . . ?..... <i>M. N. D.</i>     | 2                    | 101   |
| In pure and vestal <i>m.</i> , still blush as thinking her own kisses sin.....                 | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 50  |
| MOLE.—Tread softly, that the blind <i>m.</i> may not hear a foot-fall.....                     | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 62  |
| MOLEHILL.—As if Olympus to a <i>m.</i> should in supplication nod.....                         | <i>Cor.</i>          | 6 233 |
| MONARCH.—It becomes the throned <i>m.</i> better than his crown.....                           | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 240 |
| MONEY is a good soldier and will on.....                                                       | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 152 |
| Called me dog; and for these courtesies I lend you . . . <i>m.s.</i> .....                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 203 |
| Tell me not of mercy; this is the fool that lent out <i>m.</i> gratis.....                     | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 231 |
| Nothing comes amiss, so <i>m.</i> comes withal .....                                           | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 3 21  |
| I say, put <i>m.</i> in thy purse.....                                                         | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 199 |
| MONMOUTH.—A river in Macedon; and there is . . . a river at <i>M.</i> .....                    | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 288 |
| MONSTROUS.—I'll speak in a <i>m.</i> little voice.....                                         | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 78  |
| MONUMENT.—Like a taper in some <i>m.</i> doth shine upon the dead.....                         | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 7 209 |
| MOOD.—He must observe their <i>m.</i> on whom he jests .....                                   | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 226 |
| In that <i>m.</i> the dove will peck the estridge.....                                         | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 63  |
| MOODY.—Give me some music; music <i>m.</i> food of us that trade in love... <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 7                    | 31    |
| MOON.—Flying between the cold <i>m.</i> and the earth, Cupid all armed... <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2                    | 83    |
| Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery <i>m.</i> .....                                     | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 83  |
| And the <i>m.</i> changes even with your mind.....                                             | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 3 60  |
| Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious <i>m.</i> . . . already sick and pale.....               | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 26  |
| Yonder blessed <i>m.</i> . . . that tips with silver all these . . . tree-tops.....            | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 29  |
| The <i>m.</i> 's a . . . thief, and her pale fire she snatches from the sun.....               | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 6 141 |
| MOONISH.—Being . . . a <i>m.</i> youth . . . be effeminate, changeable.....                    | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 294 |
| MOONLIGHT.—How sweet the <i>m.</i> sleeps upon this bank!.....                                 | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 249 |
| MORE.—The <i>m.</i> I give to thee, the <i>m.</i> I have.....                                  | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 29  |
| MORN.—Each new <i>m.</i> , new widows howl, new orphans cry.....                               | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 240 |
| The <i>m.</i> in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of.....                                | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 89  |
| MORNING.—Yon grey is not the <i>m.</i> 's eye, 'tis but the pale reflex of.....                | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 54  |
| MORTALITY.—We cannot hold <i>m.</i> 's strong hand .....                                       | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 32  |
| MOTHER.—By my <i>m.</i> 's son, and that's myself, it shall be . . . what I <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 3                    | 60    |
| All my <i>m.</i> came into my eyes, and gave me up to tears.....                               | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 287 |
| MOTION.—This sensible, warm <i>m.</i> to become a kneaded clod.....                            | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 289 |
| There is no <i>m.</i> that tends to vice in man but . . . is the woman's part....              | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 128 |
| MOTLEY.—O noble fool! A worthy fool! <i>M.</i> 's the only wear.....                           | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 281 |
| MOUNTAIN.—Gross as a <i>m.</i> , open, palpable.....                                           | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 104 |
| Curse away a winter's night though standing naked on a <i>m.</i> top .....                     | <i>2 H. VI.</i>      | 5 52  |
| MOURN.—The tiger will be mild whiles she doth <i>m.</i> .....                                  | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 5 119 |
| MOURNED.—A beast that wants discourse of reason, would have <i>m.</i> longer... <i>Ham.</i>    | 8                    | 93    |
| MOUSE.—Playing the <i>m.</i> , in absence of the cat.....                                      | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 238 |
| MOUTH.—The whilst his iron did . . . cool, with open <i>m.</i> swallowing a... <i>K. J.</i>    | 3                    | 34    |
| If you <i>m.</i> it, as many . . . players do, I had as lief the town-crier.....               | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 128 |
| MUCH.—Whereof a little more than a little is by <i>m.</i> too <i>m.</i> .....                  | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 119 |
| Something too <i>m.</i> of this .....                                                          | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 130 |
| MURDER.—Truth will come to light; <i>m.</i> cannot be hid .....                                | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 207 |
| Macbeth does <i>m.</i> sleep.....                                                              | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 214 |
| They rise again, with twenty mortal <i>m.s</i> on their crowns .....                           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 229 |
| <i>M.</i> most foul as in the best it is, but this most foul, strange and.....                 | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 102 |
| It hath the primal eldest curse upon it, a brother's <i>m.</i> .....                           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 139 |
| MUSIC.—I am never merry when I hear sweet <i>m.</i> .....                                      | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 249 |
| The man that hath no <i>m.</i> in himself, nor is not moved with concord... <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 2                    | 250   |
| Nought so stockish hard . . . but <i>m.</i> . . . doth change his nature .....                 | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 250 |
| If <i>m.</i> be the food of love, play on; give me excess of it.....                           | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 197 |
| In sweet <i>m.</i> is such art, killing care and grief of heart.....                           | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 292 |
| MUSINGS.—Drew sleep out of mine eyes, <i>m.</i> into my mind.....                              | <i>Per.</i>          | 7 260 |
| MUTINY.—That should move the stones of Rome to rise and <i>m.</i> .....                        | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 286 |

## N.

|                                                                                            |                    |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-------|
| NAIL.—As one <i>n.</i> by strength drives out another.....                                 | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 94  |
| When icicles hang by the wall, and Dick the shepherd blows his <i>n</i> .. <i>L. L.</i>    | 2                  | 189   |
| One fire drives out one fire; one <i>n.</i> , one <i>n.</i> ; rights by rights falter..... | <i>Cor.</i>        | 6 227 |
| NAKED.—He but <i>n.</i> , though locked up in steel, whose conscience.....                 | <i>2 H. VI.</i>    | 5 50  |
| He would not, in mine age, have left me <i>n.</i> to mine enemies.....                     | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 5 308 |
| NAME.—The honor of a maid is her <i>n.</i> .....                                           | <i>All's W.</i>    | 2 361 |
| None else of <i>n.</i> and noble estimate.....                                             | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 34  |
| So . . . feared, that with his <i>n.</i> mothers still their babes.....                    | <i>1 H. VI.</i>    | 4 323 |
| That which we call a rose, by any other <i>n.</i> would smell as sweet.....                | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 27  |
| Good <i>n.</i> in man or woman . . . is the immediate jewel of their souls.....            | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 223 |
| NATIVE.—Though I am <i>n.</i> here and to the manner born.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 99  |



|                                                                                          |                      |       |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
|                                                                                          | V. P.                |       |
| NATIVITY.—At my <i>n.</i> the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.....              | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 111 |
| NATURAL.—He doth it with a better grace, but I do it more <i>n.</i> .....                | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 214 |
| NATURE never lends the smallest scruple of her excellence.....                           | <i>M for M.</i>      | 1 260 |
| To be well favored . . . but to write and read comes by <i>n.</i> .....                  | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 37  |
| Frank <i>n.</i> , rather curious than in haste, hath well composed thee.....             | <i>All's W.</i>      | 2 331 |
| In <i>n.</i> there's no blemish but the mind.....                                        | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 239 |
| At thy birth <i>n.</i> and fortune joined to make thee great.....                        | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 283 |
| Diseased <i>n.</i> oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions.....                     | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 112 |
| Disguise fair <i>n.</i> with hard-favored rage.....                                      | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 256 |
| These moral laws of <i>n.</i> and of nations speak aloud.....                            | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 33  |
| One touch of <i>n.</i> makes the whole world kin.....                                    | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 53  |
| The earth that's <i>n.</i> 's mother is her tomb.....                                    | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 31  |
| That <i>N.</i> might stand up, and say to all the world, 'This was a man'.....           | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 309 |
| Now o'er the one-half world, <i>n.</i> seems dead.....                                   | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 213 |
| This special observance, that you outstep not the modesty of <i>n.</i> .....             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 129 |
| For use almost can change the stamp of <i>n.</i> .....                                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 145 |
| Thou, <i>n.</i> , art my goddess: to thy laws my services are bound.....                 | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 323 |
| You are old, <i>n.</i> in you stands on the very verge of her confine.....               | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 349 |
| Allow not <i>n.</i> more than <i>n.</i> needs, man's life's as cheap as beast's.....     | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 352 |
| <i>N.</i> wants stuff to vie strange forms with fancy.....                               | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 86  |
| How hard it is to hide the sparks of <i>n.</i> .....                                     | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 134 |
| NAVIGATION.—Though the yesty waves confound and swallow <i>n.</i> up.....                | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 235 |
| NECESSITIES.—Are these things then <i>n.</i> ? let us meet them like <i>n.</i> .....     | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 186 |
| NECESSITY.—To make a virtue of <i>n.</i> , and live as we do.....                        | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 111 |
| There is virtue like <i>n.</i> .....                                                     | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 20  |
| Nature must obey <i>n.</i> .....                                                         | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 297 |
| NECTAR.—Love's thrice repured <i>n.</i> .....                                            | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 44  |
| NEED.—Make friends with speed, never so few and never yet more <i>n.</i> .....           | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 157 |
| NEEDLES.—Have with our <i>n.</i> created both one flower.....                            | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 99  |
| Gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their <i>n.</i> .....                     | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 243 |
| NEEZE and swear a merrier hour was never wasted there.....                               | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 80  |
| NEGLIGENT.—Celerity is never more admired than by the <i>n.</i> .....                    | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 51  |
| NEIGHING.—Farewell the <i>n.</i> steed, and the shrill trumpet, the spirit stirring..... | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 228 |
| NEPTUNE.—Your isle which stands as <i>N.</i> 's park.....                                | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 129 |
| NERVES.—Take any shape but that and my firm <i>n.</i> shall never tremble.....           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 230 |
| NETTLE.—The strawberry grows underneath the <i>n.</i> .....                              | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 233 |
| NEVER.—The hopeless word of ' <i>n.</i> to return' breathe I against thee.....           | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 17  |
| NEWS.—The first bringer of unwelcome <i>n.</i> hath but a losing office.....             | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 155 |
| Though it be honest, it is never good to bring bad <i>n.</i> .....                       | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 33  |
| NICE.—It is not meet that every <i>n.</i> offence should bear his comment.....           | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 291 |
| NIGHT.—Brief as the lightning in the collied <i>n.</i> .....                             | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 74  |
| It is not <i>n.</i> when I do see your face, therefore.....                              | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 84  |
| O weary <i>n.</i> , O long and tedious <i>n.</i> , abate thy hours!.....                 | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 105 |
| In the <i>n.</i> , imagining . . ., how easy is a bush supposed a bear!.....             | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 112 |
| In such a <i>n.</i> stood Dido with a willow in her hand.....                            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 243 |
| This <i>n.</i> , methinks, is but the daylight sick.....                                 | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 251 |
| In winter's tedious <i>n.</i> , sit by the fire with good old folks.....                 | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 61  |
| <i>N.</i> is fled whose pitchy mantle o'er veiled the earth.....                         | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 4 326 |
| The dragon wing of <i>n.</i> o'erspreads the earth.....                                  | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 88  |
| Come civil <i>n.</i> , thou sober suited matron, all in black.....                       | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 46  |
| <i>N.</i> 's candles are burned out, and jocund day stands tip-toe.....                  | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 54  |
| Come seeling <i>n.</i> , scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.....                     | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 226 |
| The <i>n.</i> is long that never finds the day.....                                      | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 247 |
| NIGHTINGALE.—I will roar you an' 'twere any <i>n.</i> .....                              | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 78  |
| Except I be by Silvia in the night, there is no music in the <i>n.</i> .....             | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 103 |
| NIMBLY.—The air <i>n.</i> and sweetly recommends itself unto our . . . senses.....       | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 209 |
| NIOBE.—She followed my poor father's body, like <i>N.</i> , all tears.....               | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 93  |
| NIPPING.—The air bites shrewdly . . . —It is a <i>n.</i> and an eager air.....           | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 99  |
| NOBLE.—O what a <i>n.</i> mind is here o'erthrown!.....                                  | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 127 |
| NOBLEMAN.—I'll purge, . . . and live cleanly as a <i>n.</i> should do.....               | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 147 |
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| PITY.—Yet show some <i>þ</i> .—I show it most of all when I show justice.....                     | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 278 |
| Forget to <i>þ</i> . him, lest thy <i>þ</i> . prove a serpent that will sting.....                | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 67  |
| He hath a tear for <i>þ</i> ., and a hand open as day.....                                        | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 206 |
| More <i>þ</i> . that the eagle should be mewed, while kites and buzzards.....                     | <i>R. III.</i>     | 5 166 |
| 'Tis true, 'tis <i>þ</i> ., and <i>þ</i> . 'tis 'tis true.....                                    | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 112 |
| PLACE.—In the world I fill up a <i>þ</i> ., which may be better supplied.....                     | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 266 |
| A falcon towering in her pride of <i>þ</i> ., was.....                                            | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 220 |
| PLAGUE.—Light wenches may prove <i>þ</i> .s to men forsworn.....                                  | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 164 |
| 'Twas pretty, though a <i>þ</i> ., to see him every hour.....                                     | <i>All's W.</i>    | 2 327 |
| PLAIN.—As <i>þ</i> . as is the <i>þ</i> . bald pate of father Time.....                           | <i>Com. E.</i>     | 3 163 |
| There are no tricks in <i>þ</i> . and simple faith.....                                           | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 290 |
| PLANET.—I was not born under a rhyming <i>þ</i> ., nor I cannot woo in .....                      | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 62  |
| The nights are wholesome : then no <i>þ</i> .s strike.....                                        | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 89  |
| PLANKS.—Do not fight by sea ; trust not to rotten <i>þ</i> .....                                  | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 7 52  |
| PLASTER.—You rub the sore, when you should bring a <i>þ</i> .....                                 | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 37  |
| PLAY.—O, I could <i>þ</i> . the woman with my eyes, and braggart with my.....                     | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 246 |
| PLAYER.—O, there be <i>þ</i> .s that I have seen play, and heard others praise.....               | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 129 |
| PLAYING on pipes of corn, and versing love to amorous Phillida.....                               | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 81  |
| PLEASANT.—This castle hath a <i>þ</i> . seat, the air nimbly and sweetly.....                     | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 208 |
| PLEASES.—That seek best <i>þ</i> . that doth least know how.....                                  | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 180 |
| PLEASING.—The <i>þ</i> . punishment that women bear .....                                         | <i>Com. E.</i>     | 3 154 |
| The Devil hath power to assume a <i>þ</i> . shape.....                                            | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 123 |
| PLEASURE and action make the hours seem short.....                                                | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 217 |
| These flowers are like the <i>þ</i> .s of the world.....                                          | <i>Cym.</i>        | 7 156 |
| PLENTY and peace breeds cowards : hardness ever of hardness is.....                               | <i>Cym.</i>        | 7 144 |
| PLIES.—He <i>þ</i> . her hard, and much rain wears the marble.....                                | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 5 122 |
| PLUCK.—To <i>þ</i> . bright honor from the pale-faced moon.....                                   | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 89  |
| PLUME.—What <i>þ</i> . of feathers is he that indited this letter?.....                           | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 149 |
| PLUMMET.—I'll seek him deeper than ever <i>þ</i> . sounded.....                                   | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 56  |
| Deeper than did ever <i>þ</i> . sound, I'll drown my book.....                                    | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 65  |
| POESY.—Much is the force of heaven-bred <i>þ</i> .....                                            | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 109 |
| POETICAL.—I would the gods had made thee <i>þ</i> .....                                           | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 295 |
| I do not know what ' <i>þ</i> .' is : is it honest in deed and word?.....                         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 295 |
| POETRY.—The truest <i>þ</i> . is the most feigning ; and lovers are.....                          | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 295 |
| POINT.—Turn face to face, and bloody <i>þ</i> . to <i>þ</i> .....                                 | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 277 |
| POISON.—Clamors of a jealous woman <i>þ</i> .s more deadly than.....                              | <i>Com. E.</i>     | 3 188 |
| They love not <i>þ</i> . that do <i>þ</i> . need.....                                             | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 74  |
| In <i>þ</i> . there is physic.....                                                                | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 155 |
| POLICY.—Is there no military <i>þ</i> . how virgins might blow up men?.....                       | <i>All's W.</i>    | 2 328 |
| Honor and <i>þ</i> . like unsevered friends, i' the war do grow together.....                     | <i>Cor.</i>        | 6 204 |
| POLITIC.—I have been <i>þ</i> . with my friend, smooth with my enemy.....                         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 318 |
| POLITICIAN.—Like a scurvy <i>þ</i> ., seem to see the things thou dost not.....                   | <i>K. L.</i>       | 7 381 |
| POMP.—The house with the narrow gate . . . too little for <i>þ</i> . to enter .....               | <i>All's W.</i>    | 2 381 |
| POOR.—'Tis not so well that I am <i>þ</i> ., though many of the rich are.....                     | <i>All's W.</i>    | 2 332 |
| He's <i>þ</i> . in no one fault, but stored with all.—Especially.....                             | <i>Cor.</i>        | 6 176 |
| POPINJAY.—To be so pestered with a <i>þ</i> . ; out of my grief and.....                          | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 85  |
| PORCUPINE.—Each particular hair . . . like quills upon the fretful <i>þ</i> .....                 | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 102 |
| POSSIBILITIES.—Seven hundred pounds and <i>þ</i> . is goot gifts.....                             | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 132 |
| POSTERIORS.—The <i>þ</i> . of this day, which the . . . multitude call.....                       | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 166 |
| POT.—I would give all my fame for a <i>þ</i> . of ale and safety.....                             | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 257 |
| POTATIONS.—To forswear thin <i>þ</i> ., and to addict themselves to sack.....                     | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 205 |
| POTATOES.—Let the sky rain <i>þ</i> . ; let it thunder to the time of Green.....                  | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 188 |
| POTIONS.—They did fight . . . constrained, as men drink <i>þ</i> .....                            | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 157 |
| POTTER.—My thoughts are whirled like a <i>þ</i> .s wheel .....                                    | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 4 323 |
| POTTLE-DEEP.—Hath to-night caroused potations <i>þ</i> .....                                      | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 209 |
| POULCATS.—There are fairer things than <i>þ</i> . sure.....                                       | <i>M. W. W.</i>    | 1 173 |
| POUNCET-BOX.—'Twixt his finger and his thumb he held a <i>þ</i> .....                             | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 85  |
| POUND.—Let the forfeit be . . . an equal <i>þ</i> . of your fair flesh.....                       | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 2 203 |
| POWERS.—We are devils to ourselves, when we . . . tempt . . . our <i>þ</i> . <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 63  |
| POWER.—The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins remorse from <i>þ</i> .....                     | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 261 |
| Laugh to scorn the <i>þ</i> . of man, for none of woman born .....                                | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 236 |
| PRACTICE.—This disease is beyond my <i>þ</i> .....                                                | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 248 |
| PRACTISE.—I will not <i>þ</i> . to deceive ; yet, to avoid deceit, I mean .....                   | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 266 |
| PRAISE.—O, flatter me, for love delights in <i>þ</i> .s.....                                      | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 93  |
| Too brown for a fair <i>þ</i> ., and too little for a great <i>þ</i> .....                        | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 10  |
| I will <i>þ</i> . any man that will <i>þ</i> . me.....                                            | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 7 37  |
| FRANK.—They do <i>þ</i> . them in authority, against all . . . sufferance.....                    | <i>Cor.</i>        | 6 194 |

|                                                                                     | V.                   | P.    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| PRATTLE.—What great ones do, the less will <i>p.</i> of.....                        | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 199 |
| Mere <i>p.</i> without practice is all his soldieryship.....                        | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 184 |
| PRAYS.—My heart <i>p.</i> for him, though my tongue do curse.....                   | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 179 |
| PRAYER.—We do pray for mercy; and that . . . <i>p.</i> doth teach us all.....       | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 241 |
| A book of <i>p.</i> in his hand, true ornaments to know a holy man.....             | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 215 |
| Being thus frighten'd swears a <i>p.</i> or two, and sleeps again.....              | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 20  |
| PRECIOUS.—Wife and child, those <i>p.</i> motives, those strong knots of love.....  | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 241 |
| PRECURSORS.—Jove's lightnings, the <i>p.</i> o' the dreadful thunder-claps.....     | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 26  |
| PREDESTINATE.—Shall escape a <i>p.</i> scratched face.....                          | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 9   |
| PREFERMENT goes by letter and affection, and not by old gradation.....              | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 184 |
| PRESAGES.—If . . . <i>p.</i> be not vain, we three here part, that ne'er shall..... | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 33  |
| PRESCRIPTION.—Then have we a <i>p.</i> to die when death is our physician.....      | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 198 |
| PRESENCE.—'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, but 'tis my <i>p.</i> .....     | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 10  |
| PRESENT.—Past and to come seems best; things <i>p.</i> , worst.....                 | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 165 |
| PRESENT not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue.....                                 | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 305 |
| PRETTY.—Sweet invocation of a child—most <i>p.</i> and pathetic!.....               | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 134 |
| PRIAM'S.—Drew <i>P.</i> curtain at the dead of night.....                           | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 154 |
| PRICK.—If you <i>p.</i> us do we not bleed, if you tickle us do we not.....         | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 222 |
| I will not swear these are my hands: let's see, I feel this pin <i>p.</i> .....     | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 385 |
| PRICKING.—By the <i>p.</i> of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes.....       | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 235 |
| PRIDE.—Fly <i>p.</i> , says the peacock.....                                        | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 182 |
| <i>P.</i> must have a fall.....                                                     | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 72  |
| 'Tis <i>p.</i> that pulls the country down, then take thine auld cloak.....         | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 210 |
| PRIEST.—A <i>p.</i> that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout.....    | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 293 |
| PRIME.—Cropped the golden <i>p.</i> of this sweet prince.....                       | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 173 |
| The <i>p.</i> of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous.....                          | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 230 |
| PRIMROSES.—Pale <i>p.</i> that die unmarried.....                                   | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 117 |
| PRINCE.—But as thou art a <i>p.</i> , I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the..... | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 125 |
| PRISON.—Now my soul's palace is become a <i>p.</i> .....                            | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 5 103 |
| PRISON-HOUSE.—But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my <i>p.</i> .....        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 102 |
| PRIVILEGE.—Impatience hath this <i>p.</i> —'Tis true, to hurt his master.....       | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 307 |
| PRIZE.—Men <i>p.</i> the thing ungained more than it is.....                        | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 17  |
| PRODIGAL.—He goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the <i>p.</i> .....        | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 180 |
| How like the <i>p.</i> doth she return, with . . . and ragged sails!.....           | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 213 |
| You would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered <i>p.s.</i> .....                | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 130 |
| The chariest maid is <i>p.</i> enough, if she unmask her beauty to the.....         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 97  |
| PROFIT.—Deny us for our good; so we find <i>p.</i> by losing of our prayers.....    | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 21  |
| 'Tis not my <i>p.</i> that does lead mine honor; mine honor, it.....                | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 40  |
| PROLOGUE.—Is this a <i>p.</i> . . . ? 'Tis brief, my lord.—As woman's love.....     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 132 |
| PROMISE.—To build upon a foolish woman's <i>p.</i> .....                            | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 170 |
| Will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, <i>p.</i> . . . infinitely.....         | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 227 |
| PROMONTORY.—Once I sat upon a <i>p.</i> and heard a mermaid . . . uttering.....     | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 83  |
| PROOF.—Give me the ocular <i>p.</i> .....                                           | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 228 |
| PROPER.—He is a <i>p.</i> man's picture, but, alas! who can converse.....           | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 199 |
| PROPERTY.—That the <i>p.</i> of rain is to wet and fire to burn.....                | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 287 |
| PROPHESIER.—Deceived me like a double-meaning <i>p.</i> .....                       | <i>All's W.</i>      | 2 374 |
| PROPHETS.—Lean-looking <i>p.</i> whisper fearful change.....                        | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 37  |
| Jesters do oft prove <i>p.</i> .....                                                | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 391 |
| PROPHETIC.—O my <i>p.</i> soul! My uncle!.....                                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 103 |
| PROTEST.—The lady doth <i>p.</i> too much, methinks.....                            | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 134 |
| PROTEUS.—Add colors to the chameleon, change shapes with <i>P.</i> .....            | <i>3 H. VI.</i>      | 5 126 |
| PROUD.—Our virtues would be <i>p.</i> , if our faults whipped them not.....         | <i>All's W.</i>      | 2 374 |
| PROVERB.—'Fast bind, fast find'—a <i>p.</i> never stale in thrifty mind.....        | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 213 |
| I will cap that <i>p.</i> with 'There is flattery in friendship'.....               | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 270 |
| PROVIDENCE.—There is a special <i>p.</i> in the fall of a sparrow.....              | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 175 |
| PROVIDENTLY.—He that doth the ravens feed, yea, <i>p.</i> caters for the.....       | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 275 |
| PROVOKER.—Drink, sir, is a great <i>p.</i> of three things . . . nose-painting..... | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 216 |
| PALM.—Than the Hundredth <i>P.</i> to the tune of Green-sleeves.....                | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 145 |
| I would I were a weaver, I could sing <i>p.s.</i> or anything.....                  | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 102 |
| PUDDING.—He'll yield the crow a <i>p.</i> one of these days.....                    | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 244 |
| PUPPY-DOGS.—Talk . . . of roaring lions, as maids of thirteen do of <i>p.</i> ..... | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 278 |
| PURITAN.—But one <i>p.</i> among them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.....        | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 112 |
| PURPLE.—Never see thy face but I think of . . . Dives that lived in <i>p.</i> ..... | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 122 |
| PURPOSE.—My <i>p.</i> is, indeed, a horse of that color.....                        | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 216 |
| It is the <i>p.</i> that makes strong the vow; but vows to.....                     | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 81  |
| The flighty <i>p.</i> never is o'ertook, unless the deed go with it.....            | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 238 |
| PURSE.—Our <i>p.s.</i> shall be proud, our garments poor.....                       | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>      | 3 57  |
| Their love lies in their <i>p.s.</i> .....                                          | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 32  |
| We that take <i>p.s.</i> go by the moon and the seven stars.....                    | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 80  |
| I can get no remedy against this consumption of the <i>p.</i> .....                 | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 162 |
| Who steals my <i>p.</i> steals trash.....                                           | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 223 |
| PUZZLES the will and makes us rather bear those ills we have.....                   | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 126 |
| PYGMALION.—Is there none of <i>P.'s</i> images, newly-made woman . . . ?.....       | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 293 |
| PYRAMISES.—I have heard the Ptolemies' <i>p.</i> are very goodly things.....        | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 39  |
| PYTHAGORAS.—What is the opinion of <i>P.</i> concerning wild-fowl?.....             | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 243 |

## Q.

|                                                                                                 | V.                 | P.    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-------|
| QUALITY.—Come, give us a taste of your <i>q</i> .....                                           | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 119 |
| Things outward do draw the inward <i>q</i> . after them.....                                    | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 7 59  |
| QUANTITY.—Away, thou rag, thou <i>q</i> ., thou remnant!.....                                   | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 3 55  |
| QUARREL.—In a false <i>q</i> . there's no true valor.....                                       | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 56  |
| You owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a <i>q</i> . to beguile.....                       | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 123 |
| Beware of entrance in a <i>q</i> ., but being in, bear 't that the.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 97  |
| QUESTION her proudly, let thy looks be stern.....                                               | <i>H. VI.</i>      | 4 315 |
| 'Tis a <i>q</i> . left us yet to prove, whether love lead fortune, or.....                      | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 133 |
| QUESTIONABLE.—Thou comest in such a <i>q</i> . shape, that I will speak.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 100 |
| QUESTIONED.—Still <i>q</i> . me the story of my life, from year to year.....                    | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 194 |
| QUICK.—Be not tedious, for the gods are <i>q</i> . of ear.....                                  | <i>Per.</i>        | 7 289 |
| QUIDDITIES.—How now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and <i>q</i> .....                             | <i>H. IV.</i>      | 4 80  |
| Where be his <i>q</i> . now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 165 |
| QUIETUS.—When he himself might his <i>q</i> . make with a bare bodkin.....                      | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 126 |
| QUIPS.—All her sudden <i>q</i> ., the least whereof would quell a lover's hope. <i>T. G. V.</i> |                    | 1 112 |
| Shall <i>q</i> . and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain?.....                      | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 30  |

## R.

|                                                                                      |                      |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|-------|
| RACE.—For spent with toil, as runners with a <i>r</i> ., I lay me down.....          | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 110 |
| RACK.—You speak upon the <i>r</i> ., where men enforced do speak anything.....       | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 224 |
| RADISH.—If I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of <i>r</i> .....            | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 103 |
| RAGGED as Lazarus in the painted cloth.....                                          | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 130 |
| RAGGEDNESS.—Your looped and windowed <i>r</i> .....                                  | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 358 |
| RAIN.—Is there not <i>r</i> . enough in the sweet heavens, to wash it white.....     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 139 |
| RAINBOW.—To smooth the ice, or add another hue unto the <i>r</i> .....               | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 300 |
| RANT.—Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll <i>r</i> . as well as thou.....                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 170 |
| RAPIERS.—Many wearing <i>r</i> . are afraid of goose-quills.....                     | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 118 |
| RARE.—And that she could not love me, were man as <i>r</i> . as phoenix.....         | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 307 |
| RASCAL.—Peace, ye fat-kidneyed <i>r</i> ! what a brawling thou dost keep!.....       | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 94  |
| If the <i>r</i> . have not given me medicines to make me love him.....               | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 94  |
| The oily <i>r</i> . is known as well as Paul's.....                                  | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 110 |
| A whip to lash the <i>r</i> .s naked through the world.....                          | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 247 |
| RAVEN.—Can he not be sociable? The <i>r</i> . chides blackness.....                  | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 39  |
| 'Tis true the <i>r</i> . doth not hatch a lark.....                                  | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 7 207 |
| Did ever <i>r</i> . sing so like a lark?.....                                        | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 7 216 |
| RAW.—Once upon a <i>r</i> . and gusty day, the troubled Tiber.....                   | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 251 |
| REACH.—Beyond the infinite and boundless <i>r</i> . of mercy.....                    | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 309 |
| READ.—Like a thing being often <i>r</i> ., grown . . . tedious.....                  | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 281 |
| O Heaven! that one might <i>r</i> . the book of fate, and see.....                   | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 185 |
| Your face . . . is as a book where men may <i>r</i> . strange matters.....           | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 208 |
| REALM.—The life, the right and truth of all this <i>r</i> . is fled to heaven!.....  | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 310 |
| REAPED.—His chin new <i>r</i> . shewed like a stubble-land at harvest home.....      | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 85  |
| REASON.—A woman's <i>r</i> .: I think him so, because I think him so.....            | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 79  |
| Throw some of them at me; come, lame me with <i>r</i> .s.....                        | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 269 |
| Neither rhyme nor <i>r</i> . can express how much.....                               | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 294 |
| Strong <i>r</i> .s make strong actions.....                                          | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 296 |
| Give you a <i>r</i> . on compulsion!.....                                            | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 104 |
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| SEEM.—And s. a saint, when most I play the devil.....                            | <i>R. III.</i>       | 8 128 |
| Madam! nay it is, I know not 's.s'.....                                          | <i>Ham.</i>          | 5 181 |
| Men should be what they s.; or those that be not.....                            | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 91  |
| SEEMING to be most, which we indeed least are.....                               | <i>Tim. Sh.</i>      | 8 222 |
| SEEN.—To have s. much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes.....             | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 3 70  |
| Like a lonely dragon . . . talked of more than s.....                            | <i>Cor.</i>          | 2 302 |
| SELDOM.—When they s. come . . . nothing pleases but rare.....                    | <i>I H. IV.</i>      | 6 211 |
| SELF.—It is thyself, mine own s.'s better part, mine eye's.....                  | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 4 84  |
| SELF-LOVE, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting.....                | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 172 |
| SELF-SLAUGHTER.—Against s. there is a prohibition so divine.....                 | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 253 |
| SENSE.—Their s. thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong.....                | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 137 |
| Nor doth the eye . . . , that most pure spirit of s., behold itself.....         | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 95  |
| The hand of little employment hath the daintier s.....                           | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 51  |
| Your other s.s grow imperfect by your eyes' anguish.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 165 |
| SENSELESS.—You are thought here to be the most s. and fit man.....               | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 377 |
| SENSIBLE.—Art thou not, fatal vision, s. to feeling as to sight?.....            | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 37  |
| SENT before my time into this . . . world, scarce half made up.....              | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 213 |
| SENTENCES.—The gentleman had drunk himself out of his five s.....                | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 163 |
| SENTINEL.—Withered murder, alarmed by his s. the wolf.....                       | <i>M. W. W.</i>      | 1 134 |
| SERGEANT.—This fell s. death is strict in his arrest.....                        | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 213 |
| SERPENT.—The s. that did sting thy father's life, now wears his crown.....       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 178 |
| SERVANT.—Every good s. does not all commands; no bond but to do.....             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 103 |
| SERVE.—Shall we s. Heaven with less respect, than . . . our gross s. lives?..... | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 162 |
| SERVED.—Had I but s. my God with half the zeal, I s. my king.....                | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 277 |
| SERVICE.—Is 'old dog' my reward? . . . I have lost my teeth in your s.....       | <i>H. VIII.</i>      | 5 308 |
| The poorest s. is repaid with thanks.....                                        | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 261 |
| I have done the state some s., and they know 't.....                             | <i>Tim. Sh.</i>      | 3 54  |
| SERVICEABLE.—I know thee well; a s. villain.....                                 | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 266 |
| SERVITOR.—Fearful commenting is leaden s. to dull delay.....                     | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 383 |
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| SETTING.—From that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my . . . s.....     | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 199 |
| Men shut their doors against a s. sun.....                                       | <i>S. H. VII.</i>    | 5 302 |
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| SEVENTEEN.—At s. many their fortune seek; at fourscore it is too late.....       | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 211 |
| SEVERE.—Eyes s. and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws.....                  | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 276 |
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| SHAKE.—No compunctious visitings . . . s. my fell purpose.....                   | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 166 |
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| SHAKING.—Macbeth is ripe for s., and the powers above.....                       | <i>Cym.</i>          | 7 104 |
| SHAMBLER.—Summer flies in the s. that quicken even with blowing.....             | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 247 |
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| SHOW.—How ripe in s. thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow.....        | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 139 |
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| SWAN.—Like Juno's <i>s.s.</i> , still we went coupled and inseparable.....             | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 270 |
| I'll make thee think thy <i>s.</i> a crow.....                                         | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 15  |
| I'll play the <i>s.</i> and die in music.....                                          | <i>Oth.</i>          | 4 657 |
| SWEAR.—You <i>s.</i> like a comfit-maker's wife.....                                   | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 117 |
| SWEARS with good grace, and wears his boots very smooth.....                           | <i>2 H. IV.</i>      | 4 180 |
| Being thus frightened <i>s.</i> a prayer or two, and.....                              | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 20  |
| SWEARING till my very roof was dry with oaths of love.....                             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 228 |
| SWEET.—The word is short, but not so short as <i>s.</i> .....                          | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 69  |
| Made me mad to see him shine so brisk and smell so <i>s.</i> .....                     | <i>1 H. IV.</i>      | 4 85  |
| Words more <i>s.</i> and yet more dangerous than baits to fish.....                    | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 7 234 |
| SWEETS to the <i>s.</i> : farewell !.....                                              | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 163 |
| SWIFT.—Too <i>s.</i> arrives as tardy as too slow.....                                 | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 40  |
| SWIMS.—He that depends upon your favor <i>s.</i> with fins of lead.....                | <i>Cor.</i>          | 6 159 |
| SWIMMERS.—As two spent <i>s.</i> , that do cling . . . and choke their art.....        | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 199 |
| SWORD.—There's an eye wounds like a leaden <i>s.</i> .....                             | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 179 |

|                                                                             |                 |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|---|-----|
| SWORD.—Advance your standards, draw your willing <i>s.s.</i> .....          | <i>R. III.</i>  | 5 | 248 |
| Our strong arms be our conscience, <i>s.s.</i> our law.....                 | <i>R. III.</i>  | 5 | 249 |
| SWORN.—Having <i>s.</i> too hard a keeping oath, study to break it.....     | <i>L. L. L.</i> | 2 | 126 |
| SYLLABLE.—From day to day, to the last <i>s.</i> of recorded time.....      | <i>Mac.</i>     | 3 | 252 |
| SYRUPS.—Not poppy, nor . . . nor all the drowsy <i>s.</i> of the world..... | <i>Oth.</i>     | 8 | 227 |

## T.

|                                                                                                      |                      |   |     |
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| TABLE.—A <i>t.</i> full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.....                                 | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 | 168 |
| I drink to the general joy o' the whole <i>t.</i> .....                                              | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 | 238 |
| TABLE-TALK.—Pray thee, let it serve for <i>t.</i> .....                                              | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 | 236 |
| TAILOR.—He held them sixpence all too dear, with that he called the <i>t.</i> .....                  | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 | 210 |
| TAINTED.—Bear a fair presence, though your heart be <i>t.</i> .....                                  | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 | 171 |
| TAKE.—He that <i>t.s.</i> that, must <i>t.</i> my heart withal.....                                  | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 | 77  |
| TALE.—A sad <i>t.</i> 's best for winter: I have one of sprites and goblins... <i>W. Tale.</i>       | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 | 87  |
| Another . . . cuts off his <i>t.</i> and talks of Arthur's death.....                                | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 | 305 |
| Mark now, how a plain <i>t.</i> shall put you down.....                                              | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 105 |
| I could a <i>t.</i> unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul.....                         | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 102 |
| I will a round unvarnished <i>t.</i> deliver of my whole course of love.....                         | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 | 193 |
| Truths would be <i>t.s.</i> , where now half <i>t.s.</i> be truths. ....                             | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 | 26  |
| TALK.—If they were but a week married, they would <i>t.</i> themselves mad.. <i>M. Ado.</i>          | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 | 23  |
| TALKERS.—We will not stand to prate; <i>t.</i> are no good doers.....                                | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 | 181 |
| TALLOW.—Her rags and the <i>t.</i> in them, will burn a Poland winter.....                           | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 | 173 |
| TALLY.—Our forefathers had no other books but the score and the <i>t.</i> ... <i>H. VI.</i>          | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 | 67  |
| TALON.—When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's <i>t.</i> ... <i>H. IV.</i>             | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 106 |
| TARTNESS.—The <i>t.</i> of his face sours ripe grapes.....                                           | <i>Cor.</i>          | 6 | 238 |
| TASTE.—Things sweet to <i>t.</i> prove in digestion sour.....                                        | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 | 19  |
| Come, give us a <i>t.</i> of your quality.....                                                       | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 119 |
| TATTERS.—To hear a . . . fellow tear a passion to <i>t.</i> .....                                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 128 |
| TEACH sin the carriage of a holy saint; be secret-false.....                                         | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 | 171 |
| I am too sudden-bold: to <i>t.</i> a teacher ill becometh me.....                                    | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 | 138 |
| The villainy you <i>t.</i> me, I will execute, and it shall go hard.....                             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 | 222 |
| TEACHES.—For where is any author . . . <i>t.</i> . . . as a woman's eye?.....                        | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 | 162 |
| TEAR.—Tell . . . what 'tis to love.—It is to be all made of sighs and <i>t.s.</i> .. <i>A. Y. L.</i> | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 315 |
| This day hath made much work for <i>t.s.</i> in many an English mother.....                          | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 | 275 |
| TEARS.—My heart hath melted at a lady's <i>t.</i> , being an ordinary.....                           | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 | 313 |
| I do not speak to thee in drink but in <i>t.</i> , not in pleasure but.....                          | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 108 |
| With <i>t.</i> augmenting the fresh morning's dew.....                                               | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 | 10  |
| Venus smiles not in a house of <i>t.</i> .....                                                       | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 | 60  |
| The sea's a thief, whose . . . surge resolves the moon into salt <i>t.</i> .....                     | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 6 | 141 |
| I did consent, and often did beguile her of her <i>t.</i> .....                                      | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 | 195 |
| TEDIOUS.—Merry and tragical! <i>t.</i> and brief! that is, hot ice and .....                         | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 | 113 |
| It is better to be brief than <i>t.</i> .....                                                        | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 | 183 |
| TEETH.—Now set the <i>t.</i> and stretch the nostril wide, hold hard the.....                        | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 | 256 |
| Bid them wash their faces and keep their <i>t.</i> clean.....                                        | <i>Cor.</i>          | 6 | 188 |
| Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote, to cast into my <i>t.</i> .....                     | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 | 294 |
| TELLER.—The nature of bad news infects the <i>t.</i> .....                                           | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 | 11  |
| TEMPERANCE.—You must acquire and beget a <i>t.</i> that may give it.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 128 |
| Though you can guess what <i>t.</i> . . . , you know not what it is.....                             | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 | 61  |
| TEMPEST.—If after every <i>t.</i> come such calms, may the winds blow till.....                      | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 | 205 |
| TEMPLE.—Her sunny locks hang on her <i>t.s.</i> like a golden fleece.....                            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 | 197 |
| TEMPTATION.—Dangerous is that <i>t.</i> that doth goad us on to sin in.....                          | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 | 280 |
| TEMPTED.—'Tis one thing to be <i>t.</i> , Escalus, another thing to fall.....                        | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 | 269 |
| TEMPTER.—These women are shrewd <i>t.s.</i> with their tongues.....                                  | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 4 | 316 |
| TERRIBLE.—I would to God my name were not so <i>t.</i> to the enemy as... <i>H. IV.</i>              | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 162 |
| TERROR.—Shadows to-night have struck more <i>t.</i> to the soul of Richard.. <i>R. III.</i>          | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 | 247 |
| TESTAMENT.—'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a <i>t.</i> as worldlings do'. <i>A. Y. L.</i>        | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 273 |
| TESTY.—Like a <i>t.</i> babe, will scratch the nurse and presently.....                              | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 | 79  |
| TETCHY and wayward was thy infancy; thy school-days frightful.....                                   | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 | 230 |
| TEXT.—Fair as a <i>t.</i> B in a copy-book.....                                                      | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 | 168 |
| THANK me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.....                                                   | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 | 58  |
| THAT it should come to this! but two months dead: nay, not.....                                      | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 93  |
| THAW.—I was duller than a great <i>t.</i> .....                                                      | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 | 21  |
| THEBAN.—I will talk a word with this same learned ' <i>T.</i> '.....                                 | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 | 361 |
| THIEVES for their robbery have authority, when judges steal.....                                     | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 | 280 |
| Beauty provoketh <i>t.</i> sooner than gold.....                                                     | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 271 |
| A plague upon it when <i>t.</i> cannot be true . . . !.....                                          | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 94  |
| THING.—I hold you as a <i>t.</i> enskyed and sainted.....                                            | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 | 267 |
| There is measure in every <i>t.</i> .....                                                            | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 | 17  |
| Any <i>t.</i> that's mended is but patched.....                                                      | <i>Tw. N.</i>        | 1 | 205 |
| Women say so, that will say any <i>t.</i> .....                                                      | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 | 77  |
| They will steal any <i>t.</i> and call it purchase.....                                              | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 | 257 |
| Now what a <i>t.</i> it is to be an ass!.....                                                        | <i>Tit. An.</i>      | 7 | 225 |
| THINGS past redress are now with me past care.....                                                   | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 | 37  |
| <i>T.</i> won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.....                                            | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 | 17  |
| <i>T.</i> outward do draw the inward quality after them.....                                         | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 | 59  |
| THINK.—Who <i>t.</i> you the most desertless man to be constable?.....                               | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 | 36  |

|                                                                                                 |                    |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|---|-----|
| THINK.—'Twere all one that I should love a . . . star and <i>t.</i> to wed it.. <i>All's W.</i> | v. P.              | 2 | 327 |
| I hear, but say not much, but <i>t.</i> the more.....                                           | <i>3 H. VI.</i>    | 5 | 134 |
| O, teach me how I should forget to <i>t.</i> .....                                              | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 | 13  |
| Of a free . . . nature, that <i>t.</i> men honest that but seem.....                            | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 | 200 |
| THINKING.—Wallow naked in December snow, by <i>t.</i> on . . . Summer's.....                    | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 | 20  |
| There is nothing . . . good or bad, but <i>t.</i> makes it so .....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 116 |
| THORN.—Withering on the virgin <i>t.</i> , . . . lives and dies in single.....                  | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 | 73  |
| What! can so young a <i>t.</i> begin to prick? .....                                            | <i>3 H. VI.</i>    | 5 | 154 |
| THOUGHT.—I wish mine eyes would, with themselves, shut up my <i>t.s</i> .....                   | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 | 39  |
| These trees shall be my books and in their barks my <i>t.s</i> I'll character..                 | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 | 286 |
| Certainly a woman's <i>t.</i> runs before her actions.....                                      | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 | 305 |
| Now, sir, ' <i>t.</i> is free.' .....                                                           | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 | 201 |
| The . . . pride of sky-aspiring and ambitious <i>t.s</i> .....                                  | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 | 17  |
| Thy words are but as <i>t.s</i> , therefore be bold.....                                        | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 | 29  |
| <i>T.</i> 's the slave of life, and life times fool.....                                        | <i>1 H. IV.</i>    | 4 | 145 |
| Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy <i>t.s</i> ; which thou hast whetted..                    | <i>2 H. IV.</i>    | 4 | 211 |
| So swift a pace hath <i>t.</i> .....                                                            | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 | 295 |
| In the quick forge and working-house of <i>t.</i> .....                                         | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 | 295 |
| His fault was <i>t.</i> , and yet his punishment was cruel death.....                           | <i>R. III.</i>     | 5 | 190 |
| Love's heralds should be <i>t.s</i> , which ten times faster.....                               | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 | 38  |
| Give thy <i>t.s</i> no tongue, nor any unproportioned <i>t.</i> his act .....                   | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 97  |
| Our <i>t.s</i> are ours, their ends none of our own .....                                       | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 133 |
| My words fly up, my <i>t.s</i> remain below.....                                                | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 140 |
| Words without <i>t.s</i> never to heaven go.....                                                | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 140 |
| Be cheered; make not your <i>t.s</i> your prisons .....                                         | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 7 | 89  |
| THOUSAND.—To be noted for a merry man, he'll woo a <i>t.</i> .....                              | <i>Tam. Sh.</i>    | 3 | 39  |
| I would give a <i>t.</i> pound I could run as fast as thou.....                                 | <i>1 H. IV.</i>    | 4 | 102 |
| The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a <i>t.</i> tenants.....                             | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 164 |
| THRASONICAL.—Cæsar's <i>t.</i> brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame' .....                        | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 | 313 |
| THREAD.—The smallest <i>t.</i> that ever spider twisted . . . will serve to.....                | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 | 309 |
| THREATEN the threatener, and outface the brow of bragging horror.....                           | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 | 311 |
| THRIFT is blessing, if men steal it not.....                                                    | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 2 | 202 |
| <i>T.</i> , Horatio! the funeral baked meats, did.....                                          | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 94  |
| THRIFTLESS ambition, that wilt ravin up, thine own life's means.....                            | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 | 220 |
| THROAT.—I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my <i>t.</i> .....                        | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 | 155 |
| To move wild laughter in the <i>t.</i> of death?.....                                           | <i>L. L. L.</i>    | 2 | 188 |
| THUMB.—Did you bite your <i>t.</i> at us, sir? I do bite my <i>t.</i> , sir.....                | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 | 8   |
| Here I have a pilot's <i>t.</i> , wrecked as homeward he did come.....                          | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 | 202 |
| THUNDER, that deep and dreadful organ-pipe.....                                                 | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 | 56  |
| Every . . . petty officer would use his heaven for <i>t.</i> .....                              | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 | 278 |
| THWARTED.—Mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, <i>t.</i> my bargains... <i>Mer. V.</i>        | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 2 | 222 |
| TIBER.—Let Rome in <i>T.</i> melt, and the wide arch of the . . . empire fall..                 | <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 7 | 8   |
| TICKLE.—If you <i>t.</i> us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die?.. <i>Mer. V.</i>   | <i>Mer. V.</i>     | 2 | 222 |
| You rampallian! . . . I'll <i>t.</i> your catastrophe.....                                      | <i>2 H. IV.</i>    | 4 | 167 |
| TIDE.—There is a <i>t.</i> in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood.....                 | <i>J. C.</i>       | 6 | 297 |
| TIGER.—When the blast of war . . . then imitate the action of the <i>t.</i> .....               | <i>H. V.</i>       | 4 | 256 |
| O <i>t.</i> 's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!.....                                             | <i>3 H. VI.</i>    | 5 | 106 |
| More fierce and more inexorable than empty <i>t.s</i> .....                                     | <i>R. &amp; J.</i> | 8 | 74  |
| TIME is a very bankrupt and owes more than he's worth.....                                      | <i>Com. E.</i>     | 3 | 180 |
| In <i>t.</i> the savage bull doth bear the yoke.....                                            | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 | 12  |
| When have chid the hasty-footed <i>t.</i> for parting us.....                                   | <i>M. N. D.</i>    | 2 | 99  |
| I will tell you who <i>t.</i> ambles withal, who <i>t.</i> trots withal .....                   | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 | 293 |
| He must observe . . . on whom he jests, the quality of persons and the <i>t.</i> ..             | <i>Tw. N.</i>      | 1 | 226 |
| Old <i>T.</i> the clock-setter, that bald sexton <i>T.</i> .....                                | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 | 289 |
| O call back yesterday, bid <i>t.</i> return.....                                                | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 | 40  |
| I wasted <i>t.</i> , and now doth <i>t.</i> waste me.....                                       | <i>R. II.</i>      | 4 | 71  |
| We are <i>t.</i> 's subjects, and <i>t.</i> bids begone.....                                    | <i>2 H. IV.</i>    | 4 | 165 |
| A history in men's lives, figuring the nature of the <i>t.</i> 's deceased.....                 | <i>2 H. IV.</i>    | 4 | 185 |
| Let <i>t.</i> shape, and there an end.....                                                      | <i>2 H. IV.</i>    | 4 | 193 |
| Heavens are just, and <i>t.</i> suppresseth wrongs.....                                         | <i>3 H. VI.</i>    | 5 | 128 |
| Swear not by <i>t.</i> to come, for that thou hast misused ere used.....                        | <i>R. III.</i>     | 5 | 235 |
| Creeps in this petty pace . . . to the last syllable of recorded <i>t.</i> .....                | <i>Mac.</i>        | 3 | 252 |
| Who would bear the whips and scorns of <i>t.</i> , the oppressors . . . ?.....                  | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 125 |
| What is a man, if his chief . . . market of his <i>t.</i> be but to sleep and feed?..           | <i>Ham.</i>        | 8 | 151 |
| <i>T.</i> shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.....                                          | <i>K. L.</i>       | 7 | 322 |
| There are many events in the womb of <i>t.</i> which will be delivered.....                     | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 | 199 |
| TINCT.—White and azure laced, with blue of heaven's own <i>t.</i> .....                         | <i>Cym.</i>        | 7 | 118 |
| TITHE.—No Italian priest shall <i>t.</i> or toil in our dominions.....                          | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 | 285 |
| TITLE.—To guard a <i>t.</i> that was rich before, to gild refined gold.....                     | <i>K. J.</i>       | 3 | 300 |
| TOAD.—The <i>t.</i> —ugly and venomous—wears yet a . . . jewel.....                             | <i>A. Y. L.</i>    | 2 | 272 |
| I had rather be a <i>t.</i> , and live upon the vapor of a dungeon.....                         | <i>Oth.</i>        | 8 | 226 |
| TO-DAY he puts forth the tender leaves of hopes.....                                            | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 5 | 305 |
| TOIL.—Forespent with <i>t.</i> , as runners with a race, I lay me down.....                     | <i>3 H. VI.</i>    | 5 | 110 |
| Their titles for their glories, an outward honor for an inward <i>t.</i> .....                  | <i>R. III.</i>     | 5 | 183 |
| TOM.—Poor <i>T.</i> 's acold.....                                                               | <i>K. L.</i>       | 7 | 359 |
| TO-MORROW blossoms and bears his blushing honors thick.....                                     | <i>H. VIII.</i>    | 5 | 305 |
| TONGUE.—While thou livest keep a good <i>t.</i> in thy head.....                                | <i>Tem.</i>        | 1 | 52  |
| The man . . . is no man if with his <i>t.</i> he cannot win a woman.....                        | <i>T. G. V.</i>    | 1 | 101 |
| What king so strong can tie the gall up in a slanderous <i>t.</i> ?.....                        | <i>M. for M.</i>   | 1 | 296 |
| I would my horse had the speed of your <i>t.</i> , and so good a continuer..                    | <i>M. Ado.</i>     | 2 | 9   |



|                                                                                                         | V. | P.  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|-----|
| TONGUE.—Here's a dish I love not, I cannot endure my Lady <i>T</i> ..... <i>M. Ado.</i>                 | 2  | 21  |
| Done to death by slanderous <i>t.s</i> was the hero that here lies..... <i>M. Ado.</i>                  | 2  | 63  |
| Your <i>t.s</i> . . . more tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear..... <i>M. N. D.</i>                    | 2  | 75  |
| The iron <i>t</i> . of midnight hath told twelve: Lovers, to bed..... <i>M. N. D.</i>                   | 2  | 120 |
| His <i>t</i> . is now a stringless instrument..... <i>R. II.</i>                                        | 4  | 26  |
| This <i>t</i> . that runs so roundly in thy head, should run the head from..... <i>R. II.</i>           | 4  | 25  |
| The fellows of infinite <i>t</i> , that can . . . into ladies' favors..... <i>H. V.</i>                 | 4  | 301 |
| Unloose thy . . . thoughts, and let thy <i>t</i> . be equal with thy heart..... <i>2 H. VI.</i>         | 5  | 77  |
| A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing <i>t</i> ..... <i>R. III.</i>                             | 5  | 165 |
| Murder though it have no <i>t</i> . will speak with most miraculous..... <i>Ham.</i>                    | 8  | 123 |
| TOOTH.—Clamors of . . . woman, poisons more deadly than a mad dog's <i>t</i> ..... <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3  | 188 |
| TOOTHACHE.—Was never yet philosopher that could endure the <i>t</i> ..... <i>M. Ado.</i>                | 2  | 54  |
| TOP.—Let's take the instant by the forward <i>t</i> ..... <i>All's W.</i>                               | 2  | 386 |
| Yond towers, whose wanton <i>t.s</i> do buss the clouds..... <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>                       | 6  | 70  |
| Whose <i>t</i> . . . so slippery does with the fear's as bad as falling..... <i>Cym.</i>                | 7  | 133 |
| TORCHES.—Heaven does with us as we with <i>t</i> . do, not light them..... <i>M. for M.</i>             | 1  | 260 |
| TOUCH.—Have you . . . no maiden shame, no <i>t</i> . of bashfulness..... <i>M. N. D.</i>                | 2  | 101 |
| Their softest <i>t</i> . as smart as lizards' stings!..... <i>2 H. VI.</i>                              | 5  | 52  |
| TOUCHES.—Soft stillness and the night become the <i>t</i> . of sweet harmony..... <i>Mer. V.</i>        | 2  | 249 |
| TOUCHING.—Often <i>t</i> . will wear gold..... <i>Com. E.</i>                                           | 3  | 162 |
| TOUGH.—O sides, you are too <i>t</i> .; will you yet hold?..... <i>K. L.</i>                            | 7  | 351 |
| TOWN-CRIER.—I had as lief the <i>t</i> . spoke my lines..... <i>Ham.</i>                                | 8  | 128 |
| TOYS.—I never may believe these antique fables, nor these faery <i>t</i> ..... <i>M. N. D.</i>          | 2  | 112 |
| All is but <i>t</i> .; renown and grace is dead; the wine of life..... <i>Mac.</i>                      | 3  | 218 |
| TRADE.—Give me some music . . . , moody food of those that <i>t</i> . in love..... <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7  | 31  |
| TRAGEDIAN.—I can counterfeit the deep <i>t</i> .; speak and look back..... <i>R. III.</i>               | 5  | 210 |
| TRAITOR.—Our doubts are <i>t.s</i> , and make us lose the good we oft..... <i>M. for M.</i>             | 1  | 263 |
| <i>T</i> . and miscreant, too good to be so and too bad to live..... <i>Mer. II.</i>                    | 4  | 8   |
| When our actions do not, our fears do make us <i>t.s</i> ..... <i>Mac.</i>                              | 3  | 238 |
| TRAPPINGS.—These but the <i>t</i> . and the suits of woe..... <i>Ham.</i>                               | 8  | 91  |
| TRAVELLER.—Now spurs the lated <i>t</i> . apace, to gain the timely inn..... <i>Mac.</i>                | 3  | 226 |
| TREAD.—One woe doth <i>t</i> . upon another's heel, so fast they follow..... <i>Ham.</i>                | 8  | 162 |
| TREASON.—To fast . . . , to see no woman, . . . <i>t</i> . gainst the kingly state..... <i>L. L. L.</i> | 2  | 162 |
| Such divinity doth hedge . . . that <i>t</i> . can but peep to what it would..... <i>Ham.</i>           | 8  | 155 |
| TREATISE.—My fell of hair would at a dismal <i>t</i> . rouse and stir, as..... <i>Mac.</i>              | 3  | 252 |
| TREE.—Under the greenwood <i>t</i> . who loves to lie with me..... <i>A. Y. L.</i>                      | 2  | 278 |
| Drop tears as fast as the Arabian <i>t.s</i> their medicinal gum..... <i>Oth.</i>                       | 8  | 266 |
| TREMBLE.—Small curs are not . . . but . . . men <i>t</i> . when the lion roars..... <i>2 H. VI.</i>     | 5  | 36  |
| TRENCHER-MAN.—He is a . . . valiant <i>t</i> .; he hath an excellent stomach..... <i>M. Ado.</i>        | 2  | 8   |
| TRICK.—Some <i>t.s</i> , some quillots, how to cheat the devil..... <i>L. L. L.</i>                     | 2  | 162 |
| I know a <i>t</i> . worth two of that..... <i>1 H. IV.</i>                                              | 4  | 92  |
| A villainous <i>t</i> . of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of the..... <i>1 H. IV.</i>                 | 4  | 108 |
| There are no <i>t.s</i> in plain and simple faith..... <i>J. C.</i>                                     | 6  | 290 |
| TRIFLES light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong as..... <i>Oth.</i>                        | 8  | 227 |
| TRIMMED like a younker prancing to his love!..... <i>3 H. VI.</i>                                       | 5  | 102 |
| TROOP.—Honor, love, obedience, <i>t.s</i> of friends, I must not look to have..... <i>Mac.</i>          | 3  | 250 |
| Farewell the plumed <i>t</i> . and the big wars, that make..... <i>Oth.</i>                             | 8  | 228 |
| TROUBLES.—Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural..... <i>Mac.</i>                                           | 3  | 248 |
| TRUE.—The sun was not so <i>t</i> . unto the day, as he to me..... <i>M. N. D.</i>                      | 2  | 95  |
| Your manner of wrenching the <i>t</i> . cause the false way..... <i>2 H. IV.</i>                        | 4  | 168 |
| I warrant thee my man's as <i>t</i> . as steel..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                                  | 8  | 37  |
| There is no time so miserable but a man may be <i>t</i> ..... <i>Tim. A.</i>                            | 6  | 141 |
| TRUE-BORN.—Boast of this I can, though banished, yet a <i>t</i> . Englishman..... <i>R. II.</i>         | 4  | 21  |
| TRUMPET.—Pride is his own glass, his own <i>t</i> ., his own chronicle..... <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>        | 6  | 37  |
| The cock that is the <i>t</i> . to the morn..... <i>Ham.</i>                                            | 8  | 89  |
| TRUST.—Love all, <i>t</i> . a few, do wrong to none..... <i>All's W.</i>                                | 2  | 326 |
| TRUSTED.—His affections dark as Erebus, let no such man be <i>t</i> ..... <i>Mer. V.</i>                | 2  | 250 |
| TRUTH.—What shew of <i>t</i> . can cunning sin cover itself withal!..... <i>M. Ado.</i>                 | 2  | 44  |
| The naked <i>t</i> . of it is, I have no shirt..... <i>L. L. L.</i>                                     | 2  | 184 |
| 'Tis not the many oaths that make the <i>t</i> ., but the plain, single..... <i>All's W.</i>            | 2  | 371 |
| While you live tell <i>t</i> . and shame the devil..... <i>1 H. IV.</i>                                 | 4  | 113 |
| O wonderful, when devils tell the <i>t</i> .!..... <i>R. III.</i>                                       | 5  | 168 |
| <i>T</i> . should live from age to age, as 't 'twere retailed to all posterity..... <i>R. III.</i>      | 5  | 200 |
| Out with it bodily, <i>t</i> . loves open dealing..... <i>H. VIII.</i>                                  | 5  | 292 |
| TUNE.—This is a scurvy <i>t</i> . to sing at a man's funeral..... <i>Tem.</i>                           | 1  | 44  |
| To jig off a <i>t</i> . at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet..... <i>L. L. L.</i>           | 2  | 142 |
| See that . . . most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled out of <i>t</i> ..... <i>Ham.</i>        | 8  | 127 |
| TURN.—She can <i>t</i> ., and <i>t</i> ., and yet go on, and <i>t</i> . again..... <i>Oth.</i>          | 8  | 243 |
| TURNING again towards childish treble, pipes and whistles..... <i>A. Y. L.</i>                          | 2  | 284 |
| A'parted . . . even at the <i>t</i> . o' the tide..... <i>H. V.</i>                                     | 4  | 250 |
| TURTLE.—I will find you twenty lascivious <i>t.s</i> , ere one chaste man..... <i>M. W.</i>             | 1  | 145 |
| TWENTY.—Then come kiss me, sweet and <i>t</i> ., youth's a staff will not..... <i>Tru. N.</i>           | 1  | 214 |
| TWIN.—An apple cleft in two is not more <i>t</i> . than these two..... <i>Tru. N.</i>                   | 1  | 251 |
| TYRANTS.—His lines would . . . plant in <i>t</i> . muld humility..... <i>L. L. L.</i>                   | 2  | 163 |



## U.

|                                                                                     |                      |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|---|-----|
| UNACCOMMODATED man is . . . such a poor, bare, forked creature as thou.             | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 | 360 |
| UNBLESS'D.—Every inordinate cup is <i>u.</i> , and the ingredient . . . is a devil. | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 | 215 |
| UNBRIDLED.—My thoughts were like <i>u.</i> children, . . . too headstrong.          | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 | 46  |
| UNCERTAIN.—This spring of love resembleth the <i>u.</i> glory of an April.          | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 | 83  |
| UNCTION.—Lay not that flattering <i>u.</i> to your soul.                            | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 144 |
| UNDONE.—I reckon this . . . that a man is never <i>u.</i> , till he be hanged.      | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 | 95  |
| UNEVEN.—Eight yards of <i>u.</i> ground is threescore and ten miles.                | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 94  |
| UNGRACIOUS.—The word 'grace' in an <i>u.</i> mouth is but profane.                  | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 | 35  |
| UNHANDSOME.—A sl . venly, <i>u.</i> corse between the wind and his.                 | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 85  |
| UNKINDEST.—This was the most <i>u.</i> cut of all.                                  | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 | 285 |
| UNLOADED.—Met me . . . and told me I had <i>u.</i> all the gibbets.                 | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 130 |
| UNMANNERLY.—As the soldiers . . . he called them untaught knaves, <i>u.</i>         | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 85  |
| UNMELLOWED.—His head <i>u.</i> , but his judgment ripe.                             | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 | 91  |
| UNPLEASING.—Sings so . . . straining harsh discords, and <i>u.</i> sharps.          | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 | 55  |
| UNSOUGHT.—Love sought is good, but given <i>u.</i> is better.                       | <i>Tr. IV.</i>       | 1 | 228 |
| UNSPOTTED.—A heart <i>u.</i> is not easily daunted.                                 | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 | 38  |
| USANCE.—He lends out money gratis, and brings down the rate of <i>u.</i>            | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 | 201 |
| USE.—How <i>u.</i> doth breed a habit in a man!                                     | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 | 123 |
| How weary, stale, flat . . . seem to me all the <i>u.</i> s of this world!          | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 92  |
| USED.—Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well <i>u.</i>                | <i>Oth.</i>          | 8 | 215 |

## V.

|                                                                                      |                      |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|---|-----|
| VAGROM.—You shall comprehend all <i>v.</i> men.                                      | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 | 37  |
| VALIANT.—An I thought he had been <i>v.</i> and so cunning in fence.                 | <i>Tr. N.</i>        | 1 | 237 |
| <i>V.</i> as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.                            | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 190 |
| He's truly <i>v.</i> that can wisely suffer the worst that man.                      | <i>Tim. A.</i>       | 6 | 122 |
| The <i>v.</i> never taste of death but once.                                         | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 | 269 |
| As he was <i>v.</i> , I honor him; as he was ambitious, I slew him.                  | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 | 282 |
| VALOR.—He is of . . . approved <i>v.</i> and confirmed honesty.                      | <i>M. Ado.</i>       | 2 | 23  |
| When <i>v.</i> preys on reason, it eats the sword it fights with.                    | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 | 63  |
| VANTAGE.—No jutting, frieze, buttress, nor coin of <i>v.</i>                         | <i>Mac.</i>          | 3 | 209 |
| VAPOR.—Let us but blow . . . the <i>v.</i> of our valor will o'erturn them.          | <i>H. V.</i>         | 2 | 600 |
| VAST.—One sees more devils than <i>v.</i> hell can hold . . . the mad man.           | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 | 112 |
| VEIN.—This is Eracles' <i>v.</i> , a tyrant's <i>v.</i> , a lover is more condoling. | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 | 77  |
| Bereft . . . of all words, only my blood speaks . . . in my <i>v.</i> s.             | <i>Mer. V.</i>       | 2 | 227 |
| VENGEANCE.—The rarer action is in virtue than in <i>v.</i>                           | <i>Tem.</i>          | 1 | 64  |
| VENOM.—The <i>v.</i> clamors of a jealous woman poisons more deadly.                 | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 | 188 |
| You shall digest the <i>v.</i> of our spleen, though it do split you.                | <i>J. C.</i>         | 6 | 292 |
| VENT.—His heart's . . . what his breast forges that, his tongue must <i>v.</i>       | <i>Cor.</i>          | 6 | 200 |
| VENUS.—I little talked of love; for <i>V.</i> smiles not in a house of tears.        | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 | 60  |
| VERBOSITY.—Draweth out the thread of his <i>v.</i> , finer than the staple.          | <i>L. L. L.</i>      | 2 | 164 |
| VERSE.—Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk blank <i>v.</i>                        | <i>A. Y. L.</i>      | 2 | 303 |
| VESSEL.—The saying is true, 'The empty <i>v.</i> makes the greatest sound'.          | <i>H. V.</i>         | 4 | 286 |
| Women, being the weaker <i>v.</i> s, are ever thrust to the wall.                    | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 | 8   |
| VESTAL.—A certain aim he took at a fair <i>v.</i> throned by the west.               | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 | 83  |
| VEXED.—He was met even now, as mad as the <i>v.</i> sea.                             | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 | 375 |
| VEXING.—Tedious as a twice-told tale, <i>v.</i> the dull ear of a drowsy man.        | <i>K. J.</i>         | 3 | 295 |
| VICE.—So smooth he daubed his <i>v.</i> with show of virtue.                         | <i>R. III.</i>       | 5 | 210 |
| The gods are just and of our pleasant <i>v.</i> s make instruments to.               | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 | 394 |
| VICTORY.—The harder matched the greater <i>v.</i>                                    | <i>H. VI.</i>        | 5 | 149 |
| VILE.—Nought so <i>v.</i> . . . on the earth doth live, but to the earth.            | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 | 31  |
| Wisdom and goodness to the <i>v.</i> seem <i>v.</i> : filths savor but.              | <i>K. L.</i>         | 7 | 372 |
| VILLAIN.—The most omnipotent <i>v.</i> that ever cried 'stand' to a.                 | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 82  |
| A damned saint, an honorable <i>v.</i>                                               | <i>R. &amp; J.</i>   | 8 | 47  |
| O <i>v.</i> , <i>v.</i> , smiling, damned <i>v.</i> !                                | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 104 |
| VINDICATIVE.—He in . . . action is more <i>v.</i> than jealous love.                 | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 | 68  |
| VIOLET.—Where oxlips and the nodding <i>v.</i> grows.                                | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 | 85  |
| <i>V.</i> dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.                             | <i>W. Tale.</i>      | 3 | 117 |
| A <i>v.</i> in the youth of primy nature, forward, not permanent.                    | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 96  |
| VIRGINS and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old, soft infancy.                            | <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i> | 6 | 31  |
| VIRTUE.—To be slow in words is a woman's only <i>v.</i>                              | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 | 106 |
| To make a <i>v.</i> of necessity.                                                    | <i>T. G. V.</i>      | 1 | 111 |
| If our <i>v.</i> s did not go forth . . . 'twere all alike as if we had them not.    | <i>M. for M.</i>     | 1 | 260 |
| Apparel vice like <i>v.</i> 's harbin'er, bear a fair presence, though.              | <i>Com. E.</i>       | 3 | 171 |
| There is no <i>v.</i> like necessity.                                                | <i>R. II.</i>        | 4 | 20  |
| Is there no <i>v.</i> extant?                                                        | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 102 |
| <i>V.</i> is of so little regard in these costermonger times.                        | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 161 |
| Ambition, the soldier's <i>v.</i> , rather makes choice of less.                     | <i>A. &amp; C.</i>   | 7 | 42  |
| VIRTUOUS.—There is a <i>v.</i> man, whom I have often noted in thy.                  | <i>H. IV.</i>        | 4 | 103 |
| VISAGE.—With devotion's <i>v.</i> . . . we do sugar o'er the devil himself.          | <i>Ham.</i>          | 8 | 125 |
| VISIONS.—What <i>v.</i> have I seen! Methought I was enamored of an ass.             | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 | 107 |
| VIXEN.—A <i>v.</i> . . . , though she but little, she is fierce.                     | <i>M. N. D.</i>      | 2 | 102 |

|                                                                                                      | V. | P.  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|-----|
| VIZARDS.—Making our faces <i>v.</i> to our hearts, disguising what they are..... <i>Mac.</i>         | 3  | 226 |
| VOCATION.—'Tis my <i>v.</i> , Hal; 'tis no sin . . . to labor in his <i>v.</i> ..... <i>1 H. IV.</i> | 4  | 82  |
| VOICE.—His big, manly <i>v.</i> , turning again toward childish treble..... <i>A. Y. L.</i>          | 2  | 284 |
| A pipe small as . . . the virgin <i>v.</i> that babies lull asleep..... <i>Cor.</i>                  | 6  | 206 |
| Give every man thy ear, but few thy <i>v.</i> ..... <i>Ham.</i>                                      | 8  | 97  |
| Her <i>v.</i> was soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman..... <i>K. L.</i>                | 7  | 397 |
| VOUCH.—I'll say 't and make my <i>v.</i> as strong as shore of rock..... <i>H. VIII.</i>             | 5  | 260 |
| Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is..... <i>L. L. L.</i>                                      | 2  | 156 |
| By all the <i>v.</i> that ever men have broke, in number more than..... <i>M. N. D.</i>              | 2  | 75  |
| Do not fall in love with me, for I am falser than <i>v.</i> made in wine..... <i>A. Y. L.</i>        | 2  | 300 |
| The gods are deaf to hot and peevish <i>v.</i> ..... <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>                            | 6  | 81  |
| VOYAGE.—All the <i>v.</i> of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries..... <i>J. C.</i>       | 6  | 297 |

## W.

|                                                                                                         |   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|
| WAPTAGE.—Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks staying for <i>w.</i> ..... <i>Tr. &amp; Cr.</i>    | 6 | 44  |
| WAIL.—Wise men ne'er sit and <i>w.</i> their loss, but cheerily seek..... <i>3 H. VI.</i>               | 5 | 152 |
| WAIST.—I would my means were greater, and my <i>w.</i> slenderer..... <i>2 H. IV.</i>                   | 4 | 160 |
| WALK aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay..... <i>L. L. L.</i>                                | 2 | 160 |
| I am thy father's spirit, doomed for a . . . time to <i>w.</i> the night..... <i>Ham.</i>               | 8 | 102 |
| WALKED.—He's <i>w.</i> the way of nature; and . . . he lives no more..... <i>2 H. IV.</i>               | 4 | 216 |
| WALL.—The weakest goes to the <i>w.</i> ..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                                        | 8 | 8   |
| Women being the weaker . . . are ever thrust to the <i>w.</i> ..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                  | 8 | 8   |
| WANTON.—As flies to <i>w.</i> boys, are we to the gods; they kill us for . . . sport..... <i>K. L.</i>  | 7 | 369 |
| WANTONNESS.—Young gentlemen would be as sad as night only for <i>w.</i> ..... <i>K. J.</i>              | 3 | 297 |
| WAR.—Time it is when . . . <i>w.</i> is done, to smile at scapes and perils..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>        | 3 | 65  |
| In <i>w.</i> was never lion rag'd more fierce, in peace was never . . . lamb..... <i>R. II.</i>         | 4 | 26  |
| All quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious <i>w.</i> ..... <i>Oth.</i>                      | 8 | 228 |
| Who does 't the <i>w.</i> s more than his captain . . . , becomes his captain's..... <i>A. &amp; C.</i> | 7 | 42  |
| WASH.—The wide sea hath drops too few to <i>w.</i> her clean again..... <i>M. Ado.</i>                  | 2 | 47  |
| WASHING.—It is an accustomed action . . . to seem thus <i>w.</i> her hands..... <i>Mac.</i>             | 3 | 247 |
| WASPISH.—If I be <i>w.</i> best beware my sting..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                                    | 3 | 31  |
| WASTE.—The clock upbraids me with the <i>w.</i> of time..... <i>Trw. N.</i>                             | 1 | 227 |
| WATCH.—Care keeps his <i>w.</i> in every old man's eye..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                          | 8 | 32  |
| His sentinel the wolf, whose howl's his <i>w.</i> ..... <i>Mac.</i>                                     | 3 | 213 |
| For some must <i>w.</i> and some must sleep, so runs the world away..... <i>Ham.</i>                    | 8 | 135 |
| WATCHING breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt..... <i>R. II.</i>                                      | 4 | 24  |
| WATER.—I to the world am like a drop of <i>w.</i> , that in the ocean seeks..... <i>Com. E.</i>         | 3 | 157 |
| The earth hath bubbles, as the <i>w.</i> has, and these..... <i>Mac.</i>                                | 3 | 203 |
| WATER-DROPS.—Let not women's weapons, <i>w.</i> , stain my man's cheeks!..... <i>K. L.</i>              | 7 | 352 |
| WAY.—If money go before, all <i>w.</i> s do lie open..... <i>M. W. W.</i>                               | 1 | 152 |
| As many <i>w.</i> s meet in one town, so many fresh streams..... <i>H. V.</i>                           | 4 | 239 |
| Once trod the <i>w.</i> s of glory, and sounded all the depths..... <i>H. VIII.</i>                     | 5 | 307 |
| Those about her from her shall read the perfect <i>w.</i> s of honor..... <i>H. VIII.</i>               | 5 | 331 |
| I have lived long enough, my <i>w.</i> of life is fallen into..... <i>Mac.</i>                          | 3 | 250 |
| To mourn a mischief that is . . . gone, is the next <i>w.</i> to draw..... <i>Oth.</i>                  | 8 | 196 |
| WEAK.—I am <i>w.</i> with toil, yet strong in appetite..... <i>Cym.</i>                                 | 7 | 145 |
| WEAKNESS.—What cannot be avoided 'twere childish <i>w.</i> to . . . fear..... <i>3 H. VI.</i>           | 5 | 153 |
| WEALTH.—More faults than hairs, and more <i>w.</i> than faults..... <i>T. G. V.</i>                     | 1 | 107 |
| WEAR.—What dances shall he have, to <i>w.</i> away this long age of . . . ?..... <i>M. N. D.</i>        | 2 | 113 |
| Talk with respect, swear but . . . , <i>w.</i> prayer-books in my pocket..... <i>Mer. V.</i>            | 2 | 209 |
| So <i>w.</i> s she to him, so sways she level in her husband's heart..... <i>Trw. N.</i>                | 1 | 218 |
| So light a foot will ne'er <i>w.</i> out the everlasting flint..... <i>R. &amp; J.</i>                  | 8 | 40  |
| Then let the devil <i>w.</i> black, for I'll have a suit of sable..... <i>Ham.</i>                      | 8 | 131 |
| WEARS out his time . . . , like his master's ass, for nought but provender..... <i>Oth.</i>             | 8 | 184 |
| WEARY.—An old man, . . . is come to lay his <i>w.</i> bones among ye..... <i>H. VIII.</i>               | 5 | 312 |
| WEB.—The <i>w.</i> of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together..... <i>All's W.</i>         | 2 | 374 |
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| WED.—Who wooed in haste and means to <i>w.</i> at leisure..... <i>Tam. Sh.</i>                          | 3 | 39  |
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